
Lord of Mysteries
7
The Hanged Man
Cuttlefish That Loves Diving

Lord of Mysteries

7

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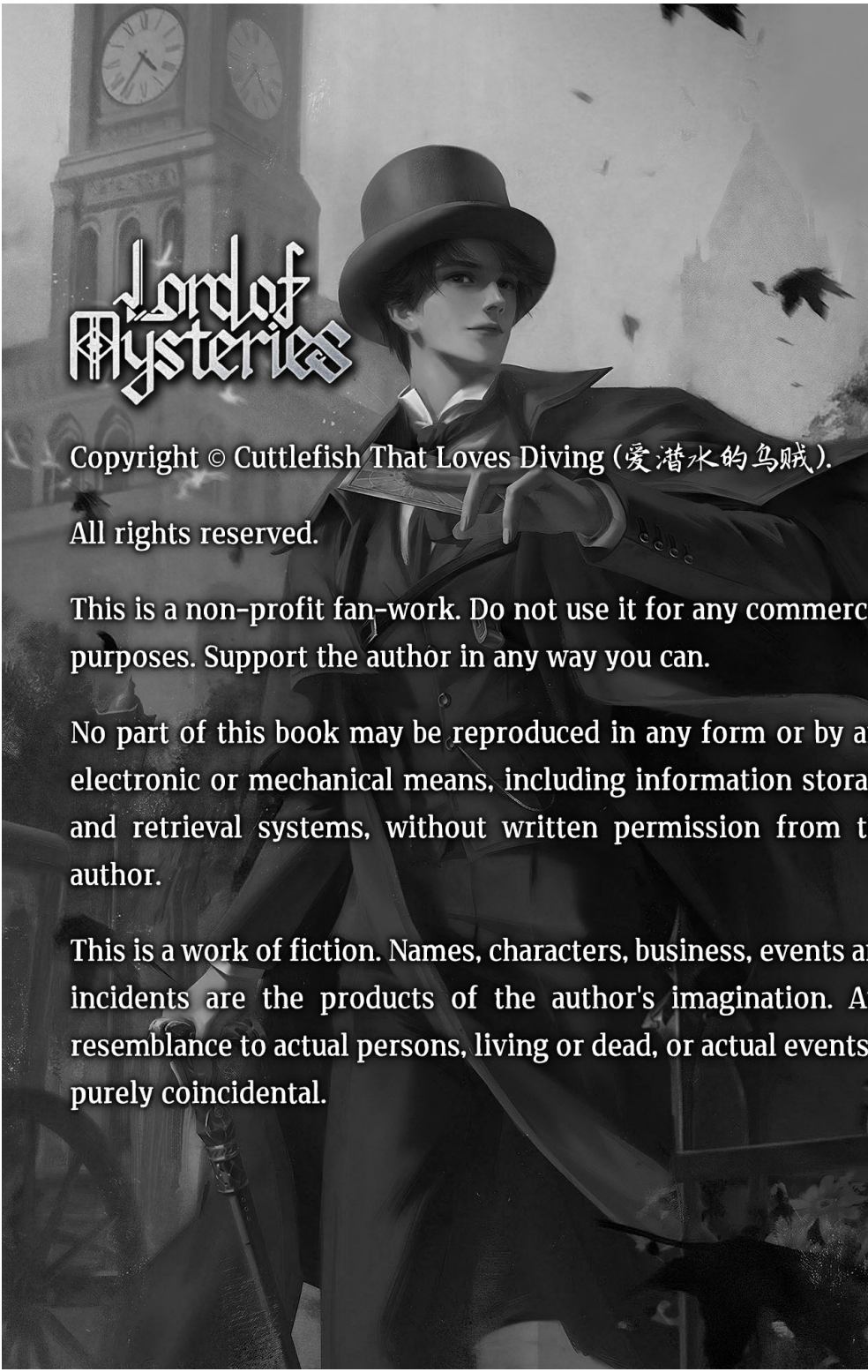
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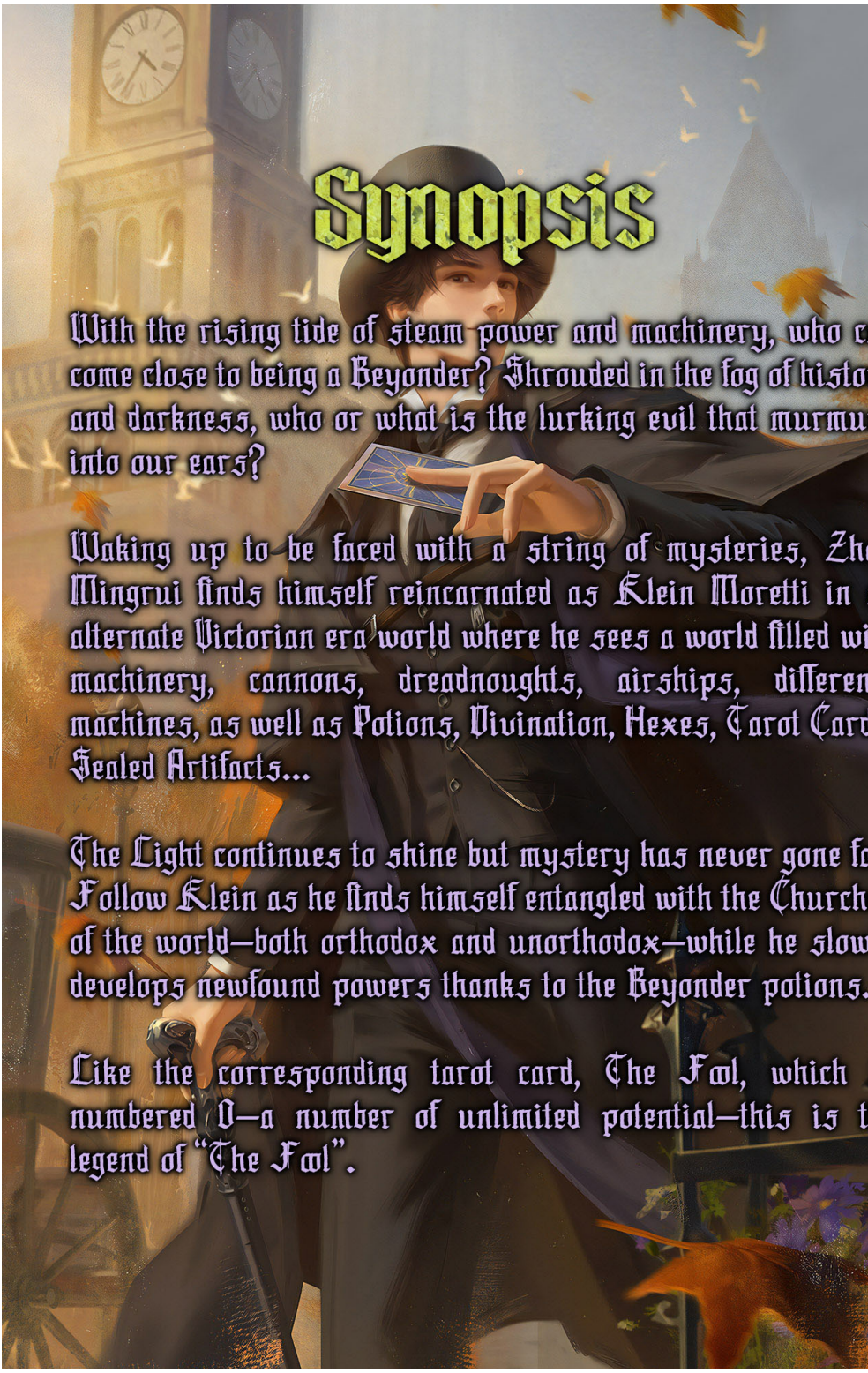
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Synopsis

With the rising tide of steam power and machinery, who c
come close to being a Beyonder? Shrouded in the fog of histo
and darkness, who or what is the lurking evil that murmu
into our ears?

Waking up to be faced with a string of mysteries, Zh
Mingrui finds himself reincarnated as Klein Moretti in
alternate Victorian era world where he sees a world filled wi
machinery, cannons, dreadnoughts, airships, differen
machines, as well as Potions, Divination, Hexes, Tarot Card
Sealed Artifacts...

The Light continues to shine but mystery has never gone fa
Follow Klein as he finds himself entangled with the Church
of the world—both orthodox and unorthodox—while he slow
develops newfound powers thanks to the Beyonder potions.

Like the corresponding tarot card, The Fool, which
numbered 0—a number of unlimited potential—this is t
legend of "The Fool".

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TO BE CONTINUED IN...

BACK COVER

Chapter 1267: Welcome

Beyond the open grayish-blue door, a flight of stone stairs led to a sea that glowed with golden light. This, along with boundless light, once again entered the eyes of the residents of the City of Silver such as Liaval and Candice.

As members of the former expedition team, this wasn't the first time they had seen such a scene. Even so, their souls remained deeply shocked as they subconsciously held their breaths.

With the Thunder God's Roar hammer in hand, Derrick stood at the front with his two-meter-tall, wide-shouldered build. He was silent.

Nearly a minute later, Liaval probed, "Elder Berg, when are we leaving?"

He was a Sequence 5 Guardian who stood at nearly 2.5 meters tall. This made his limbs' physical proportions slightly abnormal.

Derrick stared at the sea that was rippling with golden spots for a few seconds before saying, "Wait a while longer."

At this moment, several days had passed since he opened the door. He had led the expedition team back to the City of Silver with the ashes of the Chief and Elder Lovia, as well as their characteristics and Sealed Artifacts. He had also used the secret to obtain the trust of the current Chief of the six-member council, Waite Chirmont.

This time, Derrick led the twenty City of Silver Beyonders to do reconnaissance so as to find a safe passage to confirm the situation of the outside world.

On this matter, he had rejected Mr. World's suggestion of using the Staff of the Stars to directly transfer the entire City of Silver from the Forsaken Land of the Gods. He wanted to use his feet to take in the path of hope. He wanted to remember what the "light" that the City of Silver had finally found after experiencing two thousand years of persistence and sacrifice was like.

Upon hearing Elder Derrick's answer, the members of the expedition team, such as Liaval and Candice, didn't say much. They all took a step back and continued enjoying the scenery.

They still didn't trust Derrick Berg much. After all, he had a close relationship with outsiders. And the Chief and Elder Lovia had both died during the previous expedition. Only this Unshadowed and that outsider had survived. If not for the six-member council choosing to believe him, they would definitely be hostile and wary.

After an unknown period of time, the shimmering sea was suddenly enveloped by darkness.

Deep in the darkness, they could barely make out a thin fog. In the fog, there was a black pointed cathedral with all sorts of buildings. It gave people the feeling that it was both real and illusory.

Derrick and company were no stranger to darkness. He instinctively glowed, while those who needed to light up candles did so. They did it hurriedly without any signs of turmoil.

After the twenty-one-strong team was protected by light, they

looked with curiosity at the town and fleeting pedestrians in the fog, unable to understand what was going on.

This wasn't the darkness they were familiar with.

At this moment, the naturally glowing Derrick raised his left hand and said in a low voice, "Let's set off."

Without waiting for his team members to respond, he took the first step through the door and followed the stone steps outside, taking one step after another into the darkness.

Everyone exchanged looks, then gritted their teeth. Without falling behind, they followed the newly-appointed six-member council Elder, Derrick Berg, out of the Giant King's residence.

In the rich darkness, as they walked down the stairs, their eyes suddenly lit up. They saw an orange glow and a row of black cloister-like buildings.

"Is this the outside world?" Candice looked around warily and curiously. She realized that all of them had unknowingly walked to the opposite side of the Giant King's Court and were separated by a sea of orange-red from where they were.

"No." Derrick compared the current environment to Mr. World's and Ma'am Hermit's description. He nodded slightly and said, "We still need to wait here for a while. Feel free to find a spot to rest."

This Unshadowed, who no longer had any hint of adolescence, calmly arranged everything.

Liaval looked at the tightly shut black cloister and asked in puzzlement, “Is there no need to explore this place in search of an exit?”

“There’s no need.” Derrick shook his head.

The members of the reconnaissance team didn’t ask further, nor did they rest. They remained standing in their spots and waited patiently.

As time passed, blinding sunlight suddenly shone into this world, turning everything bright and white. It then dimmed and vanished.

Everyone subconsciously looked around and saw the golden sea once again. They felt a terrifying aura that daunted them from looking straight at.

However, unlike before, they were already on an island. Behind them were huge patches of golden strange plants with smiling faces. They didn’t seem to have any signs of degeneration or abnormalities, making every member of the City of Silver’s reconnaissance team experience the joy of life.

We’re really outside… It really is a different world… Liaval, Candice, and company found it impossible to contain the amazement in their hearts.

They immediately confirmed a fact:

Elder Derrick didn’t betray the City of Silver. His cooperation with the outsider really had the goal of leading everyone out of the cursed land.

“Elder Berg…” Candice stammered. “Thank you.”

Derrick nodded slightly, his back straight.

Instead of expressing the apologetic feelings in his heart like Candice, Liaval looked around and asked, “Elder Berg, how should we leave this place? Build a boat?”

The term “building a boat” was only limited to the words in their history books, so it sounded rather odd.

“There doesn’t seem to be any materials here that we can use to build a boat…” Candice and company immediately inspected the small island, but they couldn’t find any trees or plants.

Derrick shook his head again.

“There’s no need. Wait a little longer…”

Before he could finish his sentence, he saw a black shadow loom across the horizon.

The shadow grew bigger as it quickly followed the safe sea route between the golden spots of light.

Not long after, the shadow revealed its outline. It was a hybrid ship with smoke spewing out from it. With all its sails up, the ship hung a blue sea serpent flag.

“A boat?”

“That’s a boat?”

…

As Liaval, Candice, and company kept their vigilance up, they posed questions.

Derrick had received some general education at the Tarot Club. He was an experienced person who had seen pictures of various ships. Upon hearing this, he nodded slightly and said, “That’s right.”

As they spoke, the ship approached, making the figure standing at the ship’s bow gradually become clearer.

It was a black-cloaked man with yellow eyebrows and dark blue eyes. He jumped onto the masthead and spread his arms slightly to the people of the City of Silver.

Upon seeing this scene, Derrick, who had been maintaining his stern attitude, secretly heaved a sigh of relief. He knew that everything was as he had expected. No accidents had happened.

Danitz originally wanted to jump off the ship and walk in front of the believers of Mr. Fool to announce that they had been saved, but after glancing at the height of the people from the City of Silver, he silently held himself back.

Standing on the masthead, he completely widened his arms and said to Derrick and company with a reserved smile, “Welcome to the world of light promised by God!”

...

In the ancient palace above the fog.

Klein sat on the high-back chair belonging to The Fool. Through the crimson star that symbolized The Sun, he watched the entire process of the City of Silver's expedition team's progress. He was constantly prepared to deal with any accidents.

When the "history," which had been sealed for thousands of years, had combined with the "present," with them boarding the ship that originated from the new government of the Rorsted Archipelago, and leaving the most dangerous, core region of the ruins of the battle of gods was over, he heaved a sigh of relief. He put down the Staff of the Stars and beckoned for two items.

They were the Miracle Invoker Beyonder characteristic that had seeped out of the "curtain," and the Worm of Star from Saint of Secrets Botis.

After some thought, Klein reached out his left hand and grabbed a large blob of a dark red liquid from the Historical Void.

This was Dark Demonic Wolf Kotar's blood. There was exactly 300mls of it, and it was the core supplementary ingredient of the Miracle Invoker potion.

Of course, as a supplementary material, it only had one purpose —to reduce the negative effects of the Beyonder characteristic and reduce the corresponding mysticism influence. Therefore, it didn't matter if it was a historical projection. After all, as long as it could play its role during the potion's concoction and consumption, Klein would have either succeeded or failed in his advancement by the time the historical projection expired. If he failed, he would've broken down into a monster. If he succeeded,

he would've become a Miracle Invoker and gained initial control of the Beyonder characteristic. There was no need for the supplementary ingredient's effects.

Following that, Klein took out something from the fog of history.

It was a ringed Worm of Time.

As he had a strong psychological trauma towards Amon, Klein had chosen to summon a Worm of Time that Pallez Zoroast had once given to him, lest anything unexpected happened.

After preparing the materials, he conjured a metal pot and threw the 300mls of blood from Dark Demonic Wolf into it. Then, he placed the Worm of Time and sparkling Worm of Star inside, one after another.

The black and red liquid in the cauldron turned dark, its surface becoming translucent and clean. Deep in the cauldron was a dark vortex.

Without any hesitation, Klein picked up the Miracle Invoker Beyonder characteristic.

It resembled a heart, transparent like a crystal, but there were tiny bubbles emerging from time to time. Every bubble seemed to contain an illusion.

When the Beyonder characteristic came into contact with the liquid in the metallic pot, it immediately merged into it, causing the darkness to instantly deepen, making it seem as though countless eyes were opened at the same time.

After staring at it for a few seconds, he poured the concocted Miracle Invoker potion into a glass bottle, and he used the bestowment ritual to bring it to the real world.

On an uninhabited island in the Sonia Sea, Klein, who had "Teleported" over, looked at the potion in his hand. He suddenly felt a little hesitant. This was because once he became an angel, his body would inevitably be affected by the Beyonder characteristic. He would become colder and crueler, becoming more and more indifferent towards life. He needed sufficient anchors to maintain his humanity.

This wasn't something that could be avoided by completely digesting the potion using the "acting method" he grasped. Back then, Emperor Roselle went through the early stages smoothly, but when he became a Sequence 2 angel, he nearly mutated, almost losing control.

As for the angels that he knew, they looked normal on the surface, but he had no idea what they were like when they were hiding behind the scenes.

If one could obtain a long life at Sequence 4 and Sequence 3, allowing them to live for more than a thousand years, a saint really didn't have much motivation to become an angel.

Combined with the saying that the higher one's Sequence was, the closer one was to the Primordial One, he suddenly understood why Demoness of White Katarina only rose from Sequence 4 to Sequence 3 in a thousand years.

But I have no way out... After a brief moment of silence, Klein sighed silently.

Nearby threats like Amon and Zaratul, and the approaching days

of the apocalypse, as well as the fact that he was previously unable to interfere with the war, these all pushed him towards becoming an angel. He didn't want to simply contribute his strength through donations.

His eyes flickered for a few seconds before they returned to their calm state. He picked up the potion bottle and poured the liquid inside into his mouth.

Chapter 1268: Miracle Invoker

The moment the Miracle Invoker potion entered Klein's stomach, it immediately turned into countless cold "worms" and swam towards every corner of his body.

Suddenly, Klein's mind tore apart, turning into countless small pieces that combined with different Worms of Spirit. There was no longer any discernible difference between the main body and the auxiliary ones, nor was there any piece that remained dominant.

At some point in time, he had entered the grayish-white fog. His half top hat and long black trench coat quickly disintegrated, and numerous translucent and twisted maggots crawled out.

These maggots quickly flew into the depths of the fog of history, each occupying different "light fragments," overlapping with the projections of themselves in the Historical Void.

In just two or three seconds, the spot where Klein stood only had his windbreaker, shirt, top hat, socks, leather shoes, and personal items remaining. They had lost the support of a body and were held, suspended there.

"I..."

"Who am I..."

"Who's me..."

“I’m the main body…”

…

The various Worms of Spirit had different but similar thoughts. None of them were willing to return to their “body” on their own accord. Instead, they felt a strong sense of animosity towards their own kind. It was only because they still had Klein’s remnant psyche influence that they hadn’t done anything extreme for the time being.

At this moment, yet another invisible ripple appeared within the grayish-white fog.

This ripple didn’t appear by coincidence. It had long existed in the fog, but compared to his collective whole, it appeared indiscernible. However, to a Worm of Spirit, it was obvious enough.

It came from a portion of history that appeared in the present era. It symbolized the fragments of light from the end of the Second Epoch and portions of the Third Epoch. They symbolized the two thousand years that the City of Silver had persisted in the darkness.

This forgotten history had a certain clash with the present era. As it formed a corresponding Historical Void, ripples spread out in an indescribable manner.

Such ripples seemed to exert a strong attraction on the Worms of Spirit, making them peek their heads out from the historical scenes.

After a short period of time, one of the Worms of Spirit crawled out of the light spot from which it occupied, having failed to resist it any further, and also succumbing to the effects of Klein's remnant consciousness. It flew towards the center of the ripples.

Right on the heels of that, Worms of Spirit returned from different spots in the fog of history, and they arrived at the fragments of light formed by the City of Silver's history in the present era.

When they reached a certain distance from each other, a strong force of convergence finally appeared, pulling together countless Worms of Spirit into one.

This wasn't an effect that could be produced by two or three Worms of Spirit. It needed to have a sufficient number for this phenomenon to happen.

And when that portion of the Worms of Spirit was once again whole, Klein's incomplete consciousness completed the piecing together of his identity. Things finally turned simple.

The Worms of Spirit formed a transparent and gigantic vortex, emitting a strong convergence force that sucked over the remaining, hesitant, nearby Worms of Spirit that were unwilling to return.

After more than two-thirds the Worms of Spirit returned, a series of transparent tentacles grew out of the vortex.

They extended towards the Second Epoch, the First Epoch, and even the prehistoric city of an earlier time. They grabbed the last batch of Worms of Spirit, one after another, and stuffed them back into the vortex.

In less than twenty seconds, the vortex began to extend, turning into a terrifying figure formed from transparent, twisted maggots. An invisible tentacle naturally extended from the figure's body.

The tentacles pulled over the windbreaker, top hat, socks, and leather shoes that floated in the fog of history, dressing up the terrifying figure.

The figure formed from countless Worms of Spirit pressed down on the top of his head, causing the translucent feeling on his body to quickly fade, forming a layer of flesh-colored skin. Short black hair and brown eyes grew out.

This was the appearance of Klein Moretti, but his height had reached 1.8 meters.

With great difficulty, he finally regained consciousness. Before Klein, who had made his Soul Body whole again, could analyze his present state, he felt two abnormalities:

One was from the Beyonder characteristic that fused with his body. It was a strong, terrifying, high, and mighty will that made it impossible to resist. It seemed to awaken a little as it transmitted one image after another. These images were filled with the mysterious knowledge of a Miracle Invoker. Some of them were dust that burned into suns, magnificent scenes generated by various celestial bodies. They were filled with a sense of desolateness, coldness, cruelty, madness, superciliousness, and void of any emotional imprints. They quickly assimilated into Klein's spirit, changing his state in an irresistible manner.

Another thing that surfaced before Klein's eyes were the crimson stars and the numerous points of resplendent light. The prayers from the members of the Tarot Club emitted from those stars,

including Justice, The Hanged Man, and The Moon. Most of the light points echoed with the prayers from the residents of Moon City. Together, they created an image that enveloped the grayish-white fog that looked at the world with pity. It was the image of an extremely high-level and secret existence.

The two abnormalities reflected on Klein's body, causing his left body to be covered in a grayish-white fog. A slight smile showed on his face that had deep-set eyes. His right body fractured once again, turning into a cluster of translucent squirming maggots and a bloodshot eye that was filled with madness.

At that moment, the right side was constantly corroded to the left, and the grayish-white fog was gradually compressed to the extreme.

Without any hesitation, he raised his left hand with some difficulty, and he summoned the white bone scepter with blue gems embedded at the top from the fog of history.

Circling the Sea God Scepter were prayer points of light. With the help of this medium, they were transferred onto Klein's body.

Lightning bolts leaped out from the right side of his body as invisible winds and illusory waves swirled around him. This helped the grayish-white fog withstand the contamination from the left, allowing his entire body to come to a delicate balance.

At this point, Klein recovered bits and pieces of his humanity and memories, making an initial recovery back to the state before he consumed the potion.

He had finally advanced to the level of Sequence 2. He now had the level and status of an angel—a true Miracle Invoker.

Originally, Sefirah Castle was about to be stirred by his change, but with a thought from him, all the abnormalities returned to normal.

This proved that he had truly gained control of Sefirah Castle and had become the owner of the sefirah. As for how much power he could unleash in the real world, he was still unable to estimate it.

Phew... Thankfully, I made the history represented by the City of Silver return to reality, and it's powerful enough. If the ritual's effects were a little weaker, I would've lost control and collapsed here today... Klein rubbed his temples and slowly exhaled. He had a better understanding of anchors.

The anchor wasn't a tool to help him maintain his humanity. Its main purpose was to form a corresponding understanding, positioning, and image, one that would resist the mental imprint within the Beyonder characteristic so as to maintain an intricate balance.

Under this balance, Klein could then barely maintain his humanity and not be severely affected by any other influences.

In other words, the deities that the believers knew were different from the actual deities. Without the mental imprint within the Beyonder characteristic to resist this influence, the image of the deities in their hearts would gradually envelop the true appearance of the deities.

This was also a type of corruption.

Only at this moment did Klein realize why the orthodox deities went from having humanoid statues to simply having Sacred Emblems. This prevented the believers from having a unified

impression of “Them.” This improved the effects they had as anchors to resist the remnant mental effects of the Primordial One, whilst also not subtly changing their bodies.

As for why the orthodox deities took one or two epochs to figure this out, Klein quickly thought of two reasons:

Firstly, he had the past images of the orthodox deities for comparison. He had Emperor Roselle’s diary as reference, and the corresponding mysticism knowledge to provide inspiration. Secondly, the Mythical Creature form of a Seer was all about being split and separated. It made him very sensitive to such influences.

This sort of balance isn’t too stable, and it often tilts to a certain extent. This will cause problems with my condition’s stability. From time to time, I will end up scaring the people around me. Fortunately, this can be predicted ahead of time, so it can effectively be avoided… Also, when I’m in a delicate balance, I should try my best to show my humanity to strengthen my self-awareness… This is commonly chosen by many angels. The Rose School of Thought’s indulgence can be considered to be doing the same…

But Amon’s believers are all “Himself.” How does “He” maintain the balance?

Could it be that the Mythical Creature that’s born with the Uniqueness itself has the will of the Primordial One fused with “Him”? Amon is long accustomed to being half-crazy. No, that’s not “His” normal state… It’s the image that arose from the referendum of every Amon…

That’s a line of thought. I can form a marionette group and make every marionette a believer of The Fool. In addition, with my truest appearance as a deity, this can effectively provide the best

anchor... It's no wonder that Zaratul and the Dark Demonic Wolf don't have any believers... Uh, once the residents of the City of Silver switch faiths to The Fool, I can consider separating the embodiment of Sea God from myself, making it no longer one of my anchors. This greatly contradicts the beliefs and understanding of my other believers. They can't truly be united... Klein instantly thought of a lot of matters, and after his thoughts finished racing, he returned above the gray fog.

When he became a Miracle Invoker and became a "Him," as well as becoming the owner of Sefirah Castle, he no longer needed to take four steps counterclockwise, recite the incantations, or get all the members of the Tarot Club to pray. He could now easily return.

However, he seemed incapable of expressing the full powers of Sefirah Castle. He could only enter with his Spirit Body, unable to bring his physical body along.

After sitting in the seat belonging to The Fool, Klein wasn't in a rush to check on the changes in Sefirah Castle. He first confirmed his advancement and digested the mysticism knowledge he had just obtained.

Yes... The Beyonder powers of a Miracle Invoker come from two different aspects. One is the greater utilization of the fog of history, and the other is the newly enhanced core power of "Wishes."

The improved utilization of the fog of history includes several abilities:

One, using the help of past Worms of Spirit to revive myself, but it will be ineffective after four times. I've already used it three times, so I can only revive one more time as a Miracle Invoker. Once I advance to an Attendant of Mysteries, there should be a

corresponding increase in this number. Two, I am able to exert some influence on the future, causing the probability of certain things to increase or shrink to a certain extent. It's equivalent to interfering with the fate of the target. Heh heh, I'm finally wielding good luck. However, this aspect is still different from the Die of Probability. Three, summoning from the Historical Void is no longer limited to just items. It can be extended to certain scenes I'm familiar with.

Yes, the total number of items and scenes I can summon now is nine, but only three of them can be at the angel level...

"Wishes" already make it a standard deity's ability, but it's a little strange. Only by fulfilling someone's wish can I fulfill my own wish. A small wish has to be granted before a bigger wish can be gradually granted...

Chapter 1269: The Power of Wishes

Klein originally believed that the "Wishes" ability could be used freely as long as it didn't exceed a limit. To his surprise, the effects didn't solely come from the Beyonder characteristic.

To put it simply, a Miracle Invoker needed to seek out and satisfy all kinds of wishes before they could make wishes and personally grant them during battles, turning the corresponding situation into a reality. Furthermore, at the very beginning, the wishes that Klein could fulfill were small and trivial. He had to accumulate them one step at a time before he could create a true miracle. He couldn't do as he wished.

Yes, if I want to use Dark Demonic Wolf Kotar's wishing method to teleport, I would have to first satisfy many similar wishes. It comes from others, from simple to the more difficult wishes... I do have a solution in this aspect. I can use Creeping Hunger and the Staff of the Stars to fulfill the corresponding wishes. There's no need to start from the simplest...

Speaking of which, the "Wishes" ability resembled using an anchor. It's a type of "collective" ability. Since the faithful's understanding of deities can effectively affect the deities and become a certain "definition" for "Them," helping "Them" resist the Primordial One's mental imprint in the Beyonder characteristics, in the same way, similar wishes of different creatures with spirituality can indeed help me create a miracle...

This might be related to the sea of collective subconscious. It's not scientific enough, but it's fairly mystical... After figuring out the situation of the "Wishes" ability, Klein had a preliminary idea of how to act as a Miracle Invoker.

That was to walk the real world, and as the most powerful "magician," he would allow different people to witness a miracle and satisfy their wishes.

It's no wonder the Dark Demonic Wolf's original title was the God of Wishes... When such a belief spreads, many people would use the method of praying to voice out their wishes, allowing the Miracle Invoker to respond from afar. This makes acting a lot simpler. It can save a lot of time, but the problem is that the potion's name is Miracle Invoker and not the God of Wishes. The role one needs to act as is that of a deity, so there are still some differences between the two...

I can roam the various countries and let different people witness miracles while using The Fool's name to satisfy some of the believers' wishes. I'll then see which would be more effective...

However, this isn't the only way to act as a Miracle Invoker... I still need to take the initiative to create a miracle in real life, leaving behind the corresponding legend? Klein tapped the edge of the long mottled table with his finger as he silently muttered to himself.

During his scrutiny of his own body moments ago, he realized that he had digested more than half of the potion. After all, he had created miracles several times. He had even been "revived" three times.

Of course, Klein believed that it was very coincidental because he could create a "miracle" and act in advance, mainly because of Sefirah Castle.

It's as though someone set me up... Klein sighed inwardly as he didn't feel relaxed. Instead, he became more serious and wary.

As for who arranged it, he had a suspect.

The "Mysteries" that the ancient sun god mentioned, the existence suspected to be "The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings."

And what made Klein even more puzzled was that when he advanced to Sequence 2 and became an angel, The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings didn't appear, neither did "He" awaken in his body after he experienced the qualitative changes.

This was completely different from what he had expected.

There weren't any traces of it at all. Apart from the initial mental corruption from the Primordial One—something that will definitely arrive—it should be the spiritual imprint left behind in the Beyonder characteristic... Could it be that The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings has completely perished despite making all the arrangements? "He" doesn't have the ability to influence me and revive from my body? If that's the case, then I have to thank "Him"! Klein teased himself and stood up with caution and puzzlement.

With this thought, he appeared on the grayish-white cloud and arrived in front of the strange door of light.

Glancing at the transparent "cocoons" hanging above his head, Klein slowly extended his right hand and touched the door of light.

When he truly became the owner of this mysterious space, he had clearly realized a fact when he returned. It was that the strange door of light was core to this place. It was Sefirah Castle in the truest sense of the word, and this boundless void belonged

to the divine kingdom that Sefirah Castle came with.

As for the ancient palace, the twenty-two high-back chairs, the long bronze table, and the items that the members of the Tarot Club usually conjured, Klein believed that they were a manifestation of the “Wishes” power.

In other words, back when he wanted a palace and a gathering place, Sefirah Castle had satisfied his wish.

And because he didn’t have a specific description of his wish, Sefirah Castle had extracted scenes from similar wishes in the past. Klein suspected that the ancient Greek palace and the twenty-two high-back chairs were conjured by the existence that was suspected to be the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings.

As he moved inch by inch, Klein pressed his right hand against the edge of the door of light.

This time, his palm didn’t directly pierce through it as he touched something corporeal.

Suddenly, the door of light began to tremble slightly, along with the hanging “cocoons” which contained human figures.

Above the grayish-white fog, there was only an ancient palace in the endless void. Numerous skyscrapers rose rapidly. Cars appeared one after another as pedestrians suddenly appeared.

In one of the residential districts, in an ordinary rental apartment, there was a window illuminated by an energy-saving bulb that wasn’t bright enough.

This was what the old metropolis from before the First Epoch looked like before the disaster. This was the place Klein had once lived.

Looking around, Klein sighed, letting everything disappear before his eyes.

Indeed, I can preliminarily use Sefirah Castle's powers… By relying on this point, I would already be close to the level of a King of Angels when I'm above the gray fog. Furthermore, the authority I show isn't only that of Miracles, but also a portion of a Planeswalker and a Trojan Horse of Destiny…

If I were to return to the real world, apart from being able to further utilize Sefirah Castle's aura, I would be able to directly obtain a portion of its powers… This should allow me to form a nascent divine kingdom and reach Sequence 1 in here… Unfortunately, in reality, I can't use the high-level Beyonder powers of Marauder and Apprentice… As Klein evaluated the situation, he cast his gaze at the transparent cocoons hanging above the door of light.

He ultimately didn't release the people inside, because they would definitely be used by Amon.

After confirming everything, Klein returned to the ancient palace and sat on the high-back chair of The Fool.

He remembered that some of his memories were sealed, so he summoned the piece of paper from the junk pile.

Upon opening it, Klein's eyes narrowed and his lips quivered as he muttered to himself, "Great Old Ones, Outer Deities, Cosmos, Creator, Above the Sequences… So that's how it is…"

At that moment, he completely understood the rationale behind the battle of gods that had just ended. He understood the possible origins of the apocalypse and understood why the seven deities had given tacit consent to the birth of a Black Emperor, and their indifference towards the Red Angel evil spirit's return to the real world.

From the information provided by Leonard and Miss Justice, Loen ultimately clinched victory. It's very likely that the God of Combat has already perished... In other words, the Goddess has succeeded, but I don't know what other conditions "She" is lacking to become a Great Old One that's Above the Sequences... I'll summon Arrodes later to inquire about the details of the situation and grasp the present situation... With this in mind, Klein recalled the various details of the past and connected many matters together.

Earth Mother, whose identity had been unknown, had succeeded in acting as the Giant Queen Omebella for thousands of years without being exposed. It's impossible without the help of Concealment... Man, the Goddess has been plotting something like this from the Third Epoch or even the end of the Second Epoch?

W-why does this feel more terrifying than Amon...

Yes, Concealment can only hide traces of various aspects. It can mislead the corresponding prying and divination attempts, making it impossible for a person to don a disguise. For the Earth Mother to be able to pretend to be Omebella, without being suspected by the God of Combat, there may be other factors involved... For example, a particular existence helped "Her" steal the fate of the Giant Queen? At that time, there was only one person who had the authority to participate in this matter—the ancient sun god, the second Creator, Amon and Adam's father...

If that's the case, the Goddess and the ancient sun god should've cooperated from a long time ago. Until the new Creator awakened the Primordial One in "Him"... This can also explain why the first

existence that Dark Angel Sasrir sought out was the Goddess. Of course, Concealment is also an important factor…

Ever since I obtained the Uniqueness of the Death pathway, the Goddess has been setting up the trap. On the one hand, "She" wants me to take over the Numinous Episcopate's Artificial Death faction in Backlund to pretend that everything is normal. On the other hand, "She" didn't deal with the people or objects that might've discovered something was amiss, resulting in the leak of information. This way, in the eyes of the God of Combat, the situation became the Goddess trying "Her" best to conceal the secret, but due to "Her" lack of control while digesting the Uniqueness, "She" was unable to do so…

After that, be it tacitly acquiescing George III becoming the Black Emperor, or the aid provided to me in destroying "His" ritual, the Goddess doesn't care about the final outcome of the matter. "Her" main goal was to show that "She" didn't have the ability to directly interfere with the real world, further deepening the impression that "She" was attempting to accommodate the Uniqueness of the Death pathway…

There are a lot of similar details…

To the God of Combat, as "He" had a deeper understanding of the Goddess, "He" definitely wasn't fully convinced in regards to this matter. Therefore, "He" chose to take it safe by first shaking the Goddess's anchors, allowing "Her" psyche to be corrupted. To "Him," this definitely made "Her" divert a large portion of "Her" efforts to resist the corruption before "He" chose to attack the Goddess together with Earth Mother…

This… And it's because of this that "He" fell into the Goddess's trap…

In other words, the true goal of the Goddess's various actions

wasn't to lay a trap with the Uniqueness of the Death pathway, but to let the other deities place their focus on this matter, and ignore the possibility that there was something wrong with Earth Mother...

How terrifying...

Klein sighed from the bottom of his heart. He felt that Adam and Amon were probably inferior to the Goddess when it came to horror.

He shook his head, conjured a pen and paper, and wrote his warning:

"Always remember you are a he, not a 'He.'"

Chapter 1270: "Visiting"

On the ship, Sea God, the members of the City of Silver, like Liaval, Candice, and other City of Silver scouts, were seated on chairs that didn't suit their size. They watched the "dwarfs" around them warily.

Of course, they knew that these were normal humans. After all, they all knew that their exaggerated heights were brought about by potions, but they still felt that the people on the ship were too short, including Lord Danitz, who called himself an oracle. After all, in the City of Silver, other than children, the residents who had yet to reach Sequence 6 had an average height exceeding 1.8 meters. Among them, there were no lack of Sequence 9 Beyonders who were more than two meters tall.

The slight sway of the boat made the "half-giants" feel somewhat uncomfortable, but their strong physique helped them quickly overcome this influence. And the contrast between the sea and the lone boat beyond the window made them unable to contain their unease, fear, and anxiety. It was like the first time they participated in an expedition. The surroundings seemed to have monsters lurking in the darkness that could attack them at any moment.

At that moment, Danitz entered the room that had been transformed into a dining mess. He smiled at the tall, wary, cautious, strangely-dressed people who sat stiffly and said, "Your food is ready. Next, you can enjoy your food as you please.

"By the way, don't forget what I told you just now. These waters are very dangerous.

"There's no need to get up. You can stay in your seats."

When Danitz saw that the young Elder who introduced himself as Derrick, and the other "half-giants" wished to get up and speak to him in the most polite manner, he hurriedly lowered his hands and stopped their uncivilized behavior.

If I was as tall as them, I would've already begun mocking the people around me... Danitz muttered as he clapped his hands, signaling the crew to send the food in.

A strong fragrance immediately drilled into the noses of Derrick and the other residents of the City of Silver. It was the scent that they were familiar with when roasting meat-type mushrooms, but there was an additional indescribable smell. It was rather strange and slightly stimulating.

The smell was so alluring that Liaval, Candice, and the rest began to have saliva secrete from their mouths as their stomachs churned to attention.

"Desi-style roasted meat," Danitz said as he pointed at a crew member who walked in.

He held a large steel plate that had a piece of roasted golden-brown piece of meat that glistened with oil. Evenly spread across its surface were fennel, basil, and other spices.

"Steak, pan-fried fish, white bread, seafood soup, and light beer..." Danitz introduced each and every dish, smiling when he was done. "Don't worry about anything. Feel free to indulge. We have plenty of food reserves."

With that said, he glanced at the "half-giants" who seemed eager to stand up. Then, he left the room chuckling.

The short-haired Candice retracted her gaze from the food with great difficulty and swallowed her saliva.

“Elder Derrick, what do we do now?”

Although Derrick believed that Mr. Fool’s Oracle wouldn’t harm them, he habitually gave a very cautious opinion.

“Split into two groups. One group is to wait for their turn to eat. One team is to eat now.”

“Alright, Elder Derrick.” Candice suddenly stood up. “I apply to join the food-tasting team!”

A group of ten people quickly formed. At the same time, Liaval and Candice walked to the long table near the wall, and they took a portion of what they found the most tempting, the so-called Desi roasted meat.

After taking a bite, the rich juices, the fragrance and pure meat mixed in the texture formed a complex and unique experience in their mouths. They could only chew twice before swallowing the food ravenously into their stomachs so as to take a second bite.

This was many times more delicious than the meat-type mushrooms they had eaten previously.

Unknowingly, the ten residents of the City of Silver were already eating with tears in their eyes, their vision blurred.

On the deck, Danitz looked at the safe sea route in the ruins of the battle of gods. He considered how to settle the problems of

Mr. Fool's flock.

Suddenly, a sailor ran over and panted.

"Lord Oracle, they've already finished eating. They want seconds!"

...*Where did these guys come from?* Danitz was taken aback.

"Prepare another set for them."

Seeing that the sailor was about to turn around, Danitz quickly added, "From tomorrow onwards, the crew is to begin fishing!"

...

In the Sonia Sea, on an uninhabited island.

Klein had gotten used to his current state, and he restrained his spirituality. He planned on "Teleporting" back to Backlund and summoning the magic mirror, Arrodes, to ask some questions.

He wasn't in a hurry to extract the residents of Moon City to the outside world. He planned on waiting for Danitz to settle down the City of Silver's vanguard unit. With sufficient experience, he could turn his attention to this matter. After all, the path to leaving the Forsaken Land of the Gods had been opened. He could use the method of responding to prayers, and rely on the power of the Staff of the Stars to move all of Moon City out.

Of course, if the door closed once again, Klein also had a

solution. He would first transfer the residents of Moon City to the Giant King's residence and let them open the door themselves. Without the first Blasphemy Slate and the Dark Angel evil spirit, ordinary Beyonders would be able to open the door.

As for whether the True Creator would interfere or stop him, Klein didn't consider it. This was because the Sequence 0 true god was capable of doing so now. He wasn't able to stop "Him" even if he was disagreeable to it.

In addition, Klein believed that the focus of the True Creator wasn't placed on this matter. "His" most pressing concern was to capture Amon and retrieve the first Blasphemy Slate.

Strictly speaking, this is a family drama... Klein lampooned inwardly. He grabbed Creeping Hunger from the air, and he wore the Sealed Artifact that had accompanied him for a long time on his left palm.

His body quickly turned transparent and disappeared.

In the saturated and stacked spirit world, Klein rapidly moved through the indescribable figures as he approached the coordinates that represented Backlund.

Suddenly, he came to a stop and stood in the chaotic void, looking at the seven pure lights that occupied the highest spot in the spirit world.

Previously, due to my low Sequence, I didn't dare wander the spirit world. Nor did I attempt to visit the Seven Lights that had shown their kindness towards me. Now, it seems it's time we meet... They're the embodiments of all kinds of knowledge, and they've lived in the spirit world for countless years. They might know

quite a bit of secrets... Just as Klein finished his thoughts, a light suddenly appeared in front of him. An elder in an orange robe appeared.

This old man was plump and had a short white beard. He looked very amiable.

He looked at Klein and nodded with a smile.

"Your Excellency, please allow me to introduce myself. You should remember me. I am Orange Light Hilarion."

The last time I saw you, you were very thin... As Klein lampooned, he asked with a smile, "You seem to have predicted that I would visit you?"

Hilarion didn't hide anything as he smiled frankly.

"The spirit world itself is interwoven with all sorts of information. Some come from the past, some come from the present, and some indicate a certain future. Whether it's divination or prophecy, most of the methods are actually using the spirit world, followed by the prying into the secrets of fate."

What Orange Light meant was that since Klein was in the spirit world and had the intention of visiting, and was prepared to take action to do so, there would definitely be a corresponding exchange of information. This allowed the Seven Lights who controlled the spirit world to a certain extent to sense it and make a prophecy.

Klein wasn't surprised at all. He nodded slightly and said, "Other than you, who else wants to meet me?"

He had originally planned on using honorifics, but considering the Seven Light's attitude and the way Orange Light addressed him, he gave up on this plan, so as to maintain the status of the proxy to Sefirah Castle.

Orange Light Hilarion immediately smiled and said, "All of them. Your Excellency, you don't mind, do you?"

Klein shook his head and replied politely, "Of course. It will be my honor."

As soon as he finished speaking, different colors of light rose up around Hilarion, transforming into different old men.

"Your Excellency, please allow me to do the introductions." When Orange Light saw Klein nod, he pointed at an elder in a red robe and said, "He is Red Light Aiur Moria."

The one who previously answered my question… Klein immediately smiled and showed his gratitude and friendliness.

In turn, Hilarion introduced Yellow Light Venithan, Blue Light Kuthumi, Green Light Serapis, Indigo Light Iesus, and Violet Light Saint Germain.

Yellow Light Venithan… Is this the one who made an apocalyptic prophecy regarding the Abrahams' ancestor? Klein looked at the thin, long-bearded elder in a lemon-yellow robe and said with a smile, "Let's sit down and have a chat."

As he spoke, he raised his right hand.

Dark red flames lit up in the surrounding area. It came from a fireplace burning high-quality charcoal.

These flames immediately lit up a reclining chair, a grayish-yellow carpet, cupboards, sofas, coffee tables, cast sculptures, white porcelain teacups, and other items, forming a classic Backlund-styled activity room.

"Please take a seat." Klein faced the Seven Lights as he smiled and pointed at the sofa and high-back chairs.

After the Seven Lights settled down, Klein sat on the reclining chair, picked up a teacup, and said in a natural tone, "To be honest, I've always wanted to pay a visit to all seven of you, but I couldn't find a chance. Now, I've finally fulfilled this wish."

"This has also been our wish." Orange Light seemed to be the brightest and most outgoing person among the Seven Lights. He immediately responded on behalf of all his companions.

Eh, I have the feeling that I've fulfilled someone's wish… Klein was delighted as he probed, "Might I ask what do you know about the cosmos, or should I say, the Great Old Ones and Outer Deities?"

Indigo Light Iesus, who wore a linen robe and looked relatively young, answered seriously, "Your Excellency, the Great Old Ones eyeing our world are Mother Goddess of Depravity, Mother Tree of Desire, Son of Chaos, Primordial Hunger, Ring of Comeuppance, Supernova Dominator, Inextinguishable Ravings, Monarch of Decay, and High-Dimensional Overseer…"

…Isn't that a little too many? Klein was a little stunned when he heard that.

Chapter 1271: Seven Lights

Upon hearing Indigo Light Iesus's reply, Klein's mind tensed up as he recalled the crimson moon, the Brown Planet, the Scarlet Planet, the Blue Planet, and Gold Planet. He felt like they were looking down at him from above with their eyes.

Silently, a connection was established. The impending fatal corruption made all of Klein's Worms of Spirit feel uneasy.

As an angel in control of Sefirah Castle, Klein had many ways to sever this connection. Firstly, he could use the status and strength of a complete Mythical Creature. Secondly, he could suppress his anchors, using the mental imprint the Primordial One left in him to offset it. Thirdly, he could use the aura of Sefirah Castle that he could now utilize one step further.

Without any hesitation, he chose the simplest and most convenient method to not leave behind any hidden dangers.

A grayish-white fog appeared around him as all the celestial body projections in his mind vanished.

After being stunned for a second, Klein organized his words and said, "There are that many Outer Deities?"

Indigo Light Iesus symbolized the domain of prayers. "He" touched the ruby ring on "His" right hand and nodded.

"Ever since the Oldest One awakened and split apart, the most powerful Outer Deities in the entire Universe gathered around this tiny solar system. Some of 'Them' wish to retrieve 'Their'

sefirot and characteristics that had been ripped from 'Them,' and were attracted here. Some of 'Them' have the hope of getting neighboring sefirot and high-level characteristics which 'They' can accommodate."

Oldest One... The Seven Lights address the original Creator as the Oldest One, and not the Primordial One... In terms of the name's meaning, there isn't much difference... Klein deliberated and asked, "Sefirot and characteristics that were ripped and attracted over?"

He could understand the rest of the words Indigo Light had mentioned, and he had even made some speculation towards such matters. There was just one point that caught him by surprise.

Blue Light Kuthumi, who was a symbol of the domain of Cogitation and used love and wisdom as a characteristic of "His" body, explained kindly, "Your Excellency, you shouldn't be unfamiliar with the law of convergence of Beyonder characteristics."

Seeing Klein nod, the thick-bearded elder with a "sapphire" tied around his forehead continued, "This isn't just a law for the Sequence pathways. It's also suitable for describing the sefirot and the characteristics related to the Outer Deities, especially the ones that were directly nurtured and created from the Oldest One. For example, the Mother Goddess of Depravity, Son of Chaos, and the Mother Tree of Desire. As for the other Outer Deities, we aren't too sure. In short, the three Great Old Ones who lost a portion of their sefirot and characteristics are most concerned and proactive when it comes to invading the real world. 'They' have been trying to influence the spirit world and corrupt us."

Klein nodded slightly and asked in a confirmation-seeking tone, "In other words, a portion of the current twenty-two pathways

and nine sefirot belong to the Outer Deities?"

"Yes." The amethyst-wielding Saint Germain, who symbolized the domain of ritualistic magic, took the opportunity to answer. "When the total number of 22 pathways and the nine sefirot was reached, everything finally reached a balance. This might be the mysticism connection that originated from the Oldest One."

Klein thought for a moment before saying, "What are they exactly?"

Saint Germain. whose face was suffused with a faint purple glow, making "Him" look rather mysterious, said, "For example, the Moon and the Earth pathway both belong to the Mother Goddess of Depravity. 'She' is an existence that stands atop all the Outer Deities. Even after a portion of 'Her' sefirah—that is, the Brood Hive—was ripped from 'Her,' that remains the case. 'She' is the sovereign of all the feminine forces in the entire Universe."

Just as Saint Germain said that, Green Light Serapis suddenly laughed.

"In fact, after carefully analyzing the twenty-two pathways, you'll discover that the Moon and Earth pathways are the two most contradictory ones. Heh heh, the Demoness pathway represents the Oldest One's feminine side. The Red Priest pathway represents the masculine side. This happens to form a deformed aspect of balance, but the Moon and Earth can also make Beyonders of the corresponding pathways turn into feminine creatures at high Sequences. There are no pathways that balance it."

Seeing Klein wince his eyebrows, Green Light, who had the long hair of an artist, added with a smile, "The Earth pathway's Sequence 2 is 'Desolate Matriarch,' and the Moon pathway's

Sequence 1 is called 'Beauty Goddess.' Therefore, the Sanguine only have queens and no male princes."

Then was the ancient goddess, Lilith, originally a male and a female? Klein mumbled inwardly and asked thoughtfully, "The Primordial Moon is the Mother Goddess of Depravity?"

"Yes." Red Light Aiur Moria, who was wearing a diamond crown, nodded in a dignified manner. "'She' occupies the moon, and through 'Her' own level and influence on the Brood Hive and the Uniqueness of two pathways, 'She' has gradually infiltrated into reality. The Primordial Moon is 'Her' manifestation in this world."

After saying that, Aiur Moria paused and said, "'Her' full title is 'Mother Goddess of Depravity,' 'Origin of Evil,' The Indestructible,' and the 'Brood Hive of Filth.'"

Klein recalled the exaggerated reaction of the moon when he first learned of the secret of the cosmos. He suddenly felt a chill as he hurriedly asked, "The Devil and Prisoner pathway come from the Mother Tree of Desire?"

Yellow Light Venithan, who was wearing a lemon-yellow robe, sighed.

"Yes, 'Her' full name is the 'Mother Tree of Desire,' 'Father to Devils,' 'Perpetual Blatherer,' and the 'Heartless God.' Therefore, 'She' had seized the opportunity when something happened to the Chained God, easily achieving 'Her' goal of corruption."

Mother... Father... Is that fellow a man or a woman... Yes, to an existence at this level, it's normal for there to be no distinction between genders. Different incarnations have different images... Heh, 'She' even wanted to bear a child for me. From the present

state of the Chained God, if I had been caught, I'd probably be the one bearing the child. Then, the child will inherit Sefirah Castle, allowing the Mother Tree of Desire to indirectly corrupt and control this sefirah…

From this angle, perhaps the Prisoner pathway's desire of indulgence is the proper way of acting. However, this "correct" path leads to the Outer Deity, so temperance is still the better one… Klein frowned slightly as he raised a question he had guessed before, hoping to get an answer.

"Since there are so many Outer Deities, why haven't 'They' entered our world yet?"

From what Klein had learned to date, he could guess that, even if it were only the Mother Goddess of Depravity and the Mother Tree of Desire, the Outer Deities could easily resolve existences like the former seven deities, the True Creator, and the Primordial Demoness.

The plump Orange Light Hilarion smiled and said, "All our suffering comes from the Oldest One. All our luck comes from the Oldest One as well.

"Not only did 'He' leave behind 'His' spirit, will, branding, and corruption, but 'He' also left behind the sefirot, characteristics, and power.

"The remnants of 'His' power formed an invisible barrier outside the planet, preventing the Outer Deities from directly invading it. However, with the passage of time, 'His' consciousness and powers haven't truly been revived, and 'His' will and powers are fading. At the end of the Fourth Epoch, this reached a very serious state. The invisible barrier produced cracks, and the seven deities had no choice but to move 'Their' divine kingdoms into the astral world to mend the cracks.

It's no wonder that the true deities from the Fourth Epoch could walk the land, but "They" rarely descended in the Fifth Epoch... Klein immediately came to a realization and asked, "When the Oldest One's will and powers decline further, the invisible barrier will vanish and usher in the apocalypse?"

Orange Light Hilarion, who had been smiling all this while, glanced at Yellow Light Venithan. His expression immediately turned serious.

"Yes."

When the time comes, the Mother Goddess of Depravity, the Mother Tree of Desire, and the Son of Chaos and all the other Outer Deities would invade this planet. Even if the Goddess becomes a Great Old One, "She" wouldn't be able to withstand so many of "Them"... The other Sequence 0 deities would be able to tie down one or two Outer Deities together, and that would be considered a miracle... It would take nine to fight one, or even more... Klein's scalp tingled as he once again experienced the meaning of despair.

No wonder it was called the apocalypse!

With his upheaval in emotions, he immediately felt the Primordial One's mental imprint strengthen, and more of it had eroded what the anchors had fixed in place.

Klein quickly calmed himself down and allowed the fragile balance to reappear again.

This is the reason why the corruption from underground will naturally dissipate as long as one doesn't approach it or resist? Klein recalled some of the mysticism knowledge he had previously grasped.

“Your Excellency, you’re completely right.” Orange Light Hilarion gave an affirmative answer.

Klein immediately made other connections.

“Does that mean that the closer one is to the apocalypse, the easier it is for one to advance? This is because the Primordial One’s will is fading. ‘His’ awakening will become difficult, to the point of not waking up again?”

Red Light, Aiur Moria thought for a moment and said, “This is the reason why the seven deities have only waited until recently to set ‘Their’ sights on Above the Sequences before taking concrete action.

“However, the Oldest One’s will can dissipate, but ‘His’ spirit will remain forever. It won’t be erased unless the entire Universe returns to the singularity. Therefore, the corresponding high-level existences still have the possibility of having the Oldest One awaken in ‘Them.’ The higher the level, the greater the possibility. The corresponding influence and corruption will become more serious.”

The extraordinary power and the curse that can never be broken are always two sides of the same coin… Klein sighed. Forcefully suppressing a problem that wasn’t at his level, he asked, “Do you know the potion formula for Attendant of Mysteries?”

The amethyst-wielding Saint Germain replied, “There’s a corresponding mystery attached to such knowledge. It’s not in the spirit world, but according to our observations, the Attendant of Mysteries ritual should be closely related to the spirit world.”

Orange Light Hilarion immediately smiled at Klein.

“Your Excellency, if you require anything, we’ll provide our full support.”

This fervor makes me a little afraid, just like facing Arrodes… Klein nodded slightly and prepared to change the topic.

After some consideration, he asked solemnly, “Do you know of ‘The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings’?”

He translated the title using Elvish.

The Seven Lights immediately fell silent. “They” looked at each other and didn’t reply for a while.

After a few seconds, Orange Light Hilarion sighed.

“We still can’t be sure if you’re ‘Him.’

“‘He’ was a Great Old One who had been active during the end of the previous civilization up to the mid-stages of the First Epoch. ‘He’ is ‘the great ruler above the spirit world’ that we speak of.

“The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings is ‘His’ title in the Western Continent. The other title is ‘King of Space-Time,’ ‘Beacon of Destiny,’ ‘Embodiment of Sefirah Castle,’ ‘Dominator of the Spirit World,’ and…”

At this point, Orange Light paused and said, “Lord of the Mysteries.”

Chapter 1272: "Spring"

The King of Space-Time, Beacon of Destiny, Embodiment of Sefirah Castle, Dominator of the Spirit World, Lord of the Mysteries... So the "Mysteries" mentioned by the ancient sun god refers to the Lord of the Mysteries... Klein silently repeated the titles as he felt the trauma in his heart increase.

He immediately thought of a question and hesitated before saying, "Based on what I know, a long time before the last civilization ended, The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings had already appeared."

After the Seven Lights exchanged looks, the thin Yellow Light Venithan, who was translucent like other spirit world creatures, sighed and said, "We weren't aware of that. When the previous civilization came to an end, the Seven Lights from before had been wiped out when the Oldest One awoke. We were the pure lights that were born from the spirit world during the First Epoch.

"However, we have some guesses about 'the great ruler above the spirit world.' Perhaps this can answer your questions."

Klein perked up and wore an attentive look.

Yellow Light Venithan continued, "We suspect that some of the Great Old Ones that were active in the First Epoch were Outer Deities who had been directly attracted to this planet. Some of them came alive as sefirots. In other words, some Great Old Ones were equivalent to the Oldest One—embodiments of the different personalities 'He' split into.

“Whatever separates will definitely converge, and whatever converges will definitely separate. This description isn’t limited to Beyonder characteristics, but also refers to the Oldest One ‘Himself.’ As most of the sefirot and characteristics are from this supreme existence, there are natural inclinations of convergence. And the Oldest One is the amalgamation of all the contradictions in the Universe. Once the sefirot and characteristics are gathered, it will almost certainly separate.”

Is this the crux and origins of the law of convergence of Beyonder characteristics? The Genie is an unlucky Outer Deity who got attracted to this world, only to encounter the Lord of the Mysteries? Klein nodded slightly and didn’t interrupt. He patiently waited for Yellow Light to share “Their” guesses.

Dressed in a lemon-yellow robe, Venithan glanced at Klein and said, “Perhaps the Oldest One had already had an inclination towards separating while asleep. Therefore, ‘His’ mind was split into different parts. ‘He’ used different titles to secretly interfere with the real world and prepare for the separation that was bound to happen once ‘His’ body woke up. For example, God Almighty or the Celestial Worthy…”

A reasonable guess; it can explain many of my doubts… Klein immediately felt enlightened.

He deliberated and said, “In other words, you believe that ‘the great ruler above the spirit world’ was a part of the Oldest One. To a certain extent, ‘He’ is equivalent to the Oldest One?”

“That’s right.” Orange Light Hilarion gave an affirmative response before comforting Klein. “Based on the present situation, the great ruler is also the same as the rest of the Oldest One. ‘His’ will and powers have faded over time. Your Excellency, regardless of you being ‘Him’ or not, it doesn’t hinder you from putting up a certain level of resistance. Keep what’s left of your humanity, and reach a particular balance with ‘Him.’

Heh heh, separation is inevitable."

What kind of consolation is that? Klein couldn't help but lampoon.

Then he realized a problem:

Since the Oldest One dissociated into different parts, the mental imprint in the body of a High-Sequence Beyonder of the corresponding pathway should also belong to the different Great Old Ones.

If the Primordial One which awoke in the ancient sun god's body is the God Almighty as described by the Seven Lights, then who would it be when the Primordial One's mental imprint begins eating at me?

The answer to this question was very obvious. Without needing to think, Klein could answer it:

The Lord of the Mysteries, the Dominator of the Spirit World, the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings!

In other words, it wasn't that the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings hadn't left any traces as he had previously believed. "He" had already awoken in Klein's body!

*F*ck...* Klein's entire body turned cold. He inexplicably experienced what the ancient sun god previously felt.

At that moment, he was very worried that, one day, he would unknowingly become another person, becoming the resurrected

Lord of the Mysteries, the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings.

However, an awakening of this level is similar to what other angels have encountered. It's not as strong and irresistible as I had imagined it to be... This is because I'm different from the ancient sun god. I wasn't born with the status of an angel, or even in control of a Uniqueness. I advanced step by step, and I was able to complete the digestion in different stages? If that's the case, I have to thank the grayish-white fog that sent the "curtain" into the Forsaken Land of the Gods. Perhaps, this involved the help of a particular, or several existences... Yes, that's still not right. I've already become the owner of Sefirah Castle. There's no reason for the corruption and contamination I suffer to be the same as other Sequence 2 angels... Klein secretly shook his head. He didn't raise the corresponding question to the Seven Lights.

To him, this was one of his core secrets. He definitely couldn't let other existences know what his current state was like.

He raised his right hand and placed it to his mouth. He coughed lightly.

"I roughly understand."

After chatting with the Seven Lights, Klein stood up and bowed.

"Thank you for your answers."

"It was our pleasure. May Your Excellency return to the throne of the great ruler above the spirit world as quickly as possible." The Seven Lights stood up at the same time, giving him a warm response.

Are "They" trying to curse me? Klein teased himself as he politely sent away the seven pure lights.

Following that, he activated "Teleport" once again, and returned to a secluded alley in Backlund.

Pressing his top hat on his head, Klein strolled down the street.

The first thing that caught his eye was the crowd of all kinds of people and the hustle and bustle that formed a heatwave.

Some people were wearing linen clothes, sawing down abnormally tall trees in groups of about four people. Some of them formed a team, busy repairing the streets and houses that didn't suffer too much damage. Some held Desi pies and sweet ice tea in their hands, rushing past him, as though they were rushing to their workplace. Some of them rode cargo carriages, carrying food, meat, and vegetables, all heading in different directions…

Although most of these people wore simple clothes with plenty of visible stitches, and there were still signs of numbness and pain on their faces, the vitality their bodies exuded seemed to interweave into a light of hope before Klein's eyes. They were tenaciously brimming with life.

They were like grass that tried their best to tear through stones after a cold winter.

Klein slowed down his steps and gazed deeply at the bustling scene.

Although he hadn't seen the tragedy in the later stages of the

war, he had learned plenty from Miss Justice and Leonard. Furthermore, he had previously been traveling in the even darker and more repressed Forsaken Land of the Gods. It was inevitable that he felt some uncontrollable emotions.

Spring had arrived.

Klein's expression gradually relaxed as the corners of his mouth curled up.

He walked through the streets and alleys that were rebuilt after the war, and he walked all the way to Saint Samuel Cathedral in North Borough.

The square was filled with potholes. The workers were doing the first round of cleaning. A small flock of pigeons had returned and landed in this once-familiar area.

Klein looked around but didn't find any hawkers. All he could do was use historical projections as food and scatter it across the floor.

As the pigeons flew over, he crossed the square and entered the cathedral where the bell tower was being repaired. He sat in the front pew of the prayer hall.

Looking at the Sacred Emblem that was the crimson moon surrounded by stars, Klein took off his hat and clasped his hands. He closed his eyes in this tranquil environment.

He gradually calmed down, feeling as if he was really praying.

At this moment, Leonard, with much longer black hair and darker green eyes, walked down the aisle in a black trench coat and red gloves. He came near him and sat on the pew two spots from him and began praying.

In the absolute silence, Klein opened his eyes, stood up, put on his hat, and walked past Leonard.

When he reached the door, Leonard slowly got up and followed behind.

One after the other, they arrived at a corner of the square not long after.

Leonard looked at the few pigeons on the ground and seemingly mumbled to himself, “I’m already a high-ranking deacon of the Nighthawks. In another two days, I’ll return to the Holy Cathedral for some studies, as well as obtain a corresponding Holy Artifact.”

In the final stages of the war, he advanced at the frontlines to Sequence 4 Nightwatcher.

“You don’t seem to be too happy.” Klein, who was standing beside Leonard, didn’t turn his head as he looked at the pigeons.

Leonard laughed self-deprecatingly.

“I have no right to be unhappy.

“I was just thinking that the battle of gods ended so quickly, and the result was unexpected. Does it mean that the previous defeat

and the difficulties that everyone suffered were nothing but bait?"

"Before today, I shared your views. I was also puzzled and frustrated, but now, I'm a little lost. This might have been... a necessity." Klein didn't hide his feelings.

Leonard fell silent for two seconds before looking down at the pigeon that was prancing around him.

"That's what Old Man said too..."

Without waiting for Klein to say another word, he turned his head and glanced at his former colleague.

"You've become an angel?"

Pallez Zoroast had told him that what Klein had done previously was perhaps to prepare for his advancement to an angel.

"Yes." Klein nodded slightly. "But there isn't any glory or power in this. Only pain, curses, and responsibility."

"Why?" Leonard subconsciously asked.

Klein didn't reply immediately. He looked down at the shadow by his feet and turned to walk out the square.

After a few steps, he turned his back to Leonard and muttered to himself, "You should still remember that sentence.

“We are guardians, but also a bunch of miserable wretches that are constantly fighting against threats and madness.”

Leonard was taken aback. After a few seconds, he turned to look at Klein, but all he could see was Klein’s back which was just about to disappear around the corner of the street. He was wearing a half top hat and a black trench coat.

With a whoosh, the pigeons on the ground flew up into the light-blue sky.

Chapter 1273: The Poor Arrodes

Klein didn't visit Benson and Melissa, because the matters he was involved in were at too high a level. Approaching his siblings would only bring them disaster. For existences who didn't know Klein's original identity, such acts would help them understand the relationship between Benson, Melissa, and Klein. To know of Klein's past experiences, this would make "Them" confirm one thing—Klein still maintained his humanity and was still very concerned about his family.

Therefore, staying away from Benson and Melissa was the best form of protection he could give them.

Of course, Klein had already grasped the situation of his siblings through Miss Justice.

During the war, Benson had displayed his experience and ability at the Ministry of Finance. He received many promotions and had become the deputy director of the Fifth Department, and his annual salary reached 300 pounds.

Melissa won the favor of her mentor, Portland Moment, and was given a chance to become a Beyonder. The chancellor of the Backlund University of Technology was a believer of the God of Steam and Machinery, so he had long become a Beyonder. He was currently a Sequence 7 Appraiser. He wished for Melissa to become a Sequence 9 Savant so that she could better absorb the knowledge and improve her memory. This established a good foundation for her in her subsequent development in the mechanical domain.

This was Melissa's secret, but she wasn't able to hide from a Spectator at the demigod level. Besides, Audrey definitely

informed Klein that Melissa was more inclined to agree, and would be making a decision in the next few days.

Klein's attitude towards this matter was a tacit acquiesce. On the one hand, the spiritual perception enhancement one gained from the Savant pathway's advancement was rather limited. Melissa wouldn't really hear or see what she shouldn't. On the other hand, with the impending apocalypse, the madness caused by the Low-Sequence potions would further decrease. Furthermore, there was also him, a Miracle Invoker, to help lower the risk of her losing control.

For an avid fan of machinery, a Sequence 9 Savant is enough... Moment shares the same attitude. He doesn't wish for a believer of the Evernight to obtain too many potions from the Church of Steam...

Yes, the apocalypse is approaching, and the invisible barrier is weakening. The intrusion of this world by the Outer Deities will become more and more obvious. The chances of ordinary people encountering Beyonder incidents will definitely gradually increase. From this point of view, it's also a good thing for Melissa to become a Beyonder. If she can successfully advance to Sequence 6 Artisan, or a Machinery Specialist, then she can fulfill her dreams and protect herself and Benson...

I'll get Miss Justice to find an opportunity to disclose the "acting method" to Melissa in a discreet manner. The extent of her future growth will depend on her. At most, I can give her some good luck —uh, formulas and ingredients... I'm really like an older brother who can't rest easily. Heh, I've been like this since the beginning. Does this count as granting a "wish" in a certain sense?

Wait, Melissa definitely wishes for Klein to come back to life. If I were to walk right in front of her, would I receive enough feedback?

...Forget it. This will bring her and Benson a devastating disaster... Klein shook his head and stopped himself from making excuses.

He then pressed down on his top hat and turned towards a hotel by the streets. He took out a gold pound and got a room.

The gold pound was real. It was an item that Klein had brought back to the real world some time ago.

In the previous war, Klein had donated 14,800 pounds in cash, 14,200 pounds worth of gold bars, and nearly 20 high-quality gems through Miss Justice. Apart from all the strange items left on the junk pile, he only had 39 Loen gold coins and ten high-quality gems left.

Glancing at the hotel owner's returning change in soli and pennies, Klein put them away and entered the room before walking to the full-length mirror.

Right on the heels of that, he took out a pen and paper and drew the incantation that summoned Arrodes.

Seconds and minutes passed, but nothing abnormal happened.

The full-body mirror remained silent.

A few seconds later, Klein chuckled and raised his eyebrows. He took out a gold coin from his pocket.

...

Chug! Chug! Chug!

A steam locomotive that was spewing thick smoke tore across the rail, heading west of the continent.

The disheveled Ikanser and a Machinery Hivemind member stood in a particular carriage as they focused on the metal cage in front of them.

The metal spikes above the cage extended outwards in all kinds of menacing ways, coruscating with a dim light.

The Machinery Hivemind member, who had the looks of a typical Loenese citizen, looked out the window at the plains rapidly sweeping past them. He couldn't help but ask, "Deacon, are you planning on returning to Loen after reaching Intis?"

After the war ended, the Church of Steam, who had taken the wrong side, had no choice but to bear the consequences of its actions. It had to transfer all Beyonders above that of demigods, and Sealed Artifacts above Grade 2 out of Loen within a time period set by the two Churches of Evernight and Storm.

In other words, they had lost their original status. In the future, they could only maintain a small number of cathedrals, just like the Church of Earth Mother in Loen.

If it weren't for the fact that there were too many people who believed in the God of Steam and Machinery, and some of them being key figures in the reconstruction efforts after the war, the Church of Steam might not have been able to retain such treatment.

Similarly, a smaller number of cathedrals only required a small number of Machinery Hivemind members. Most of the Beyonders in Loen had to migrate to Intis.

Ikanser fell silent for a few seconds before smiling bitterly.

“I have to heed the archbishops’ arrangements, but I will take the initiative to request a return to Loen. That’s where my childhood, teenage, and young adult life was. There are too many memories that I can’t forget…”

As he spoke, his gaze grew distant, and he seemed to see the Capital of Capitals.

At this moment, the metal cage that was overgrown with spikes suddenly trembled.

Silver bolts of lightning appeared out of nowhere and landed one after another. They were all absorbed by the metal cage, and through a few wires wrapped in rubber, the current flowed to the ground outside the steam locomotive, dragging out a line of sparks.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The metal cage seemed to be hit by an invisible hand, but it was unable to break the barrier.

“The Magic Mirror’s reaction is very intense… It’s always been very quiet in the past,” the Machinery Hivemind member who had been asking was rather puzzled.

Amidst the banging, Ikanser subconsciously touched his hair.

“That’s not the case. It will sometimes show its crazy side. If it wasn’t for what had happened, we would’ve still treated it as a Grade 2 Sealed Artifact.”

“Is that so? Heh heh, I haven’t come into contact with it before, so it might just be me, but it feels to me that the Magic Mirror doesn’t want to leave Backlund,” the Machinery Hivemind member teased with a smile.

Pa!

Lightning struck and was absorbed by the metal cage.

Bang! Bang! Bang! The slamming sounds dragged on slowly, as though it was making its last, helpless cry.

Ikanser took out an old and exquisite pocket watch and opened it.

“It only lasted two minutes. It’s much better than in the morning.”

Just as the member of the Machinery Hivemind, who had just been transferred over, was about to ask, he suddenly heard the slamming sounds stop abruptly. It was as though it had been affected by some factor that it couldn’t put up resistance to.

“This is the style of the Magic Mirror?” he asked.

Ikanser frowned slightly and said, “No.

“Normally speaking, it wouldn’t have the strength to last twenty to thirty seconds.

“Something’s wrong…”

“Deacon, don’t worry. There is a powerful figure on board the train, one who outranks the archbishops.” The Machinery Hivemind member beside him consoled him indifferently.

There were too many dangerous Sealed Artifacts on the steam locomotive. Without a powerful figure watching them, there would definitely be problems.

Ikanser nodded, indicating that he wasn’t worried.

Klein was sitting in a conjured carriage in a hamlet’s path more than ten kilometers away from the steam locomotive. In front of him was a mirror.

Just as he finished outlining the symbol that was a mixture of concealment and mystery prying, a wave of light suffused the mirror as golden Loenese text appeared:

“Exalted Great Master, you’re finally here! Your puny, loyal, and poor servant, Arrodes, misses you!”

Eh… Klein couldn’t accept the enthusiasm behind this line as he shrank back indiscernibly.

If Arrodes's previous attempts to curry favor still maintained a hint of dignity, it was now complete fawning over him. Klein could even detect a hint of crying.

"The frequency of Amorous news popping up in Trier is far higher than in Backlund. It should be a place that you're fond of," Klein teased Arrodes with a smile.

"That's because you don't wish to go to Trier." The golden words on the surface of the mirror faded their colors, turning a faint silver.

Klein secretly clicked his tongue.

"I have something to ask you."

"Please ask," Arrodes replied humbly.

"Do you know who Earth Mother is?" Klein went straight to the point.

The mirror instantly turned dark as the faint silver words turned palish white:

"I don't know... But during the war of gods, I heard a voice coming from deep within Tenebrous Heaven. 'He' shouted a name... That's the true name of the Sanguine Ancestor."

This magic mirror didn't dare to directly present Lilith's name.

Lilith? It's actually Lilith... Klein was surprised, but he also felt

that this answered many of his questions.

Then, he thought of The Moon Emlyn.

This vampire kept going in circles, imagining all kinds of developments, only to have never changed his faith.

If Emlyn had Anderson's personality, he would definitely say to the Sanguine's Grand Duke and Marquises, "Hey, are you also coming to believe in the Mother Goddess..." As Klein imagined the funny scene, he said to Arrodes, "It's your turn to ask."

"Supreme Master, please continue asking. I'll ask it all at once towards the end." The palish-white words regained their faint-silver luster.

Klein thought for a moment before saying, "How's the situation like now? For example, the situation in Feysac."

Chapter 1274: The Stabilization of the Situation

On the surface of the mirror, silver words surfaced one by one amidst the aqueous light:

"...adopt Beyonders from the Church of the God of Combat and the Feysac military who are willing to pledge their loyalty. Only the extremely pious, faithful, and those willing to be martyrs, as well as a few mid- and upper echelon members of the Church are to be eliminated. This is both the benevolence and compassion of the Goddess, as well as the necessary measures to deal with the subsequent situation ... With the apocalypse approaching, the number of Beyonder incidents will inevitably increase all across the world. To maintain the stability of the world, we have to do our best to increase our strength as quickly as possible.

"If we were to cull the Beyonders of the Church of the God of Combat and the Feysac military, obtaining their corresponding characteristics, that still doesn't aid us in nurturing a Beyonder of the same level within a few years. A Beyonder with rich experience, be it in their digesting of the potion or accumulated knowledge, requires a sufficient amount of time..."

Upon seeing this, Klein mumbled inwardly. He felt that this wasn't the usual tone of Arrodes. It was more like an official document.

It's showing documents of unknown origins that it peeped at... By using words like "digesting," it means that both the writer and the reader have mastered the acting method. And from the tone of the document, it's from the Church of Evernight... Based on these two points, it's not difficult to tell that these documents are for the eyes of archbishops and high-ranking deacons. The author should be the Apostolic See from the Cathedral of Serenity... Arrodes's secret-prying abilities are very impressive... Klein nodded

indiscernibly as he waited for the contents in the mirror to “flip the page.”

The silver words vanished one after another, quickly forming new sentences and paragraphs:

“There’s no need to spread the fact that the Goddess has replaced the God of Combat to the ordinary nobles and citizens of Feysac. This allows them to retain their faith in the God of Combat. On the one hand, it’s beneficial for us and the priests, bishops, and various major cathedrals who have surrendered to us. It will stabilize the situation in Feysac in the quickest way possible. On the other hand, it also prevents the Goddess from being disturbed by the unresolvable problem of faith before “She” completely gains control of the God of Combat’s authority.

“An update will be disseminated after a new revelation is given. Now, we will only draw up the corresponding draft.

“...Try not to incite the strong resistance of Feysac and other countries. We’ve lost too many Beyonders and soldiers, and we have expended a large amount of resources and items. Be it the Church, the countries, or the people of different classes, we are all very weak. We need some time of peace and stability to recover... We should work with the Church of Storms, the Church of Knowledge, the Church of Earth Mother, countries like Feynapotter or Lenburg. We will force Intis and Feysac to make an unconditional surrender. We will obtain what we hope for at the negotiation table. During this process, we can use the purging of the stubborn old-fashioned faithful to exert pressure on them.

“When dealing with the domestic situation and the filling of the void left behind by the Church of Steam, the Church of Storms should be given enough respect. We can even make concessions on certain matters. This is the will of the Goddess.

“Finally, from this moment forth, the number of times the crimson moon that appears in the sermons, preaching, rituals, and Masses should be reduced. In official canon, the Goddess’s title of ‘Lady of Crimson’ shall no longer be mentioned…”

“Lady of Crimson” shall no longer be mentioned… Klein’s brows twitched as he felt a strong sense of confusion towards the last sentence.

Soon, he thought of the Sanguine Ancestor, the ancient god of the Second Epoch, and the present Earth Mother, Lilith, who was once a Sequence 0 of the Moon pathway. She was the true Lady of Crimson. In a moment of enlightenment, he vaguely understood that this might be an exchange under the table. It was a necessary price.

Yes… The Goddess’s attitude is very clear. That is to stabilize the situation as quickly as possible… Before “She” truly controls the authority of Death and that of the God of Combat, and becomes a Great Old One, “She” undoubtedly doesn’t wish for any more orthodox deities to perish. If that happened, the invisible barrier left behind by the Primordial One will have no one to mend it; this will allow the Outer Deities to find an opportunity to bring the apocalypse forward… Also, based on Loen’s present situation, if we continue the war, the anchors will waver even more. It might lead to the awakening of the Primordial One in the Goddess…

The Goddess took a huge risk having the frontline retreat all the way to Backlund. “She” had to divert more strength to suppress the Primordial One. If Earth Mother betrayed “Her,” “She” might’ve perished even faster than the God of Combat. Uh, could “She” have other trump cards?

The losses that the Church of the Evernight Goddess and the Church of Storms suffered seems quite significant. It’s no wonder that after the Resistance announced that they would retain the corresponding cathedrals and respect the Storm religion, that

bunch of irascible fellows didn't attempt to retaliate, and they silently agreed to the establishment of the new government... Klein mumbled to himself as he had a rough idea of the current situation.

He asked a third question:

"If the Evernight Goddess wants to advance further, does 'She' need to find the River of Eternal Darkness?"

This was one of the nine sefirot. Klein remembered Arrodes mentioning it once, saying that this "river" was related to the ancient Death, the Phoenix ancestor, Gregrace. The clues seemed to be hidden deep in the spirit world's Calderón City.

"Yes, Great Master." The silver words twisted and distorted, forming new text. "The Death at the end of the Fourth Epoch should've been able to use the River of Eternal Darkness. 'He' attempted to use this sefirah to forcefully accommodate the Uniqueness of non-neighboring pathways. Then, 'He' went mad."

So that was how Death went mad back then. I knew it; a Sequence 0 true god, one who has lived for three Epochs and has seen the Blasphemy Slate, wouldn't lack common sense and randomly drink potions. It's not like "He" is Alista Tudor, having reached a point of only having the options of madness or death... It's no wonder Death challenged the fractured seven deities with just a Primordial Demoness. Back then, "He" was equivalent to half a Great Old One... Yes, Mr. Azik had a golden phoenix accessory that came from Death... Klein strung up certain matters.

Suddenly, he inwardly let out an exclamation. He suspected that the price of so many bestowments was the River of Eternal Darkness.

Just like how the True Creator had repeatedly tolerated him so as to force him into the Giant King's residence to obtain the first Blasphemy Slate!

As the owner of Sefirah Castle, he was probably the only relatively high Sequence Beyonder who could resist the corruption of other sefirot.

Of course, the Evernight Goddess could also wait up to a decade or so. After the Primordial One's will faded further, "She" could personally retrieve it. However, this way, Klein wasn't sure if "She" could complete the ritual before the apocalypse happened.

He composed himself and raised the fourth question:

"Where can I get the potion formula for Attendant of Mysteries?"

Arrodes made the silver words reassemble into brand new content:

"Zaratul; first Blasphemy Slate; second Blasphemy Slate; The Card of Blasphemy, The Fool; The Fool Uniqueness that has become a Mythical Creature."

The first choice and second choice might be plotting against me... Zaratul is even more terrifying and cunning than the Dark Demonic Wolf. If I were to plot against "Him," there's a high chance of me falling into "His" trap. The danger is extremely high... The third choice is Amon's brother. "He" should've used this war to become a Visionary. If I were to provoke "Him," Sefirah Castle might not be able to save me... The fourth and fifth options are related to The Half-Fool of the Antigonus family. It's related to the Goddess's foggy town. Uh, the Goddess should have a way to circle around The Half-Fool and extract the Card of Blasphemy, but perhaps I'll need to use the River of Eternal Darkness to

exchange for it... Klein realized that he had reached a dead end.

The path ahead was the River of Eternal Darkness, and behind him was the leader of the Secret Order, Zaratul.

Unfortunately, if I can find the Dark Demonic Wolf, I can try to negotiate with "Him." "He" should've seen the first Blasphemy Slate and grasp the potion formula of Attendant of Mysteries... Sigh, "He" will flee far away once he smells me... Klein thought for a moment and said to Arrodes, "Fifth question, what did you mean when you said you saw a pillar and support from me?"

The aqueous light in the mirror swirled slightly as the deepness became more obvious. The corresponding silver text seemed to turn a little whiter.

"Great Master, this is a feeling that I can't describe using words.

"However, I've experienced similar feelings in another existence before. Apart from 'Him,' only you possess it. That existence is the ancient sun god."

The ancient sun god... Klein nodded in thought.

"Alright, it's your turn to ask."

On the surface of the mirror, the words on the silver screen suddenly turned golden:

"Supreme Master, do you think you can take away your loyal and humble servant, Arrodes?

“Supreme Master, do you think you can take away your loyal and humble servant, Arrodes?”

…

This question appeared five times in a row, completely covering the surface of the mirror.

Having become an angel, Klein no longer feared Arrodes. After thinking for a few seconds, he smiled and said, “Let me talk to that angel. This is basic courtesy.”

With a boom, illusory beams of different colors spewed out from the mirror and exploded into fireworks in the carriage.

Almost at the same time, two dark rays of light reached out from the edge of the mirror. Two arms that appeared surreal grew out.

The two “arms” originally wanted to reach out to Klein’s calf, but they silently shrank back and gently swayed on the spot.

“Praise the Supreme Master!” After the fireworks fell, a golden message appeared in the mirror.

…

In the middle section of the steam locomotive, in a simple room.

A tall and handsome young man with long chestnut hair sat on a hardwood chair. Facing the triangular Sacred Emblem, he clasped his hands and closed his eyes as he sincerely prayed.

On the side of the narrow table was a mannequin made of metal components. Behind the mannequin was a faint meshed glow.

Suddenly, the young man opened his eyes and looked towards the other side.

Someone had appeared there.

And in the young man's blue eyes, the figure only looked like a person. In essence, it was an invisible vortex wearing a silk top hat and a black trench coat. Inside the vortex, there were transparent and distorted maggots squirming about in the cluster.

"Gehrman Sparrow." The young man calmly read out a name.

All the items around him floated up, but there was no wind in the room.

Klein pressed his top hat and revealed his human face.

"How may I address you?"

The young man nodded slightly and said, "Bornova Gustav."

Chapter 1275: A New Journey

Bornova Gustav... Klein's gaze swept across the young man's face, landing on the floating items and the mannequin made from metallic components.

The mannequins have a postmodern style... Some of the physical laws here seem to have changed a little... Klein nodded in thought.

"I want to take the mirror."

He very honestly stated his request.

Bornova's expression didn't change, as though he was just a puppet.

"You're a Blessed of Evernight?"

"I guess so," Klein said with a smile.

Bornova nodded.

"Then take it away."

He's of the impression that I'm asking for the spoils of war for the Church of Evernight? Klein didn't explain as he politely took off his hat and bowed slightly.

“Thank you very much.”

As he spoke, Klein’s figure suddenly faded and vanished.

He had only come in the form of a Historical Void projection.

Following that, in the carriage where Ikanser and the Machinery Hivemind member were, nothing happened.

Of course, they were only situated in a historical scene, and the actual situation in the car had been covered up without their knowledge.

On a carriage more than ten kilometers away, a mirror suddenly appeared in Klein’s hand.

It was silver in color, and the patterns on its back were ancient and mysterious. On both sides was an eye-like ornament.

“Don’t speak.” Klein looked into the mirror and gave a simple instruction.

“Yes, Supreme Master.” Silver words surfaced from the depths of the mirror.

Klein immediately took out a pen and paper and used the magic mirror as a backing to write.

He thought for a moment and wrote with a faint smile:

“Dear Mr. Azik,

“It seems like I haven’t written to you for a long time, as I went to the Forsaken Land of the Gods and had a wonderful journey.

“There are only two types of living creatures there. They are either living sentient creatures, or monsters. Those sentient beings either bear a curse or have obvious physical mutations. They’re even more tragic than I imagined.

“I tried helping them. This wasn’t only for the ritual, for my anchors, or to satisfy my sympathetic heart. It holds meaning on its own…

“Putting aside the suffering, the situation in the Forsaken Land of the Gods is completely different from the outside world. It’s like an oil painting with a black theme… What’s surprising is that Artificial Death can influence the undying creatures there. I was very confused back then, but today, I finally had a guess. I suspect that this is related to the River of Eternal Darkness, one of the nine sefirot…

“This reminds me of Calderón City in the spirit world. I’m reminded of the golden phoenix accessory you mentioned before… Rumor has it that the Phoenix Ancestor—Death of the Fourth Epoch—could use the River of Eternal Darkness to a certain extent. I wonder if you know anything about this?

“The war that lasted for more than a year has finally ended. The Evernight Goddess clinched victory in the end, and the God of Combat has perished. I believe that, with your level and status, you should know what this means…

“No matter what, the long-awaited peace has finally arrived. People are gradually returning to their normal lives. This is a

scene that I like to see, but some wounds may never heal...

"I don't know if the apocalypse will arrive on time, and I don't know when you'll wake up. I can only hope that everything's heading in the right direction.

"Finally, let me mention something trivial. I've already advanced to Sequence 2 and am now a Miracle Invoker. This is both a curse and hope.

"I wish you well.

Your eternal student,

Klein Moretti."

After he finished writing, Klein examined it carefully before folding the letter. He blew Azik's copper whistle and summoned the bone messenger.

When the gigantic messenger emerged from the ground, its bones trembled as though it had sensed the aura of "the great ruler above the spirit world."

Klein chuckled softly and handed the letter to the messenger whose number was unknown. He watched it clumsily bow before disintegrating into a fountain and burrowing into the ground.

After doing this, Klein cast his gaze at the magic mirror on his thigh.

Sensing his gaze, the aqueous light on the surface of the mirror rippled and produced silver words:

"Great Master, where are we going next?"

Where to next? Klein repeated the question inwardly. He really wanted to "Teleport" to the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range and enter the ancient palace that bordered reality and foggy town. He wanted to see if he had the chance to take away the most useful Card of Blasphemy from the Antigonus family's Half-Fool.

With his present strength being equivalent to half a Sequence 1, this wasn't an impossible task. Back when Zaratul was a Sequence 2, he had managed to obtain the main ingredient of Attendant of Mysteries from The Half-Fool.

Of course, the premise was that the Evernight Goddess maintained the suppression and seal of the Antigonus family's ancestor.

Hence, he had gone full circle, circling back to a deal with the Evernight Goddess.

The present me is the owner of Sefirah Castle. I can split a portion of the Worms of Spirit to stay above the gray fog, constantly responding to any prayers. This way, apart from having certain latent problems to my mental state, I'll gain quite a bit of benefits in other aspects. Yes, I can help my main body at any time, giving me another resurrection method... Even if my main body is completely destroyed, with the Worms of Spirit above the gray fog, I can still reassemble my will and body... However, if I were to walk in the real world and get "Concealed," and also end up having my connection with Sefirah Castle severed, the Worms of Spirit left in Sefirah Castle will lose control and turn into monsters, just like Zaratul from back then... Klein quickly

analyzed the situation. With his current strength, he felt that it was best if he didn't venture deep into Calderón City for the time being.

Even if he were to search for clues regarding the River of Eternal Darkness, he would have to fulfill many wishes and obtain the true strength of a Miracle Invoker.

With this in mind, Klein patted the mirror and said with a smile, "Next, let's go wander together.

"Where do you want to go?"

"Trier—no, you can go wherever you want," Arrodes replied humbly.

Klein smiled and jumped off the carriage, heading towards the city closest to him.

After the carriage continued for several meters, it disappeared inch by inch and returned to the fog of history.

At the same time, Klein's trench coat turned into a black robe. His top hat changed in shape, giving off a classic vibe.

This made Klein feel like a wandering magician walking through the streets and alleys.

...

In a rather intact house in Backlund.

Dressed in holy white robes, the beautiful Demoness of Unaging, Katarina, put down the mirror in her hand and turned her head to the young man who was rocking in a reclining chair.

"The war is over. They finally decided to summon me back to headquarters."

"I've been waiting for this day for too long," the young man sitting on a reclining chair scoffed.

He was wearing a long black robe with red patterns. He had a pale-white brown-skinned face with a soft outline. He was the Gatekeeper possessed by the Red Angel evil spirit.

Katarina pressed down on the table with both hands and sat on it. The corners of her lips curled up as she said, "You don't seem testy at all."

"When you get locked underground with two detestable fellows for nearly two thousand years without being able to escape, you'll know that two years of waiting is extremely easy and relaxing. I'm not in a rush at all," the Red Angel evil spirit said with a chuckle. "After this matter ends, I'll let you experience it. Of course, I'll remember to throw you two male companions. As for how long you can last, it's up to you to decide if you can hold yourself back."

As "He" said this, the Red Angel evil spirit's two cheeks didn't reveal any retorting mouths. This was because, to "Them," this was the truth.

"They" and two other detestable fellows had been locked underground for nearly two thousand years without any means of escape.

Upon hearing this answer, Katarina's eyes darted around as she asked with a faint smile, "Aren't you worried that Primordial would learn of this once you head to our headquarters?"

"So what? There's always a need to take risks in doing things. Furthermore, the worst outcome is to fuse with 'Her.' I'm already three in one, so becoming four in one isn't a problem," Sauron Einhorn Medici said with a nonchalant attitude.

"Let's set off." Katarina hopped off the table with a smile.

Just as she finished speaking, a red-haired man with a trademark imprint on his forehead was reflected in her eyes.

The Gatekeeper, who wore a black, red-patterned robe, stopped breathing. His skin and flesh rapidly rotted, turning into yellow-green pus.

In just a few seconds, there was only a white skeleton and a Beyonder characteristic left on the reclining chair.

Katarina waved her hand, pulling the Beyonder characteristic over by using invisible threads. It fell into her palm.

Immediately after, she lost all corporealness and suddenly entered the mirror she had used before.

A dark and illusory path that appeared surreal presented itself in front of the Saintess of White. It formed a complicated and mysterious "web" with similar objects in her surroundings, interweaving into a strange world that was different from reality.

Katarina quickly traversed the mirror world and approached the target node.

At that moment, she felt a powerful suction force. She couldn't help but deviate from the path and cast a dark and blurry fog. It represented a mirror in the real world.

In an instant, Katarina, along with the Red Angel evil spirit, left the mirror and came to an unfamiliar room covered in carpets.

At the edge of the room, a young man with ordinary facial features who was dressed in common clothes leaned against the staircase railings and smiled at the Demoness of White.

His left hand was constantly tossing an item, a strange crown covered in rust and blood.

Before Katarina could react, the young man took out a crystal monocle and put it on his left eye.

"Heh..." The Red Angel evil spirit's sneer echoed in Katarina's mind.

The next second, the young man took off the monocle and shifted it to his right eye before saying with a smile, "Sorry, I wore it in the wrong spot."

Chapter 1276: Wandering Magician

Upon seeing this scene, Katarina's body took a step back uncontrollably as her mind fell silent.

Two seconds later, she opened her mouth and let out a male voice:

"Hey, little raven."

Without waiting for the young man to respond, Katarina smiled and said, "Aren't you looking down on me by bringing just a few avatars?

"Could it be that you're a mailman, specifically here to deliver me Beyonder ingredients?

"Tell me, what kind of cooperation do you want? I don't hate you too much. After all, what happened back then was planned by that zealot. The mastermind was Alista Tudor, and you can only be considered an accomplice."

The man opposite "Him" caught the crown that was covered in rust and blood. "He" straightened up and shook "His" head with a smile.

"I have my reservations in cooperating with you after hearing your voice. Why don't you get Sauron and Einhorn to talk to me?"

"Tsk, tsk. It's been so many years, yet you're still as willful as a child. Do you still remember who was responsible for carrying

you when you were still a baby? Who was the one who burned away your hair?" The Red Angel evil spirit mocked without any compromises.

The young man opposite "Him" used "His" empty hand to straighten "His" monocle and calmly turned around before walking out the door without any hesitation.

During this process, "He" sighed softly.

"Childish."

Seeing that Amon had no intention of stopping, the Red Angel fell silent for a few seconds. Before the other party walked out of the room, it controlled Katarina's body and chuckled.

"Don't think that I don't know what you want to do, but it doesn't matter. Since you don't have the same thoughts as that zealot, then there's room for cooperation."

Amon stopped and turned halfway to look at Demoness of White Katarina, who was possessed by the Red Angel evil spirit.

The monocle on "His" right eye seemed to glimmer slightly.

...

Awwa County, in a city that was being rebuilt after war, inside a bar which had burn marks.

"Toby, did you add too much damned water to your beer?" A man

wearing an old cap took the cup and took a sip. He couldn't help but complain.

The boss, who doubled up as bartender, wiped his cup and snorted.

"Do you still remember the alcohol ban from before? Olić, you should be thankful that you even have alcohol to drink!"

The burly man, who was named Olić, murmured a few words before he focused on drinking his beer.

Beside him was a bronze-skinned man with rolled-up sleeves. He looked up and surveyed the area.

"I heard that the alcohol ban will soon be lifted because Feynapotter's food will soon be sent over. Also, Feysac and Intis will pay reparations with plenty of food!"

"I can only say that I hope so. May the Lord watch over us." The bar owner, Toby, had just responded when he heard the door open.

He looked up and saw a young man who seemed to be a wandering magician walk in.

This man was wearing a long black robe and a classic top hat. He walked to the bar counter and sat on a high stool.

"A cup of Southville beer." The man placed several copper pence on the counter.

The burly man named Olić turned his head to look at the stranger and asked curiously, “Not from around here? A magician?”

The young man, who didn’t have any outstanding features, laughed and said, “Yes, the magic that I’m best at is to satisfy the wishes of people.”

Olić immediately whistled.

“What did I hear?

“To satisfy the wishes of people!?

“Lord, there’s a fellow pretending to be a deity here!”

This teasing caused everyone to burst into laughter.

The young man who claimed to be a magician wasn’t angry. He smiled and said, “That’s just a special magic trick.”

Olić gulped down a mouthful of bland beer and laughed.

“Then fulfill my wish and let this stingy boss treat me to a glass of beer.”

“Alright.” The young man in a black robe raised his right hand and tapped lightly on the table.

With the glass slamming onto the counter loudly, the bar owner poured a glass of beer and pushed it in front of Olić. Then, he retracted his hand and repeated his glass wiping.

This scene that seemed familiar to him stunned Olić. He shouted blankly,

“Toby, you know him?”

“No.” The boss, Toby, glanced at Olić like he was a fool.

“...” Olić raised the glass of beer with uncertainty and took a careful sip to see if Toby would make him pay for it.

Seeing that the bar owner no longer bothered with him, the burly man turned his head in surprise and looked at the young man in a black robe and a tall hat.

“How did you do it?

“I told you that it’s a special magic trick.” The young man leisurely drank a mouthful of Southville beer.

While Olić remained in shock, the man beside him with rolled-up sleeves sneered.

“I dare bet that you and Toby must have colluded beforehand. Your knocking on the table is to say that you’ll pay for the beer.”

“You can make another wish,” the wandering magician replied nonchalantly.

“My brother and I have a house that collapsed during one of the bombings and is being rebuilt. My wish is that it will return to its original state before I return,” the man with his sleeves rolled up said smugly.

This wasn’t an easy task.

The wandering magician raised his right hand and snapped his fingers before smiling.

“Alright, your wish has been granted.”

The people who were paying attention to this broke out into laughter. They no longer paid attention to the foreigner and his clumsy magic show.

After drinking, the man with his sleeves rolled up left the bar in a drunken stupor with Olić, and staggered down the street towards the suburbs.

Fifteen minutes later, they returned to the area where they were rebuilding their home. They were about to enter the tent that was issued by the government.

At this moment, a gust of cold wind blew and made them shudder at the same time.

Soon after, a two-story building appeared before their eyes. It was a house that they were very familiar with and had spent years building.

Olić and his brother subconsciously turned their heads and saw

the same confusion in each other's eyes.

"I didn't drink that much... That damn Toby mixed so much water into the beer!" Olić murmured, as if he was seeing things thanks to his intoxication.

His brother didn't respond. After being stunned for a few seconds, he suddenly widened his stride and rushed to the house, touching the wall and the door.

"It's real, it's real..." He kept muttering to himself as if he had gone crazy.

Olić did the same thing. Finally, he confirmed that their house had been restored to its original state. This made him both surprised and scared.

At this moment, his brother suddenly said, "My wish was granted. That magician, that magician..."

Before he finished his sentence, he turned around and ran towards the bar. Olić came to his senses and followed closely behind.

Bang!

They pushed open the bar's door and rushed in, casting their gaze at the bar counter.

However, the black-robed and tall-hat wearing wandering magician had already left.

Olić and his brother looked around. They appeared relieved, but they also felt like they had lost something.

In the square of the city, the young wandering magician was squatting in front of a ten-year-old girl.

“My magic is to fulfill your wish.” He turned his head and glanced at the nearby Evernight cathedral.

The little girl had run out from the Evernight Mass, seemingly preferring the empty square.

After some thought, she looked at the gentle Mr. Magician and said, “My wish is for my father, uncle, and brother to come back to life. I don’t want their bereavement money…”

The wandering magician didn’t respond as he gazed deeply at the little girl in front of him.

The girl pursed her lips and forced a smile.

“I was just joking. Mommy said that such a wish is not something even the deities can grant…”

As she spoke, she lowered her head and looked at her toes.

“I just want Daddy to hug me again…”

Before she could finish speaking, she suddenly realized that there was a shadow in front of her. She quickly raised her head and looked to the side.

Standing there was a Loen soldier dressed in a red shirt and white pants. He didn't hold a rifle and was wearing a hearty smile on his face. He crouched down and spread open his arms like always.

"Daddy…" The little girl pounced forward and threw herself into the warm embrace. "I miss you so much…"

At that moment, the young magician pressed down his hat, straightened himself, and walked towards the entrance of the square.

Amidst the night breeze, his long black robe swayed gently in the vast plaza.

…

In a blink of an eye, it was Monday. In the ancient palace above the gray fog, the members of the Tarot Club appeared simultaneously and greeted Mr. Fool in unison.

Klein looked around and suddenly felt emotional.

The Hanged Man is currently a cardinal of the Church of Storms, and he's in charge of the Rorsted Archipelago diocese. Although Justice has temporarily lost contact with the Psychology Alchemists, she has the right to become one of their councilors. The Sun is an Elder of the six-member council in the City of Silver, and The Moon is a Sanguine Earl. The Star is a high-ranking deacon of the Church of Evernight's Nighthawks. The Hermit is a hidden queen at sea, one of the ten pillars of the Moses Ascetic Order.

Apart from The Magician and Judgment, the other members of the Tarot Club are all demigods. They are the upper echelons of different factions in the mysterious world.

And with the support of the Abraham family, The Magician has a high chance of advancing to Sequence 4 Secrets Sorcerer within the year.

In other words, Judgment is the one who has the hardest time improving her strength. She is only one of the mid-to-upper echelons in MI9, so it's extremely difficult for her to become a demigod.

Klein, who was shrouded in grayish-white fog, quickly retracted his gaze and laughed self-deprecatingly in his heart.

It's finally like a high-end secret organization… However, it always gave me the feeling that this is some conference between the various factions…

He then nodded at the Tarot Club members and said, "Let's begin."

Chapter 1277: A Qualitative Change

Upon hearing Mr. Fool's words, Alger's heart skipped a beat. He suddenly felt the feeling he had when praying to the Lord of Storms on Pasu Island.

When he greeted The Fool, he didn't notice any changes in him. Everything seemed to be the same as before, but at that moment, he believed that Mr. Fool was different from before.

This was something at the spiritual level, one that Alger wasn't able to describe accurately with words. He only felt that the body that was enveloped by the grayish-white fog contained a terror that was tens of thousands of times more terrifying than before. A simple sentence or simple action could suppress a person's natural order.

Mr. Fool has awoken further... After The World went to the Forsaken Land of the Gods and brought out the City of Silver, Mr. Fool went one step further in "His" awakening... "He" already has the level of a Sequence 0? If it wasn't for the fact that the Sailor pathway is sensitive to the level of a high-ranking person, I wouldn't have even noticed it... Alger wanted to say something, but he forgot what he was about to say.

Leonard surveyed the area and saw the other members remain silent. He probed, "According to the information we have gathered, there was indeed a battle of gods. The participants that have been confirmed to appear high above Backlund include the Evernight Goddess, God of Combat, and Earth Mother. As for the outcome, I believe everyone knows it very well. What are your thoughts on this?"

During the Tarot Gathering last week, Leonard had already

mentioned the corresponding matter and had taken the initiative to ask Mr. Fool what had happened.

Unfortunately, Mr. Fool only told him that “He” was recently paying attention to the Forsaken Land of the Gods, and didn’t give a direct answer.

“I can’t understand why such an outcome would occur. Earth Mother and the God of Combat should’ve collectively defeated the Evernight Goddess as a mother-son duo…” Cattleya didn’t conceal her puzzlement.

Alger retracted his thoughts and said after some deliberation, “I received a report. Just as the war ended, Feynapotter changed sides.”

“This means…” Audrey vaguely grasped something.

At that moment, Derrick mimicked the lady across him and raised his arm.

“I roughly know why.”

“You?” Emlyn uttered a voice of distrust. After all, The Sun had previously been isolated in the Forsaken Land of the Gods, so his understanding of the outside world was all thanks to the other members of the Tarot Club. How could he know more about the details of the battle of gods than everyone present?

Alger, who knew that The Sun had always been honest, suppressed his curiosity and excitement from the bottom of his heart as he asked in a deep voice, “Why?”

Derrick looked around and calmly said, “You have to promise with Mr. Fool as a witness that you can’t reveal what I’m about to tell you.”

“No problem.” Cattleya took the lead.

After everyone made a promise to The Fool, Derrick nodded.

“Earth Mother isn’t the Giant Queen, Omebella. The real Omebella has long died. ‘Her’ remains are in the City of Silver.”

This news was like a bomb that landed in the hearts of all the members. It created a massive upheaval that threatened to destroy their minds.

For a moment, Alger, Audrey, and company were unable to say a word. It was as though they had been struck by lightning. They were paralyzed in their positions like stone statues.

After a while, Leonard asked in disbelief, “Are you sure?”

As soon as he said that, he began regretting his question. Since the City of Silver had the remains of the Giant Queen, Omebella, it meant that the whole matter was highly credible.

Subconsciously, Audrey, Fors, and Xio cast their gazes at the figure at the end of the long, mottled table. They discovered that there was a smile in Mr. Fool’s eyes as he maintained his sitting posture without any changes.

This indirectly means that “He” is in agreement with the information that Little Sun just provided... Before Audrey

answered The Sun's question, she nodded indiscernibly and said, "This can explain many things, but if Earth Mother isn't the Giant Queen, then why would Angel of Fate Ouroboros believe that "She" is Omebella?

"Oh, why does the God of Combat want to work with 'Her'? Who is 'She'?"

Upon hearing Miss Justice's series of questions, Alger suddenly felt a little emotional.

The topic of discussion amongst the Tarot Club had finally raised from Kings of Angels to true deities!

Previously, although they had stopped the descent of evil gods and had communicated knowledge of secret histories, they had rarely directly discussed the true deities. This was a subconscious fear, a deep mark left in them due to their upbringing in the present world.

And now, the members of the Tarot Club had unknowingly lost the reverence that came from the depths of their souls.

Cattleya didn't notice this as she focused on Miss Justice's questions. She said thoughtfully, "Perhaps that Earth Mother has always been disguising herself as Omebella. This has managed to fool the Angel of Fate, as well as the God of Combat...

"How is that possible..." Xio instinctively muttered.

Fors took a deep breath and said, "What a horror story."

At that moment, The World, who had been silent all this time, said, “Nothing is impossible.

“What if this cover-up had the assistance of the Evernight Goddess and other true deities?”

...A conspiracy that lasted for two to three thousand years... Alger’s eyes froze as he instinctively shrank back. He had an instinctual fear of the Evernight Goddess and Earth Mother that stemmed from his soul.

The Tarot Club members fell silent once again until Leonard repeated Miss Justice’s final question:

“Who exactly is Earth Mother?”

As he spoke, he looked at The World, Klein Moretti, and attempted to get an answer from his former colleague.

At this moment, they heard a long-awaited knock.

It was Mr. Fool knocking on the table.

Audrey and company perked up as they turned to the end of the long bronze table, waiting respectfully for Mr. Fool’s answer.

The Fool Klein chuckled and said, “I can give you some hints.”

He looked around and continued, “Why does the Church of Earth Mother like to turn the Sanguine into believers?

“The Earth and Moon are two neighboring pathways.

“Legend has it that during the Second Epoch, the ancient god, Lilith, who represented the Moon, died because of the Giant King’s betrayal.

“‘She’ occasionally responds to the Sanguine’s prayers as though ‘She’ hasn’t completely perished.”

After the four prompts, all the Tarot Club members, including The Moon Emlyn, thought of an answer:

Earth Mother’s true identity is Sanguine Ancestor Lilith!

Emlyn’s eyes widened as he instinctively sat up straight. His mind was a mess as all sorts of ideas ran through it.

Leonard was first astonished before he muttered in thought, “A few days ago, the Church of Evernight stopped promoting the title of ‘Lady of Crimson,’ and changed the prayer sign from the crimson moon to that of stars…”

As a high-ranking Nighthawk deacon, he was qualified to read the corresponding documents.

“The Evernight Goddess used the authority of the Moon domain as a bargaining chip?” Cattleya said the conclusion that lingered in everyone’s hearts.

At this moment, they no longer had any doubts about the true identity of Earth Mother.

“Thank you for your hints.” Audrey immediately bowed to Mr. Fool.

After the others expressed their gratitude, they looked at The Moon Emlyn, who was still looking stupefied.

Mother Goddess is the Ancestor… The Ancestor is Mother Goddess… So I’ve never changed my faith… It’s no wonder I still continue going to the Harvest Church even without Father’s corresponding psychological cues… That’s because my intuition told me that the Mother Goddess is the Ancestor! Therefore, the Ancestor has favored me and made me the savior of the Sanguine… Thoughts flashed through Emlyn’s mind as he found a reasonable explanation for the guilt he had previously felt.

He began to believe that he was the most devoted Sanguine!

Glancing at the “Earl,” Fors smiled with interest.

“Mr. Moon, perhaps you might become the archbishop of the Church of Earth Mother after some time. No, it should be the sole Sanguine representative of the Church of the Earth Mother.”

This writer immediately came up with a nickname.

“Why?” Emlyn asked in puzzlement.

He believed that the Ancestor would allow the Sanguine to maintain their former state and not merge with the Church of Earth Mother directly.

Leonard smiled and said, “Since the Evernight Goddess doesn’t

have the title of 'Lady of Crimson,' Earth Mother will soon have a similar honorific name. It's impossible to fool the other Churches."

Emlyn roughly understood what the upper echelons of the Church of Evernight were thinking. He nodded slightly and began imagining a series of scenes.

His kinsmen, who had previously mocked him for believing in Earth Mother, would queue up in front of him and accept his baptism.

With this in mind, Emlyn's mood turned extremely happy as he couldn't help but raise his chin.

After the exchange, the members of the Tarot Club fell silent for a moment, not knowing what to say.

A few seconds later, Alger broke the silence and calmly said, "Most of our members are demigods, so the time it will take to advance will lengthen. Furthermore, we have our own factions. We might need a few years before having a single chance of obtaining Beyonder characteristics, potion formulas, and Sealed Artifacts. The focus of the gathering now might switch to exchanging information and engaging in secret cooperation."

Audrey, Cattleya, Leonard, and company nodded in agreement.

At this moment, The Fool Klein surveyed the area and chuckled.

"With the matter regarding the Forsaken Land of the Gods over, my condition has recovered quite a bit. You can exchange items of higher levels from me."

He pretended to be calm as he revealed the “truth” that he was recovering. This was an answer that every member of the Tarot Club had long guessed.

Just as Audrey and company were guessing which level Mr. Fool had awakened to, Klein smiled and added, “Those items of higher levels include:

“The Sea God’s identity, level, and strength.”

Chapter 1278: Reminder

Sea God's identity, level, and strength... Hearing Mr. Fool's example, Alger's mind went blank for nearly two seconds.

This was something that he had never dreamed of!

From his point of view, by obtaining the authority of Sea God through Gehrman Sparrow and replacing Kalvetua, Mr. Fool had obtained a stable and large number of believers. This was a crucial step for "His" recovery. Therefore, this secret existence definitely wouldn't give up on the corresponding identity.

To his surprise, at that moment, he actually heard Mr. Fool inform everyone that the Sea God's identity, level, and strength could be exchanged.

After further recovery, Mr. Fool no longer needs the identity of an entity at the level of Sea God, as well as the corresponding believers? This is the performance of a great existence. Something that isn't qualified is only used temporarily, never monopolized... Alger first sighed inwardly before feeling excited. He felt that Mr. Fool's words were directed at him.

In the Church of Storms, he had relied on external forces to become a Sequence 4 demigod. Although he barely managed to rise up to the brass, it was almost impossible for him to advance any further. As for the theft of the Book of Calamity, he couldn't see any hopes of doing so at the moment. Therefore, Alger could only temporarily suppress his ambition and patiently wait for the opportunity to arrive.

Now the opportunity was here. And it came fast!

Alger was currently a cardinal of the Church of the Lord of Storms in charge of the Rorsted Archipelago. Once he secretly became Sea God and controlled the authority of those waters, he would become the king of the Rorsted Archipelago, a true king!

With this in mind, Alger nearly couldn't contain himself. It took him a great deal of difficulty to calm himself down.

Although Audrey, Derrick, and company couldn't hide their shock that the Tarot Club was beginning to trade the identity, level, and strength of a deity—even if it was only a false god—they didn't have any intentions of switching to the Storm pathway. Compared to Alger, they weren't that excited. They quickly controlled themselves and cast their gazes at Mr. Hanged Man.

Alger took a deep breath and humbly said to the end of the long bronze table, "Honorable Mr. Fool, what price is needed to exchange for these items?"

The Fool Klein was waiting for The Hanged Man's question and said with a smile, "The missions I shall give you, as well as frequent praying and the sincere making of wishes."

What he wanted to emphasize were the words towards the end of the sentence, but he believed that the members of the Tarot Club wouldn't be able to tell.

As for how he could complete the corresponding wishes, he currently had two methods. First, he used the other Beyonder powers he possessed to achieve the corresponding effects. For example, he could summon historical scenes and repeat the segment of gifting beer to fulfill the wish of the "bar owner treating the patron." Second, he could directly grant a relatively low-level wish with his accumulated power of "Wishes" and create a true miracle. For example, using a snap to cause the collapsed house to instantly return to its original state,

succeeding in rebuilding it in the full spirit of the wish.

In addition, Klein could use Sefirah Castle's level and powers above the gray fog that was equivalent to a King of Angels who had yet to accommodate a Uniqueness. In other words, when he responded to prayers, he could use the core powers of a Sequence 1, which was also the core power of the Attendant of Mysteries.

After this period of experimentation, Klein had a rough idea of the two effects:

The first was to create a nascent divine kingdom, and the second was "Grafting."

The term "Grafting" was coined by Klein himself. After all, he wasn't a real Attendant of Mysteries, nor did he obtain the corresponding mysticism knowledge.

This ability could allow an object that couldn't be directly connected under normal circumstances to achieve an inconceivable effect by "Grafting."

A simple example was to mix the concept of the beginning and the end of a path into one common node, making it impossible for anyone who walked that path to leave.

To Beyonders, there were quite a number of powers that could do something like that, but an Attendant of Mysteries's "Grafting" directly acted on a "concept" itself. Not only was it at a very high level, like the descent of a true deity, but its effects were bizarre and had a hint of concealment.

In addition to the replication powers of the Grade 0 Sealed

Artifact, the Staff of the Stars, Klein could completely respond to prayers like a King of Angels while inside Sefirah Castle. Furthermore, he could do more things.

Upon hearing Mr. Fool mention missions, Alger suddenly recalled something. He hurriedly lowered his head and asked, “Honorable Mr. Fool, do you still need me to carry out further investigations regarding the three targets of the Feysac Empire that participated in the Konotop sea battle?”

He had previously obtained information regarding the three suspected owners of Creeping Hunger, but he hadn’t found anything abnormal.

The Fool Klein nodded slightly and said, “There’s no need for that anymore.”

He originally wanted to use this clue to grab the tail of the Twilight Hermit Order, but since Adam had likely become a god, it was better to avoid doing so.

Respecting a Sequence 0 true deity was Klein’s usual principle. He had to compromise and give up if necessary.

Without waiting for Alger to speak again, The Fool Klein said in a relaxed tone, “Your current mission is to cooperate with the Sea God believers, and settle down the people who have left the Forsaken Land of the Gods.”

“Your wish is my will!” Alger replied without hesitation.

This made Derrick silently heave a sigh of relief. He no longer had any doubts, hesitations, or worries about the subsequent

developments.

He had full trust in Mr. Hanged Man's ability to handle matters.

At this moment, The Fool Klein looked around and smiled.

"Apart from the Sea God's identity, level, and strength, there are many things that can be exchanged for. For example, the Imperative Mage potion formula and Beyonder characteristic."

He didn't list down too many examples so as to prevent himself from damaging The Fool's standing. As for having said so much, it could be explained away that Mr. Fool was in a good mood from having taken another step towards recovery.

Moon City had been passed down the heritage of an Imperative Mage, something Klein could exchange for when granting them the wish of "being saved." Of course, even if he directly made the residents of Moon City sacrifice the corresponding items, the people who had finally found his blessings and protection would definitely be very willing to do so.

They were more afraid that Mr. Fool would abandon Moon City and not accept their sacrifice.

Apart from that, Klein himself had a Silver Knight marionette; the Seer pathway's Sequence 9 to 3 Beyonder characteristics; the Sealed Artifact, General of the Pupil-less Eye; a drop of the Primordial Moon's blessed blood; and various kinds of charms and bullets that came from Worms of Spirit.

If the wish maker wanted a consumable or something for a temporary loan, Klein could even take out more from the

Historical Void.

The Imperative Mage's potion formula and Beyonder characteristic... Xio inexplicably felt that Mr. Fool was looking at her.

To be frank, she lacked the motivation to advance. On the one hand, she was only one of the mid to high-ranking members of MI9, so the chances of getting a ticket to the ranks of a demigod were very low. On the other hand, her father's reputation had been restored to a certain extent, so she had no pressing goals.

At the same time, the war had ended. Her mother and brother had returned to Backlund and were about to start a normal life. With Xio's current overall income, it was enough to support a wealthy family.

All of these reasons made Xio feel that her current life was pretty good, and she didn't really want to change it.

Of course, if she had the chance to advance to the demigod level, she wouldn't let it go. Due to the war, she had experienced the helplessness of a Sequence 5. Furthermore, in the Tarot Club, aside from her and Fors, everyone else was a demigod. There was no doubt that she didn't want to fall behind that much.

Amidst her thoughts, Xio looked at Fors before bowing her head to the entity at the end of the long mottled table to indicate that she would work hard.

Fors could roughly guess her friend's attitude because it was roughly the same for her.

If it wasn't because she needed to advance to Sequence 4 to effectively resist the "full moon ravings" so as to stop troubling Mr. Fool, as well as the Abraham family having prepared the potion formula and Beyonder ingredients for her, she wasn't in a rush to become a Secrets Sorcerer.

As a Traveler, she could go wherever she wanted. She could immediately head to a location to eat whatever delicacy she wanted. It completely satisfied Fors's initial expectations of being a Beyonder.

Of course, she had another motivating factor to improve herself. After becoming a demigod, she could further help her teacher and family.

Seeing the fog-covered Mr. Fool leaning back into his chair, Audrey didn't say another word. After some hesitation, she opened her mouth and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I have a question:

"If there's a matter, and you're aware that its outcome has nothing to do with you at all, with it solely being the result of the feelings and gambling of certain existences, what will you do?"

Just as she said that, Alger laughed.

"Everyone is destined to die. It's inevitable no matter how hard you try to change that. Then, does that mean one's life is meaningless?"

He seemed to have long since thought of this problem before adding, "Since you can't change the outcome of the matter at the moment, then try your best to improve yourself, obtain more power, and wield more authority until, one day, you can participate in the gambling. If you die during this process, it's

better than not doing anything."

That's the most sincere words Mr. Hanged Man has ever said. It seems to come from his heart... The insignificant can also become great... Audrey was touched and nodded indiscernibly.

At this moment, The World Gehrman Sparrow looked around and spoke:

"Everyone, I have something to remind you of."

When the Tarot Club members looked over at the same time, Klein controlled The World and said in a deep voice, "The apocalypse will arrive in about a decade. There's a possibility for everyone to be destroyed, including the deities."

Chapter 1279: Sense of Urgency

Apocalypse... Although Audrey had long learned about the prophecy of the apocalypse from the Church of Knowledge and Wisdom demigod, she never found it corporeal enough, feeling that it was meant to deceive the people.

Even though she had already slightly experienced a war where the individual was puny, she didn't believe that the world was just about a decade away from the apocalypse.

There were no signs of this at all!

However, the person who had given the apocalyptic prophecy was Mr. Fool's Blessed, Mr. World, who had always been trustworthy and daring to strike at angels. Furthermore, his tone was firm, as though he had already seen what was about to happen a decade later.

This made Audrey choose to instinctively believe him. Her heart sank as she felt nervous and flustered.

Apart from that, she also felt her confusion fade significantly—there was still another decade before the end of the world. Even those who were drowning would struggle a little, much less a perfectly fine Sequence 4 demigod.

Apocalypse... As a cardinal of the Church of Storms, Alger had recently seen many apocalyptic prophecies, but those unverifiable matters couldn't compare to The World Gehrman Sparrow's abnormally serious warning. The impact brought by the two sources wasn't on the same level.

At the same time, he acutely noticed a detail—the World said that even deities would be destroyed.

Alger's first reaction was that Gehrman Sparrow was being disrespectful to Mr. Fool, as Mr. Fool was also a deity.

However, he quickly rejected this idea. After all, The World Gehrman Sparrow was Mr. Fool's Blessed and was the most devout believer. The other members of the Tarot Club might accidentally blaspheme Mr. Fool, but it was impossible for The World Gehrman Sparrow.

Due to the two prerequisites that "Gehrman Sparrow wouldn't be disrespectful to Mr. Fool" and "him saying that even deities would be destroyed," Alger quickly came to another conclusion:

In The World's Gehrman Sparrow's heart, Mr. Fool's level was higher than that of a true deity!

This… Alger never doubted The World Gehrman Sparrow's knowledge; after all, he was a powerhouse who often interacted with angels.

This knowledge made him both shocked and puzzled, momentarily unable to find an even more reasonable explanation.

Having used the blood of a Snake of Fate to advance to the level of a demigod, Cattleya would also occasionally dream of the scene of the dawn of the apocalypse thanks to her pathway having Clairvoyant as its Sequence 3. In addition, Queen Mystic Bernadette would occasionally remind her, so she didn't feel any surprise or shock regarding Mr. World's words. She just felt like the dust that had been stirred had finally landed on the ground.

As for the future, this Mysticologist was equally lost. Apart from improving herself, she didn't know where to direct her efforts.

Apocalypse... Xio and Fors looked at each other across Ma'am Hermit and sensed the raging upheavals in each other's hearts.

They had never thought that the wonderful life they were living wouldn't last more than two decades unless something happened.

This was a time where they were in their prime. Even if they weren't demigods, they didn't have to worry about the inclination towards losing control due to their aging bodies.

As the person who spoke was The World Gehrman Sparrow, the two ladies didn't suspect the authenticity of the prophecy. They momentarily felt fearful and heavy.

At the beginning, Derrick couldn't help but feel depressed. This was because the City of Silver had just left the Forsaken Land of the Gods and came to the world of light. Yet, none of this would last long before the apocalypse was ushered in.

Soon, he composed himself and chose to believe in Mr. Fool.

Since this great existence was able to rescue the City of Silver from the Forsaken Land of the Gods, "He" too could also stop the apocalypse.

Although I'm the savior of the Sanguine during the apocalypse, I never expected it to happen so soon... I'm only an Earl... Emlyn couldn't help but frown. It was as though a student who had just attended a few days of lessons had to suddenly sit an exam.

Of course, this also made him excited. After all, it wouldn't be long before he would fulfill his mission and display his greatness in front of his fellow kinsmen.

Leonard had heard of the doomsday prophecy from Old Man Pallez Zoroast. Although he didn't know the reason behind such a development, he had long been mentally prepared. At this moment, he was the first to snap back to his senses and asked, "Why would the apocalypse suddenly happen? There are no signs of it…"

Klein controlled The World to reply:

"It's just that you didn't notice the signs.

"Do you think that a battle of gods erupted for no reason?"

Seeing that all the members of the Tarot Club were stunned and lost in thought, The World Gehrman Sparrow added, "You aren't qualified to know the exact reason. Just understanding it would bring about an irrepressible corruption. Only angels and above can resist it."

This is similar to what the demigod from the Church of Knowledge's demigod said… It's close to the corruption from the cosmos… I seem to have forgotten something… Mr. World seems to have figured out the whole story… Isn't he afraid of being corrupted? H-he's already an angel? He is now a "He"? Thoughts flashed through Audrey's mind as she acutely sensed that The World Gehrman Sparrow might've completed his advancement and become a true Mythical Creature.

In ancient times, this could even be called a subsidiary god, a member of the deity lineup!

Right on the heels of that, Alger, Cattleya, and the other members of the Tarot Club understood the truth. They knew that The World Gehrman Sparrow had already reached the top of the real world, becoming an angel that walked the land.

Their guesses were related to Gehrman Sparrow's plan to deal with a Mythical Creature. Some believed that it was the benefits that Mr. Fool's recovery gave to "His" Blessed.

But no matter what, it was the first time the Tarot Club had a member at the level of an angel, aside from its host and convener!

Of course, they weren't too surprised by The World Gehrman Sparrow's advancement to Sequence 2. They had long been numb to his progression rate.

Klein controlled The World and made him look around.

"You can think about what you plan to do next and how you would go about doing it."

Xio, Fors, and the other Tarot Club members nodded slightly as acknowledgment.

Another ten minutes of free exchange followed before this session of the Tarot Gathering gradually came to an end.

...

After returning to the real world, Xio surveyed her bedroom. Her expression slowly turned solemn.

She once again felt a pressing sense of urgency.

After walking out of the room, Xio saw that Fors had also walked out to the corridor at the same time. She no longer suffered from momentary paralysis before coming out.

“Where do you plan on going?” Both of them asked in unison before falling silent.

A few seconds later, a handsome young man walked out of the guest room. He wore a pair of narrow-framed spectacles and had slightly fluffy hair. He held a few thick books in both hands.

“Oh no, I forgot that I have classes this afternoon!” The youth mumbled to himself as he rushed towards the staircase, completely ignoring the presence of the two ladies.

He was Xio’s younger brother, Rio Derecha. He had just entered a pre-law school.

In Backlund, one had to pass a pre-law examination before becoming a paralegal. Such a paralegal had to study and work for at least five years under a full lawyer before one was allowed to take part in the qualification examination and get a license to practice law.

If one wanted to become a senior lawyer, one had to enter the Backlund Lawyer School to receive university-level education.

Xio watched her little brother run down the stairs, and a smile subconsciously appeared on her face.

She immediately looked up and said to Fors, “I plan to return to MI9 and work hard.”

“I plan on making a trip to Teacher’s place,” Fors answered the question.

Right on the heels of that, the Traveler’s figure quickly turned transparent and vanished.

A few seconds later, Fors appeared at a relatively intact building in the rebuilding Pritz Harbor.

Then, she took out a pen and paper from her pocket and wrote a note. She planned on telling her teacher that she had finished digesting the Traveler potion.

Putting away the fountain pen, she stuffed the paper into the mailbox at the door.

This wasn’t Dorian Gray Abraham’s residence. It was the place where Fors and the gentleman had previously agreed to send letters to.

The next day, when Fors arrived, she saw Dorian providing her with the meeting location and time.

...

Emlyn opened his eyes in his room and changed into his coat with a standing collar, intending to visit Marquis Nibbs.

When the carriage passed Rose Street, he subconsciously looked out the window and was somewhat surprised to discover that the door to the Harvest Church had opened.

After a brief hesitation, he got the carriage driver to stop the carriage, and he paid for the ride.

After putting on his top hat and holding his cane, the red-eyed Sanguine Earl walked up the steps and entered the Harvest Church. He saw Father Utravsky, who seemed to have grown a little taller, cleaning the prayer hall with his back hunched.

He has been released as expected... It really was protective custody... Emlyn shook his head inwardly.

At this moment, Father Utravsky raised his head and looked at him.

"Wipe the candle stand."

...I'm trying to please Mother Goddess, Emlyn mumbled. He walked to the room behind him, changed into the brown priest robe of the Church of Earth Mother, and began working.

Neither of them spoke a word. They did their own jobs and tried their best to restore the Harvest Church to its former cleanliness and tranquility.

After an unknown period of time, a group of people suddenly entered the door.

Emlyn subconsciously looked over and saw Baron Cosmi Odora.

He saw Viscount Ernes Boyar, who had once “worked” at the Harvest Church, and many familiar faces.

Emlyn’s lips subconsciously curled up.

Chapter 1280: Chance Meeting in the Tiny City

On a steam locomotive heading for Midseashire's Constant City.

Klein, who was dressed as a wandering magician, looked at the young man and his parents across the narrow table with items placed on it.

"I have two types of magic tricks. The first is to let your wishes come true. The second is to use a mirror to answer your question. Of course, the first type of magic requires payment, and the second requires you to answer questions posed by the mirror. What kind of performance do you want to watch?"

The young man had black hair and brown eyes. He seemed to have received a good education. He looked at his parents sitting beside him and said with a smile, "My wish is too difficult, so I won't trouble you.

"In comparison, I'm more curious about the mirror that can answer questions."

Klein sighed as he shook his head. With a flip of his left hand, he revealed a silver mirror with a black gem on both sides.

"It seems to be an antique." The young man opposite him commented with piqued interest before saying, "My question is, what is the purpose of my visit to Constant City?"

A commonly seen smile, one which was often seen on the faces of street magicians, appeared on Klein's face as he stroked the surface of the mirror with his right hand and said in a serious

tone:

“Mirror, Mirror, please tell me the answer to the question.”

After repeating it three times, he released his right hand and showed the surface of the mirror to the three passengers.

There were a few silver words on it:

“To get married.”

“...Amazing.” The young man and his parents looked at each other in disbelief.

After boarding the train, they had never mentioned anything related to the wedding, nor did they reveal anything that people could use to make the connection.

This was the first time they had seen a magic trick that didn’t rely on props or a fake audience.

“Alright, it’s time for the mirror to ask.” Klein smiled as he covered the surface of the mirror with his right hand.

“Alright.” The young man replied, feeling intrigued.

“Next, let’s see what question the magic mirror will raise.” Klein released his right hand in an exaggerated manner as though he was performing a formal magic trick.

The silver words on the surface of the mirror had already changed, extending into a complete sentence:

"You would prefer your bride to be a woman in her forties or above, right?"

The young man's expression froze for a moment before turning pale and then completely red.

"How is that possible!" He immediately rebutted. He couldn't help but turn his head to look at his parents and grumble, "What kind of strange question is that!"

"...It's just kidding." Klein smiled apologetically as he hurriedly pressed his right hand onto the surface of the mirror, as though he didn't know that would happen.

Then, he released his right hand.

Indeed, the words on the mirror changed again.

"How old are you?"

"25 years old..." The young man replied carefully, afraid that he would fall into a trap.

He felt the gazes of his parents and the surrounding passengers on him change.

"Alright, that's the end of the magic performance." Klein smiled as he put away the mirror. "You can try another magic trick."

Just as he finished speaking, the steam locomotive whistled. This was the sign that it was about to enter the station.

“Sorry, that’s my call.” Klein took out his golden pocket watch and checked the time.

He carried his luggage and left the steam locomotive along with a group of passengers. He arrived at the station platform that had yet to be lit up with the gas lamps.

This was Midseashire’s Belltaine City, a city that had both prospered and declined due to the coal mines.

To Klein, the greatest significance of this place was that it was a strategic node in the previous world war.

Feysac had taken three routes in its invasion. One attacked the border along the Amantha mountain range to break through the land defenses. Another involved setting off from Sonia Island, attacking the coastal harbors, and attempting a landing. The third was to follow the main railway as they marched towards Backlund for the invasion.

Among them, due to the existence of the Church of Storms and the combined might of the ironclad warships and high-level Arbiters, the naval forces of Feysac and Feynapotter failed to obtain the results they expected. They even failed to obtain naval superiority. And on the battlefields on the Amantha mountain range, the headquarters of the Church of Evernight blocked one wave after another. It didn’t fall throughout the war, thus preventing Winter County and East Chester County from going through the fiery crucible of war.

Of the three routes, the only successful one was the Midseashire troops. They did a joint naval-land operation and conquered

Loen's second biggest city—Constant City, the capital of Midseashire. Then, they made their way southeast, rendezvousing with the Intis troops in the greater area of Backlund.

Klein acted as a wandering magician. On the one hand, he had to accumulate wishes, display miracles, digest the potion, and increase his strength. On the other hand, he was planning on taking the path of the war, using his eyes, ears, and his soul to truly see the damage brought about by war.

After knowing the secrets of the cosmos and the underground, he could understand the Evernight Goddess's plan and accept it to a certain extent. However, this didn't mean that he was indifferent to the sacrifices.

At the same time, he confirmed one thing: even if he didn't stop George III from becoming the Black Emperor, the world war would've still erupted. However, Loen would've had the upper hand. The Evernight Goddess and "Her" allies would face the God of Combat head-on, forcing "Him" to seek help from Earth Mother.

When that happened, the number of battles between the gods, the intensity, and scale would far surpass what had transpired.

Due to this reason, Klein followed Feysac's invasion path and wandered forward.

After leaving the station that still had traces of gunpowder, he carried the worn suitcase with a set of clothes and made his way towards the area where hotels were located.

At night, he would stroll along the streets and alleys of the city and perform wishing magic for everyone.

After taking a few steps forward, Klein's spiritual perception stirred as he cast his gaze to the end of the street.

There was a black-haired woman wearing a simple linen robe and a tree bark belt with no socks or shoes.

Arianna!

The leader of the Church of Evernight ascetics, the Grounded Angel, Arianna!

Why would "She" be here in Belltaine? Shouldn't "She" have returned to the Evernight cloister at the Cathedral of Serenity? Or be sent to the Feysac capital, St. Millom to preside over the handing over of the God of Combat's "estate"? It isn't a simple matter if a Grounded Angel were to suddenly appear in such a small city... Klein was puzzled as he frowned slightly.

He hesitated for a moment before deciding to ask.

This wasn't because he was a busybody; if anything happened while they were in the same city, no one could escape.

However, at this moment, Arianna had already vanished from the crowd. As a Servant of Concealment, Klein couldn't track her down even if he wanted to. Similarly, when it came to the matter of "Concealment," Arrodes was helpless.

Klein slowly took a deep breath and turned to enter the hotel in thought. He got a room and stowed his luggage away.

Then, he maintained his attire as a wandering magician and

brought Arrodes along with him. Following his spiritual intuition as a Seer, he walked all the way to the municipal square of Belltaine City.

Erected near the municipal hall was a noticeboard that had many notices pasted over it.

Klein saw that several people surrounded it. There seemed to be a brand-new notice, so he approached them and stood in the periphery of the crowd, looking at the wooden signboard.

In the middle of the signboard, a slightly yellowed piece of paper covered over the other notices. On the surface were black ink and Loenese writing:

“Ladies and gentlemen, I am your new consul.

“Now, I will issue three new laws:

“First law: Without my permission, no living being can leave this place.

“Second law: All life is equal in front of the law. Even ordinary people can kill angels.

“Third law: Those who commit the crimes mentioned below will be punished severely. The highest penalty being the death sentence.

“1. Murder;

“2: Theft;

“3. Chanting the complete honorific name of a deity;

“4. Offering sacrifices to evil deities;

“5. Fraud;

“6. Leaking secrets;

“…”

An announcement like this… Klein pricked up his brows when he saw this. Without using his spiritual intuition, he could sense that there was something wrong with the content.

He instinctively tried to make his Spirit Body return to Sefirah Castle.

But an invisible force blocked his “departure,” making it impossible for him to make contact with the grayish-white fog.

This… Klein narrowed his eyes as he took a few steps back to distance himself from the crowd.

From his point of view, an abnormality of this level had reached a near-deity level.

He had previously been in situations of not being able to return

to Sefirah Castle, but the reason was that he didn't have the time to take four steps counterclockwise, recite the incantations, or he had been obstructed and interfered by "himself."

There was only one instance when he failed to leave the real world due to external forces:

It was a powerful seal personally created by the Evernight Goddess in the foggy town.

Apart from that instance, even Blasphemer Amon couldn't do such a thing. Of course, at that time, Amon's main goal was to force Klein to stir Sefirah Castle before "He" seized the opportunity to use a loophole to replace him as the "great ruler above the spirit world." Otherwise, this Angel of Time could've used "His" ability to steal Klein's thoughts to stop him from returning.

Who is this new consul of Belltaine City...? Is this the reason Ma'am Arianna came here? As his thoughts raced, Klein made the magic mirror slip from his wide sleeve into his left hand.

"What happened?" Klein asked softly.

The aqueous light on the silver mirror's surface shook wildly as slightly pale silver words appeared:

"A few rules here have been replaced. As for who did it, there's no way of knowing. Great Master, you can try finding the Servant of Concealment, Arianna, to learn the truth from 'Her.'

"Are you satisfied with my answer?"

The rules have been replaced... Lawyer? Arbiter? Or a "bug"? Klein thought as he looked around. He realized that the citizens in the square were puzzled, perplexed as to why the new notice would mention angels. Why did they have to request permission to leave?

The war had already ended!

Chapter 1281: Anomaly

Inside a bar in Belltaine City.

Roy, Biles, Phil, and Pasha sat around a small round table, guzzling down Southville beer.

They didn't talk much as they listened to the drunkards in the next table discussing supernatural powers and mysticism incidents.

"Before this, *hic*. I saw that, not only do the Feysacians look like bears, but they could also control fire, throwing them out like javelins!"

"No way... Supernatural powers actually exist?"

"Haha, that's because you don't know a thing. I was drunk one day and slept near the cemetery. I saw people from the Church of Evernight appear with a few ghosts out. Yes, ghosts! They floated in the air, and it was terrifying!"

...

It was unknown if the drunkards were sharing stories from personal experiences or from hearsay, but the way they described it was with so much agitation that saliva kept flying as their faces flushed red.

"That's what they're like. They only become more excited after drinking. They always like to brag and be dramatic despite

usually being depressed." Biles was a Belltaine local. Upon seeing this, he explained, "Ever since the coal mines began to run dry, young people gradually left Belltaine and headed for Constant and Backlund. The atmosphere here has become more and more oppressive, and the city is just declining by the day."

This man, who was less than thirty years old, had also been a miner when he was young. He was lucky to survive in the mines, his skin was tanned from all the labor.

His exposed muscles weren't too exaggerated, but it gave people the feeling that they were made of steel.

As the leader of the group, Roy smiled and said, "What they're saying might be the truth. They're not bragging. The previous war has indeed exposed supernatural powers to many people, especially the soldiers who were directly involved. As long as they're still alive, they will have the corresponding experience.

"Besides, this also brings about many fortuitous encounters, making it so that people who had zero chance of interacting with supernatural powers or true mysticism to become Beyonders."

The way he expressed himself was very subtle, as though he was talking about others, but in reality, this was exactly what the four of them had experienced.

Biles and Roy had participated in the defense of Belltaine City before. Phil had once been ransacked by the Feysacians, but he was lucky to not have died. Pasha and her former citizens had seduced and ambushed a few Intis soldiers in the harbor battle.

They had witnessed the deaths of many of their friends and obtained supernatural powers due to various reasons.

After that, due to the chaos brought about by the war, they either lost contact with their unit, or they avoided it on their own accord without the officials learning about it. Slowly, they got to know each other and became friends with each other due to their common experiences.

This time, they had come to Biles's hometown in Belltaine to seek out any friends and family who might've survived.

"The reality of this world far exceeds our imaginations." Pasha, who had long dark-blonde hair and deep-blue eyes, sighed.

She was only in her twenties, and she was quite good looking. However, her face was a little thin, accentuating the protrusion of her cheekbones. This made her look much older than her actual age.

"In the future, we will lead different lives." Roy, who had the typical Loenese characteristics, raised his cup. "To a brand new future..."

Before he could finish speaking, someone in the bar suddenly screamed.

The experienced Roy and company quickly raised their vigilance and cast their gazes over.

They saw a young man dressed in ordinary clothes, lying on the ground, rolling back and forth as if he was in extreme pain.

Under the dim yellow gas wall lamps, everyone realized that the clothes on the young man's back had been torn open, revealing blood-red streaks. It was as if he had been whipped by a whip.

However, no one around him held a whip. The victim had only let out one scream. This was only possible if he had been whipped countless times in an instant.

But if that were the case, how could no one notice it?

"...He's holding a wallet... Could this have something to do with the anomaly just now?" The thin Phil took several looks and said after some deliberation, "Shall I take a look?"

Roy thought for a moment and nodded.

"Be careful."

Phil grunted and walked over from the small round table. With the help of the crowd, he approached the young man who was now whimpering instead of rolling about.

He quietly extended his left hand. His target was the seemingly ordinary leather wallet.

"Ah!"

Phil suddenly screamed as he watched his left wrist snap and land on the ground.

Blood splattered from the stump onto the faces and bodies of the people around them.

The scene instantly froze. The drunken guests were first stunned before swallowing their saliva. Then, they turned around and

ran frantically towards the door or to the corners!

“Something’s wrong… No one attacked me!” Phil nearly fainted from the pain, but he still forced himself to tell Roy, Biles, and Pasha what he had just experienced.

Roy’s eyes narrowed as he decisively said, “Let’s get out of here first!”

He then turned his head and said to Biles, “Pick up Phil’s hand and preserve it well. I remember that a military doctor I met before is also from Belltaine. After he got discharged from the army, he came here and opened a private clinic. H-he can effectively treat this kind of wound.”

The military doctor named Weber was also a Beyonder. When he participated in the war in the south, he had advanced step by step, obtaining medical skills that surpassed reality. It was said that he could sew up a severed limb and restore it to its former flexible state.

“Alright.” Biles agreed without hesitation.

He took a few steps forward, took out a wooden box, picked up Phil’s severed hand, and put it in.

At the same time, Pasha used the mystical ointment she had bought previously to stop Phil’s bleeding, and bandaged it.

Soon after, the group of four left the bar.

After many inquiries, they finally found Weber’s clinic with the

help of passersby.

The clinic hadn't closed for the day, and the light from the gas lamps inside spread outwards, casting a dim yellow light.

Roy politely pulled at the doorbell again and again as he heard the ringing echo inside.

However, after a few minutes, no one came to open the door.

"He's drunk?" Pasha looked at the miserable Phil and made a guess.

Roy shook his head.

"I remember that Weber isn't one to drink. Other than being more amorous, he doesn't have any bad habits. Perhaps, he's currently..."

As he spoke, the middle-sized man with a face full of weathered pockmarks pushed the door open and realized that it was not locked. It was ajar.

As the door opened, Roy, Biles, and the others saw two figures.

Two figures were hanging in the middle of the clinic. Due to the wind blowing in from the outside, they swayed gently.

One was a man in his thirties wearing a white coat, while the other was a young lady in a nurse's uniform. Their lower bodies were naked and their eyes were protruding. Their mouths were

half-open, and their tongues were squeezed out. They were hung on the ceiling by an invisible rope. Their expressions were filled with fear, despair, and blankness.

"Weber..." Roy recognized the dead man.

He, along with Pasha, Phil, and Biles, felt a chill run down their spines. They didn't know why something like this had happened, nor did they know what kind of horrors such an unknown might bring.

Boom!

The sound of a chair being knocked over sounded from the side, jolting the dazed Roy and company.

They looked in the direction of the voice and saw a lady carrying a baby standing up in a fluster. She whispered in horror and confusion, "They were having an affair..."

What had this got to do with their encounter? Roy took a deep breath. He felt that he shouldn't stay here for long.

He quickly instructed, "Let's go!"

He didn't ask Pasha to comfort the lady, nor did he attempt to obtain the clinic's disinfectant and bandages.

Biles and the others swallowed their saliva with great difficulty, turned around, and warily left the clinic.

To Phil, the horror of the unknown had completely suppressed the pain in his left hand.

“What exactly happened?” Phil asked as he turned into another street, asking as his facial muscles winced.

“How would I know?” Biles blurted out. He had seemed to lose control of his emotions.

Roy looked around and exhaled.

“Calm down.

“This should be a terrifying Beyonder matter that has exceeded our imaginations.”

“Right. All of this is too strange. That can be the only reason.” Pasha nodded in agreement.

“Then what should we do?” Phil asked anxiously.

Roy thought for a moment and said, “Let’s try to leave Belltaine.

“Also, analyze what happened before and summarize the patterns hidden within.

“We can’t be sure of the anomalies we might encounter later. We can only ensure our own safety after knowing the underlying rules.”

“Right.” Biles calmed down and agreed with Roy.

They discussed as they walked, gradually having some ideas.

“Weber was hung for adultery. Before Phil’s hand was cut off, he tried to take the wallet. That’s a form of theft…” Pasha summarized the common point the two incidents had in common.

Roy suddenly had an idea:

“Could it be that they suffered such a situation because they did something illegal?”

“How is that possible?” Biles and Phil both replied.

As soon as he said that, they suddenly had a corresponding guess, and their expressions turned solemn.

“Maybe there’s an invisible law enforcer. That’s the essence of this Beyonder incident…” Biles said in thought.

Roy tersely acknowledged and said, “That’s highly possible.

“Next, we’ll take note of our actions.”

Pasha and the others nodded and walked on the streets cautiously.

Not long after, they arrived at the municipal square and saw that there were many people standing around the noticeboard.

"Notice?" Roy and the others exchanged looks, wondering if it was a warning that the officials had given to the supernatural incidents.

Hence, they approached and used the light from the street lamps to look at the notice on the wooden board.

There was a piece of white paper stuck in the middle, and beneath it was a piece of yellow paper. It seemed to be an annex.

As they quickly scanned through the notice, Roy, Pasha, and the others quickly had their eyes filled with horror. They seemed to understand the source of the matter.

After reading the paper, their eyes landed on the yellow paper.

"All citizens are to arrest foreigners using all possible means."

Arrest foreigners... Roy and the others felt their hearts tighten as they instinctively looked at the citizens around the noticeboard.

As if sensing their gazes, the citizens turned around and cast their gaze at them.

Under the dim yellow light from the gas lamps, their eyes seemed to glimmer with a strange light.

Chapter 1282: Crime

“Haha, how can someone tell at a glance if another person is a foreigner? How do you distinguish that?” Roy forcefully composed himself and pretended to be discussing the yellow paper’s contents with his companions.

He used the hidden meaning in his words to console Phil and Pasha so that they didn’t need to panic. After all, other than Biles, who was a native, the remaining three were also citizens of Loen. They didn’t have any Southern Continent blood in them. Nothing about their facial features stood out.

“But, but this is a supernatural incident…” Pasha stammered.

This couldn’t be judged by common sense!

Roy’s heart froze as he looked at the citizens who were slowly approaching in a deadpan manner. He quickly shouted in a low voice:

“Run!”

As soon as he finished speaking, he turned around and ran towards the nearest street entrance. Pasha and Phil followed closely behind.

As a local, Biles tacitly held the rear, covering the surface of his skin with illusory fish scales.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

A few citizens raised their dual-barreled hunting guns and fired.

Roy, Phil, and Pasha were Beyonders who were relatively good at fighting. While running, they would occasionally change directions or roll forward, successfully dodging the attacks.

Following that, under Pasha's guidance, they passed through the streets and escaped their pursuers before hiding in an empty dark corner.

"What should we do?" Phil, who had lost a hand, panted as he asked, "From the contents of the notice, we probably won't be able to leave this city."

"We need to figure out the rules and find a way around them." Although Roy was also very flustered, he still forced himself to calm down and think, lest the morale of the entire squad crumbled.

Pasha looked at the wary Biles and asked, "Has such a notice ever appeared in the past?"

Biles nodded.

"Yes, although I rarely had the chance to go to the municipal square, I've been assembled there back when I was recruited into the army. I've seen that noticeboard."

"There shouldn't be any problems with the noticeboard. Perhaps those two pieces of paper are the key. The laws written on them contain mystic intent," Pasha said.

Roy immediately expressed his agreement.

“That’s right.

“Besides, I suspect that the laws have to be made public before they are put into effect. If we can find an opportunity to rip off those two pieces of paper, the corresponding restrictions might disappear.”

After hearing Roy’s words, Pasha, Phil, and Biles fell silent.

After a few seconds, Phil’s facial muscles twitched as he said, “Let’s give it a try! If we continue to be trapped in the city, even if we aren’t caught by those citizens, we might be punished for various reasons.”

Although they were all Beyonders, their Sequences weren’t high. It wasn’t a problem dealing with a few ordinary people, but facing the enmity of an entire city was extremely dangerous.

Roy, Biles, and Pasha were more or less people who had been on the battlefield before. They knew that hesitation was the worst action to take in such situations, so they agreed to Phil’s suggestion.

Under the guidance of the rather experienced Hunter, Pasha, the group of four made a detour and returned to the municipal square from another street.

At this moment, the residents who were surrounding the notice were no longer there. It was as if they were searching the entire city for foreigners.

When they saw the noticeboard that stood silently in the middle of two gas lamps, Roy and company carefully approached it, ready to escape at any moment.

After approaching the target, Roy suddenly thought of a question. He hurriedly lowered his voice and asked, “Is destroying the notice considered an illegal act?”

“In theory, yes…” Pasha was taken aback.

They then cast their gaze at the noticeboard and scanned through the list of crimes stipulated by the third law.

“…

“8. Destroying public property.

“…”

“It really exists.” Biles blurted out.

Phil, whose face had turned pale due to the blood loss, turned paler. After some thought, he said, “What kind of punishment does destroying public property entail?”

This wasn’t a very serious crime, and the corresponding punishment should be relative lenient.

If that was the case, Phil decided to take the risk to tear the notice and end this horrifying, bizarre event.

“First-timers get whipped.” Just as Roy, Pasha, and Biles were pondering over the answer, a voice sounded from behind them.

The four turned around in shock and saw a young man in a black robe and a tall hat. He looked ordinary.

The man continued, “A repeated offense is to have one’s hand lopped off.

“I’m not sure what happens after that.”

“How do you know that?” Fully alert, Roy frowned as he gripped his concealed dagger.

The young man smiled and said, “I’ve tried. It’s useless. The notice gets restored very quickly.”

“So, you’ve been whipped?” Pasha asked in enlightenment.

“Yes.” The young man nodded with a relaxed expression. “However, because I also committed fraud, I was later punished with having my hand lopped off.”

“Fraud?” Biles asked, puzzled.

The young man chuckled and replied, “To put it simply, I didn’t personally destroy the notice. Instead, I created a dummy to do it. The one who was whipped was also the dummy.”

As he spoke, he raised his right arm.

Like Phil, his wrist was cut neatly. His stump was ghastly-white and red, as though he was still bleeding.

Suddenly, the stump's flesh squirmed and twisted, as transparent worms crawled out. They intertwined with each other and formed a new hand.

During this process, Roy and the others didn't feel the slightest bit of fear. This was because the moment they saw those worms which had details they couldn't discern, their thoughts were thrown in a mess. Random thoughts ran through their minds as they found it difficult to control their emotions.

After the palm was "covered" with skin and became normal, the Beyonders recovered. They retreated a few steps in shock, surprise, and fear.

The scene just now had exceeded their understanding!

"By the way, I forgot to introduce myself. I'm a wandering magician." The person who had committed a fraud and a case of destruction of public property was none other than Klein.

He swept a glance at the four Beyonders and said with a smile, "My best magic trick is to grant someone's wishes. Do you have a wish you would like granted?"

Upon hearing this question, Roy's spirits rose as he asked with hope, "Can you take us away from Belltaine?"

"Of course, I'll do my best to do this, but not now." Klein gave his promise.

Then, he looked at the handless Phil.

“He just said his wish. What’s yours?”

“...Let my hand recover,” Phil probed.

“Alright.” Klein cast his gaze at Biles. “Take out his hand.”

After hesitating for a moment, Biles took out the wooden box as per the mysterious man’s instructions and returned the hand inside to Phil.

“Come here,” Klein said with a smile.

Phil mustered his courage and walked over with his severed hand.

“Remove the bandages,” Klein continued to instruct. “Place the severed arm in its original spot. Let me remind you, don’t have it reversed. Otherwise, you’ll have to chop it off again and repeat the process.”

Seeing how confident the other party was, Phil felt a little more confident. He quickly pulled off the bandage that had been stuck to his wound with a twisted expression as he hissed.

After placing his severed hand at the stump, Klein took out a piece of white paper and approached.

Then, he reached out to wipe the wound.

Silently, the piece of paper split into two while Phil felt the pain disappear.

He quickly looked down and saw that his left wrist was perfectly intact. He couldn't even tell that he had been hurt before.

Phil subconsciously moved his fingers and realized that he didn't lose any of his motor skills at all.

"Your wish has been granted." Klein took two steps back and smiled.

"Thank you..." Phil replied in a daze.

Klein looked at the other two Beyonders.

"What's your wish?"

Upon seeing that Phil's wish had really been fulfilled, Biles immediately stepped forward and said, "I want to know where my family is."

Klein flicked his left arm and took out a silver mirror with ancient patterns. He lowered his head and said with a smile, "What is the answer to that question?"

The surface of the mirror shimmered with aqueous light as silver words appeared one after another.

"Belltaine Glorin Cemetery..."

Upon seeing this, Biles, who had his neck craned, felt his heart sink as he couldn't help but feel a strong sense of sorrow and disappointment.

In the next second, new silver words appeared from the aqueous light.

"…'s grave keeper's hut."

…*This means that*… Biles felt his sorrow turn to happiness as he sincerely said, "Thank you."

As soon as he finished speaking, he suddenly thought of two questions.

How many people could live in the graveyard? How many grave keepers could there be?

His family members definitely numbered more than two or three!

Biles's expression turned oscillated between gloom and joy before he fell silent.

As a result, he didn't see the question posed by the silver mirror.

"Great Master, did I answer kindly enough?"

"Yes." Klein nodded indiscernibly as he cast his gaze at the remaining lady.

Pasha thought for two seconds and said, “My wish is for you to protect us until we leave Belltaine alive.”

She realized that Roy’s wish was problematic because they might not necessarily leave Belltaine alive.

“Smart.” Klein praised with a smile. “Your wish will be granted.”

“Then what price do we have to pay? I’m referring to the payment for watching your magic.” Pasha hurriedly asked.

“Your wishes are the price,” Klein replied briefly before asking thoughtfully, “If you know certain things are fake, but if you are willing to subjectively use them, it shouldn’t be considered fraud, right?”

When Roy and company heard this, they were puzzled. After pondering for a moment, they shook their heads and said, “Definitely not.”

“This is actually a game between two parties.”

“A voluntary action that has a clear understanding of the actions is definitely not a scam.”

“There’s no doubt about it.”

After hearing their answers, Klein smiled.

“Very good. This is what the average person will think.”

As he spoke, he grabbed a few times with his right hand, dragging out a woman in a simple robe with black long hair.

It was the Historical Void projection of the Evernight cloister's matron, Arianna.

Klein looked around and saw nothing unusual. He smiled at the projection and said, "Madam, what exactly happened?"

Arianna's eyes darted about slightly, turning deep and quiet instantly. It made one feel a sense of serenity from the bottom of their hearts.

"She" calmly spoke:

"The chief shepherd of the Church of the God of Combat, Larrion, escaped. I'm tracking 'Him.'"

Arianna paused and said, "After I came to Belltaine, I received new information.

"According to our intelligence, Larrion took away a Sealed Artifact when 'He' escaped.

"0-02."

Chapter 1283: Gradually Deepening

0-02... Klein inwardly repeated the serial number, feeling that the problem might be more troublesome than he had expected.

Although it couldn't be said that 0-02 was definitely more terrifying than 0-05 since the true essence of the Magic Wishing Lamp was that of a sealed Outer Deity, an entity far stronger than the present true deities, "He" could definitely destroy this world or even this solar system if not for the restrictions of the outer shell. However, the smaller the number meant that 0-02 was likely more dangerous and more difficult to seal than 0-05 in most cases.

At the end of the Fourth Epoch, the seven Churches had serialized the batch of Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts to two-digit numbers. Being only second to 0-01, it's totally possible to imagine how terrifying 0-02 is... However, the God of Combat didn't seem to make use of this Sealed Artifact in the battle of gods... Was it not suitable for direct combat, or was it too dangerous? It didn't distinguish between friend and foe? Thoughts ran through Klein's mind.

His expression gradually turned serious.

"Ma'am, what do you know about 0-02?"

Arianna slowly shook her head and said, "When the various Churches inform each other of the Grade 0 and Grade 1 Sealed Artifacts, they only mention the serial numbers."

That's right. The information regarding a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact is strictly confidential internally to a Church. As part of the brass, they usually have to be in charge of a particular Grade 0 Sealed

Artifact before they can come into contact with any related information. Furthermore, there's a high chance that the corresponding memories will be erased after everything is over… This is, on the one hand, to prevent important information from leaking, and on the other hand, there's the fact that just knowing about Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts in most cases can result in danger, or cause the seal to be ineffective… Klein asked in thought, "Didn't the Church already take over the Church of the God of Combat?"

That way, they could have obtained all the files on 0-02.

Arianna looked at the nearby Roy and company and said, "Larrion destroyed all files regarding the Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts before escaping."

Impressive… Such an abnormally cautious fellow is really annoying… Klein thought and said, "What comments does the Goddess have of 0-02?"

From his point of view, the Evernight Goddess and the God of Combat were existences from the same period. Furthermore, "She" was in control of the Concealment authority. The Goddess had a high chance of understanding the situation that the latter grasped.

In addition, it was impossible for the Sealed Artifacts at the level of 0-02 not to leave any traces in history. They might have created many disasters, so they were no stranger to high-level figures of that era.

Arianna seemed to have recalled the situation from a long time ago. She stated without any pause:

"In the past revelation, the Goddess called 0-02 'the Book of Rules.'"

Book of Rules... That's even more terrifying... Klein's eyes narrowed as he made plenty of connections.

In his past life, he was a gaming enthusiast who played a broad genre of games despite not being too obsessed. He wasn't unfamiliar with the term "Book of Rules" at all.

At this moment, Arianna added, "The fact that you happened to be in Belltaine City might reveal some of the characteristics of 0-02."

Yes, it's quite normal for Ma'am Arianna to encounter such an anomaly while tracking the chief shepherd, Larrion, to Belltaine, but for me to also be here, it's too much of a coincidence... In mysticism, excessive coincidences often mean that there's something wrong...

Is someone setting me up, or is it the effect of the law of Beyonder characteristic convergence? Based on the present situation, the set up doesn't seem targeted., and how I'm already the owner of Sefirah Castle, I can more or less sense something abnormal... If it's the law of Beyonder characteristic convergence, eliminating the exiled Mr. Door and the Antigonus ancestor who is sealed in the foggy town, the only ones that can influence me to this extent are Zaratul and Amon...

However, I've always been deliberately avoiding Zaratul. Amon's true body should be under the True Creator's pursuit. If it's just an avatar, it's impossible for it to produce such a powerful convergence effect... Yes, there's another possibility. The law of convergence between sefirot... 0-02 attracted Sefirah Castle, causing me to coincidentally come to Belltaine today?

If that's the case, even if 0-02 isn't a sefirah, it's definitely related to one... Klein, who had already suspected something, suddenly thought of a lot. He had a vague grasp of 0-02.

He thought for a moment and said, “From the development of the situation, the rules are gradually becoming stricter. That piece of yellow paper is evidence. Does this mean that the extent of 0-02’s coming to life or the degree of reawakening is becoming deeper?”

Arianna nodded serenely and said, “That’s right. We have to find it before something happens, and also try to seal it.

“That’s why it’s best we split up and expand the search radius, saving as much time as possible.”

Klein had no objections to this. After some thought, he said, “Ma’am, you’ve told me so much. Isn’t this considered leaking secrets?”

“No.” Arianna gave a rather clear answer. “Leaking secrets refers to informing the outside world of the anomaly in Belltaine via any way.”

This has cut off any physical connection between us and the outside world… That’s fine. At least, there’s no need to worry about any problems with our usual conversations. In short, it’s fine if we don’t curse… Klein silently heaved a sigh of relief and asked, “The Nighthawks and Mandated Punishers here will abide by the rules on the notice?”

“Yes.” Arianna gave an affirmative answer before her figure faded away and disappeared.

After watching the matron of the Evernight cloister leave, Klein quickly sorted out the information he had just obtained and gained some understanding of the possible developments that were to come.

Combat wasn't the main point. The crux of the problem was whether he could find 0-02 in time and think of a way to seal it.

During this process, what they would face as foreigners would become more and more complicated. They would find it increasingly difficult to abide by the rules and the citizens that were controlled.

With this in mind, Klein cast his gaze to Roy and company not far away. He asked with a smile, "What are your thoughts on what you just heard?"

Roy exchanged looks with Pasha and said, "We don't know what a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact is, but we can guess that 0-02 is a very terrifying item. It can set the rules and even change reality to a certain extent. Furthermore, this anomaly seems to change as time passes.

"Also, the chief shepherd of the Church of the God of Combat should be a very powerful Beyonder."

Klein gently clapped his hands and smiled.

"That's about it. If we don't work hard and hope to avoid danger by hiding, then there will be more and more things that we need to take note of. If we aren't careful, we might commit a crime. Heh heh, perhaps in the end, we will be executed on the spot because we stepped out the door with our left foot first."

His words left Pasha, Biles, and the others in a panic.

It was indeed funny to hear the possible developments, but on second thought, they could sense the extreme horror hidden

within!

A few seconds later, Pasha said with a solemn expression, “Furthermore, the citizens can use any means to deal with us, but we are unable to fight back. This is because killing and voluntarily causing harm are very serious crimes…”

“We can try to deceive their senses, but we can’t use it too many times,” Klein said casually. “What we need to do now is to quickly summarize the rules that 0-02 follows. That way, we can find it and seal it before it comes to life or awakens to gain true intelligence. What are your thoughts?”

Marauder Phil thought for a moment and probed, “It doesn’t seem capable of attacking us directly. It can only punish us when we violate the rules and commit crimes.”

Klein snapped his fingers and said, “That’s right. I can summarize this law for now: 0-02 cannot punish those who do not commit crimes.”

Biles blurted out, “But it can make the citizens arrest foreigners. Foreigners aren’t considered criminals.”

“This does contradict the previous law from before,” Klein replied with a smile. “However, in history, many cities have come up with laws that include discrimination and the expulsion of foreigners in the different stages of their development. Did you decipher any deeper laws from this matter?”

The four Beyonders frowned one after another, unsure what the powerful magician opposite them was trying to express.

After a brief silence, Pasha, who thought of the question he had asked—asking whether a particular action was considered fraud—hesitated and said, “The rules issued by 0-02 must match the public’s understanding and be acknowledged to a certain extent?”

“That’s a good idea,” Klein praised. “This is a guess thanks to the law regarding the arrest of foreigners. It has been verified from your previous feedback, so we can temporarily list it as its second law. This can help us determine which actions are crimes and which aren’t.”

Seeing Pasha receive the praise of the powerful “magician” twice, Roy hurriedly added, “It will constantly increase the number of laws, reaching a certain level of complexity, thereby limiting us. No matter what we do, we will be punished. Yes, on the basis of arresting foreigners, clauses such as the trespassing of private property and the prohibition of defecation or urination in public will make life harder for us with the passage of time.”

Just as Klein nodded in agreement, his spiritual perception was triggered.

He instinctively raised his head and looked at the noticeboard. He realized that a goatskin parchment had appeared on it at some point in time.

“Curfew Order…”

“This…” Pasha and the others also noticed this change and their eyes widened.

It was already late at night. If they stayed outside for some time, they would violate the curfew and suffer some punishment. Then, the punishment would worsen each time until they were

sentenced to death.

"Let's go. We haven't got much time." Klein pressed down his tall hat and said with a smile, "Our target is most likely a book. It might still be with the chief shepherd, or it might've already been hidden somewhere. My intuition tells me that it might be the latter. This is because, to anyone, that item is too dangerous, and it will only become more dangerous. Of course, the premise is that the chief shepherd hasn't gone crazy—only using 0-02 to create a chance to escape pursuit.

"By the way, I forgot to tell you that the chief shepherd is a Grounded Angel."

Angel... Roy, Pasha, and the others, who had just begun to move, froze.

Chapter 1284: Limitation Loophole

In the present era of this world, belief in a deity was common. The difference was which deity they believed in. Therefore, even if Roy, Pasha, and company didn't understand the meaning of angels in mysticism, they had more or less heard of legends about angels from the priests, bishops, and seniors around them. They knew that they were the servants of deities, and were powerful creatures that were qualified to be addressed as "Him" or "Her." Every action of theirs could create miracles. They were definitely not something ordinary people could compare with.

In the hearts of these four Beyonders, angels were of a whole different level, holy spirits of another world. Under normal circumstances, "They" lived in the divine kingdoms and wouldn't descend into the real world. "They" could be treated as true legends without considering the meaning "They" had in reality. Just like the battles they had experienced in the past, although they would occasionally encounter Beyonders today who struck terror in their hearts, like today, them being angels was the last thing on their mind.

The two weren't on the same level!

But today, a wandering and mysterious "magician" had informed them that the chief shepherd of the Church of the God of Combat was an angel who walked the land.

Phil and the others believed in the mysterious gentleman, who had shown all kinds of amazing feats, from the bottom of their hearts. Firstly, he had granted their wishes and was friendly enough. Secondly, they didn't believe that they were qualified enough to be deceived in such matters. To them, the chief shepherd was an angel or an abnormally powerful Beyonder. In essence, there was no difference between the two.

The reality of this world far exceeds our imaginations… The words that Pasha often said flashed through her mind.

Roy made further connections.

He remembered that the lady, whom Mr. Magician had invited from thin air, mention that she was pursuing the chief shepherd of the Church of the God of Combat. Furthermore, she seemed to be qualified to see the Evernight Goddess's revelation.

The only person who can track an angel is probably another angel… With Mr. Magician's performance in front of that lady, his level can't be that much lower… Roy hurriedly retracted his gaze from Klein's back and didn't dare to look at him directly.

He looked left and right and realized that Phil had come to a similar guess as well. A complicated feeling emerged from his pale face, one that was a result of his blood loss.

Biles held his breath and only spoke after a few seconds.

"No wonder there's such an inexplicable change in Belltaine…"

"It's not the time to feel poignant about this. Let's hurry up and leave. The curfew is about to take effect," Klein reminded with a smile without any signs of nervousness.

Pasha quickly looked at the noticeboard and imprinted the contents into a brand in her mind.

"…From eight at night to eight in the morning. Free movement and assembling in the streets are forbidden…"

“Where should we go?” she blurted out.

Under the double restrictions of the curfew and the no trespassing clause, it appeared as though they could only await punishment.

Klein smiled and said, “Only movement and assembly in the streets are forbidden.”

As he spoke, he pointed at a nearby manhole which led to the sewers.

Biles’s eyes lit up.

“Yes, it didn’t say that we can’t pass through the sewers!

“When curfews were in place previously, the tramps hid in the sewers or abandoned buildings.”

Roy and the others didn’t hesitate any longer. They immediately went forward and used the advantage of their strength to push open the manhole cover and climbed into the sewers.

In the pitch-black darkness, a dim yellow light lit up as a lantern appeared in Klein’s hand.

As they followed the mystical “magician,” Phil said thoughtfully, “We can head to a hotel next.

“Biles is a local. He won’t be attacked, so he can get a room. Then, we can climb through the window and enter from the outside.

As we have gotten permission from the owner, we wouldn't be considered as trespassing on private property.

"In that case, we can stay until dawn and wait for the curfew to end."

"It's a very interesting idea, but our goal isn't to survive until dawn," Klein replied with a smile as he walked ahead of them with the lantern in hand.

Roy nodded and said, "If we don't do anything and stay in the hotel, the rules will increase one by one, becoming so detailed that guests aren't allowed to stay in hotel rooms."

"Actually, the most interesting thing about that proposal isn't the finding of loopholes to the restrictions, but that it reminded me of something." Klein turned his body slightly and looked at Biles. "As a local from Belltaine, he actually didn't attempt to capture us foreigners."

In other words, he wasn't affected by the yellow paper's orders.

This… Pasha and the others all turned warily to look at Biles, clearly showing suspicion on their faces.

Their encounter earlier had made them certain that the citizens of Belltaine City had lost their minds in the foreigner-arresting affair.

"I don't know why either…" Biles also murmured in confusion.

"Are you still a Belltaine citizen?" Klein asked casually as he

slowly walked in the damp and smelly sewer.

Biles followed behind him and answered with some certainty, “Of course.”

Klein thought and asked, “On the one hand, you are a citizen of Belltaine. On the other hand, you are a standard foreigner. Two of your attributes overlap, causing a contradiction. Under that order, you will neither be attacked, nor will you have your rationality affected.”

“If we can create such a ‘contradiction,’ does it mean we will be able to escape the limitations of the rules?” Phil asked spiritedly.

Pasha shook her head.

“But such a ‘contradiction’ is very hard to create. At least I can’t think of any possibility right now…”

She suddenly paused and hesitated before saying, “The most important thing is that we’re far away from the noticeboard. We don’t know what other laws will follow. We have no way of avoiding them.”

When that happened, they wouldn’t dare to do anything!

Klein smiled and said, “Don’t worry. This mirror can help us see the new content on the noticeboard.”

He casually displayed the magic mirror that had slipped into his left palm.

Pasha heaved a sigh of relief and asked curiously, “Isn’t this a crime of peeping?”

On the surface of the silver mirror, words that resembled dripping blood appeared:

“The way I look at the noticeboard is like looking at the sun in the day. There’s no need to peep.”

Klein retracted his magic mirror and added with a smile, “Besides, this is just an item. How can it commit a crime?”

That really makes sense… Biles and Phil couldn’t help but nod.

After Roy figured it out, he exhaled and asked, “Next, the most important thing is to find that item, but we don’t have any clues. As a book, it can be anywhere. We can only carpet search the entire city, but we clearly lack the time to do that.”

“Indeed, we don’t know where 0-02 is. We don’t even have any clues, but there’s an existence that knows the answer very clearly,” Klein replied leisurely as he heard the footsteps echoing in the sewers.

Pasha’s heart stirred.

“You mean that chief shepherd?”

Klein smiled and nodded.

“0-02 is either in ‘His’ hands, or it has been hidden by ‘Him’

somewhere. And a 'book' is clearly unable to move on its own. This isn't something that the current rules can help it achieve."

"But how do we find that chief shepherd?" Biles blurted out.

Perhaps it was because the magical Mr. Magician was by his side, he wasn't that afraid of searching for the Grounded Angel.

Klein calmly held the lantern and said, "As long as 0-02 doesn't provide the chief shepherd immunity, 'He' too would have to abide by the laws on the notice.

"'He' was originally from Feysac, so 'He' is undoubtedly not a citizen of Belltaine. 'He' is unable to enjoy the treatment of the locals. Similarly, although 'He' is an angel from elsewhere and not a foreigner in the narrow sense of the word—he isn't human, 'He' too will be pursued by the citizens. This can be confirmed."

"In short, that chief shepherd has to abide by the curfew and not trespass private residences. He can't hide in a public area that isn't open to the public at night. At the same time, as a fugitive, 'He' likely doesn't have companions who have dual traits like Biles. Tell me, where do you think 'He' will be?"

Roy's eyes darted around as he gave several answers:

"Sewers, cemetery, cathedral before midnight, abandoned buildings…"

"You can't enter the cemetery at night. The abandoned buildings are owned by someone or some group by virtue of its property rights," Pasha reminded.

“Yes. Once the sewers are restricted, we will head to the cathedral to search for the chief shepherd or wait for “Him,” Klein said in a relaxed tone as though he was deciding on a trivial matter.

Roy, Phil, and the others were stunned. They hadn’t expected that they would be able to lock onto their target so easily.

It just took a few words of discussion to expose an angel’s whereabouts!

“However, there are quite a few cathedrals in Belltaine. We have to act in concert to save time. Also, the cathedral might be able to forcefully resist the punishment by relying on ‘His’ level as an angel and his powers.” With that said, Klein lowered his head and said to the magic mirror in his hand, “Arodes, monitor the entire city and pay attention to any anomalies.”

After giving his instructions to the mirror, Klein once again dragged Ma’am Arianna out of the fog of history and asked “Her” to be in charge of the cathedrals of the Church of Evernight.

After doing so, he turned around and said to Roy, Pasha, and company, “If we still can’t find the chief shepherd after all that is done, it means that ‘He’ has either left Belltaine, leaving 0-02 behind to attack the enemy, or he has already gained control of 0-02 to a certain extent. In short, we can proceed by means of elimination for now.”

Roy and company nodded in unison as they continued following Klein in the sewers.

After a few minutes, the ancient silver mirror reflected a scene:

On the signboard, there was another piece of paper with new rules:

"...Because of municipal maintenance works, no living being is allowed to enter the sewers from now on."

"Content is being added at an increasing rate..." Klein frowned indiscernibly as he muttered to himself before taking out a human-skinned glove.

Immediately after, he gestured for Pasha and the others to hold hands.

Then, he grabbed one of them by the shoulder and led them out of the sewers to "Teleport" to the nearest Storm cathedral.

During this process, the four Beyonders first saw the rats and cockroaches in the sewers twitching as they died one after another. Following that, they were attracted by the strange and abstract spirit world, as though they had suffered some sort of catharsis at the mental level.

Chapter 1285: Forget About Leaving, All of You

Although there weren't many supplicants in the Storm cathedral in the evening, Klein chose to appear on a corridor that led to the garden so as to avoid conflict.

"How magical..." Pasha muttered to herself as she looked at the settling surroundings.

Roy suppressed his emotions and looked around.

"If that chief shepherd comes to the cathedral to tide over the curfew, he could be somewhere like this."

"If one isn't worried about accumulating the number of crimes they commit, an angel has too many ways to fool the average person," Klein said casually. "I'll send you to the other cathedrals later. Try to stay in places with glass windows and mirrors. Once you discover any outsiders that might be from Feysac, find an opportunity to draw a symbol..."

Before he could finish his sentence, his head suddenly turned as he looked at the door leading to the garden in the prayer hall.

A figure over 2.6 meters tall slowly walked out. He was wearing a long black robe with white edges, one completely filled with his bulging muscles.

This was an old, white-bearded man wearing a square hat. His eyes were pale blue, and he had few wrinkles. He had an aura of superciliousness.

The chief shepherd of the Church of the God of Combat, Larrion… Without needing to identify the figure, Klein's spiritual intuition told him that the person opposite him was an angel, the reason for coming to the cathedral.

Larrion glanced at him and said in surprise, "It's not Arianna…"

"He" immediately restrained "His" expression and said rather indifferently, "Appears to be 'Her' helper.

"You can tell 'Her' that I've reached an agreement with 0-02, which has come alive to a certain degree. I'll give up sealing it in exchange for permission to leave. And y'all will stay here, enduring the changes in the rules and the increasingly stricter laws until y'all are completely dead…"

The chief shepherd didn't seem to be worried that Klein would stop "Him" at all. This was because when "He" spoke, "His" body was rapidly aging. The surface of "His" skin quickly became covered in wrinkles, with aging spots appearing on it, dripping with a rotting liquid.

In just a few blinks of an eye, Larrion looked as though he was about to evaporate into thin air from his aging.

Then, "He" turned into a pool of rotten liquid that completely evaporated.

The impact of this scene sent shivers down Biles and company's spines. They felt as if their minds were about to go haywire and that their emotions were about to collapse.

This was just like the countless tiny worms that had crawled out

from the wound on Mr. Magician's wrist when he reformed his hand. It was just as terrifying and harrowing!

A strange ability; it has something to do with Twilight? Klein didn't have any intention of stopping Larrion. He only nodded in thought.

In the spirit world corresponding to Belltaine, Larrion's figure appeared and returned to normal.

Right on the heels of that, as though "He" could control spirit world creatures, he passed through an invisible barrier and escaped the many restrictions of Belltaine City.

But just as Larrion was about to begin "tearing" through space, everything suddenly darkened and "He" saw a seamless patch of dark "cloth."

It was like a wall that blocked Larrion's path!

Larrion cautiously stopped his actions, looked up at the infinitely high area where the Seven Pure Lights were. However, "He" could only see an illusory "curtain" hanging down from it, enveloping the spirit world of the area corresponding to Belltaine, isolating it and creating an independent world.

At the same time, Larrion's intuition as a Demon Hunter had told "Him" that the barrier formed by the "curtain" was extremely strong and difficult to break through. "He" needed to spend a lot of time and effort to do so.

To this chief shepherd, what was happening had a strange comical feeling, making him unable to contain his rising anger.

This was akin to “Him” finally finding the key to a secret chamber after countless hardships. Just when “He” had the chance to open the door and leave before others could, “He” was surprised to find that there was an additional lock on the chamber’s door—a rather sturdy lock!

It lacks a sense of realism. It’s a projection from the Historical Void… It’s fraud! No, it’s outside of Belltaine City, out of the law’s jurisdiction… This historical projection should’ve existed here a long time ago. It can’t last more than two minutes, so it will dissipate on its own… Larrion quickly regained his composure, allowing his anchors and inclination towards madness to once again form a balance.

…

In the corridor of the Storm cathedral, Roy and company finally recovered. They turned their heads to look at Mr. Magician, who was in no way inferior to the angel from before.

Pasha hesitated for a moment before saying fearfully, “‘He’… ‘He’ seems to have escaped.”

This way, they wouldn’t be able to obtain any information about 0-02’s location. Relying on a carpet search would be too late.

Furthermore, no one present knew what the terrifying Sealed Artifact looked like. Describing it as a book made it too wide a scope.

“I can only think of other solutions,” Klein replied with a smile. “Do you have any suggestions?”

He had been waiting for Larrion to return and negotiate with him, but he realized that the chief shepherd would rather wait in the spirit world for the "curtain" historical projection to disappear. And although he could enter the spirit world as well, he was unable to break through the strange barrier created after 0-02's law-changing.

As he spoke, Klein seriously considered other solutions and made a few Worms of Spirit control his body. He spoke to the Beyonders beside him in an attempt to find inspiration through their discussion.

"We should take the initiative to create a 'contradiction' that's similar to what happened to Biles so that we'll be in a relatively safe state. Only by doing so will we be able to begin our search." Phil brought up the idea that he had previously had.

Pasha shook her head.

"But if we use this kind of 'contradiction' to do something, 0-02 will definitely add new rules to resolve the corresponding problems."

"But this can still buy us some time," Phil emphasized.

"That is something that can be done," Roy agreed, and added, "but our focus should be on finding 0-02. Perhaps we can create some 'contradiction' that will make it expose its location?"

As for what kind of "contradiction" could achieve such an effect or how to create it, he hadn't come up with an idea.

In the event of a contradiction... New rules will be added to resolve

it... Klein wore a smile as he listened silently. Sparks flew as his thoughts crashed in his mind.

At that moment, aqueous light appeared on the surface of the magic mirror in his hand as silver words appeared:

"Pasha, do you want to know what the new content on the noticeboard is?"

The mirror directly asked me... Why did it ask me directly? Pasha was taken aback for a moment before she hurriedly nodded and answered, "Yes."

The aqueous light in the silver mirror quickly returned and presented a scene of the noticeboard.

There were two new rules:

"...In compliance with the curfew order, the various cathedrals will shut down early..."

"...All hotels shall only accommodate guests who have registered their identities..."

Phil panicked.

"...Where do we go now?"

He had no idea how he, Roy, and Pasha could escape the punishment.

Roy and Pasha exchanged looks as various thoughts surged through their minds, but none of them were viable.

At this moment, Klein, who had been maintaining his silence, smiled and cast his gaze at Biles.

“Where’s your house in Belltaine?”

“A rental apartment on 18 Maple Street, but that apartment has already collapsed from the blast of an artillery shell,” Biles answered, slightly perplexed.

Klein smiled and said, “You can make a wish to return your house to its original state. I’ll grant it.”

“...Can that be done?” Although the magical “magician” had healed Phil’s severed hand with unbelievable powers, Biles still felt that it would be much more difficult to restore a collapsed house to its original state. After all, Dr. Weber, the military doctor who Roy mentioned, was capable of doing that.

“Of course.” Klein smiled and reminded him. “Make haste.”

At that moment, the supplicants in the cathedral were leaving one after another.

Biles didn’t dare to delay any further as he immediately said, “I wish that my house will return to its original state.”

“Alright.” Klein raised his right hand and snapped his fingers. “Your wish has come true.”

Uh? While Roy and company were in a daze, Klein activated Teleport once again and brought them to 18 Maple Street. He stopped outside a two-bedroom room.

Biles stared blankly at the familiar wooden door in front of him. Subconsciously, he reached out his right hand and pushed it open.

The cupboard, gas stove, bunk bed, wooden table covered in oil, and the messy old newspapers strewn everywhere were reflected in his eyes as his eyes immediately moistened.

Before the war broke out, he often saw his mother busying herself around the coal stove when he came back from the mines. His father and brother either made use of the time to do some repairs or help to handle the spoiled parts of the fruit and vegetables. They did some of the work that could be taken home. His young niece learned the alphabet from old newspapers under the guidance of her mother while she put together matchstick boxes.

Although such a life was tough and didn't have any ability to avoid risks, it was still a wonderful memory for Biles. It was many times better than the dark mine paths, heavy ores, and the whipping from the supervisors.

But now, even this tiny bit of beauty was completely destroyed.

"Aren't you going to invite us in?" Phil stood at the door, not daring to trespass on the private property.

After snapping back to his senses, Biles hurriedly said, "Please come on in."

After entering the unoccupied house, Klein pulled a chair that could break at any moment and sat down. He then fell silent.

Roy, Pasha, and the others did not dare to disturb the gentleman as they waited quietly by his side.

After twenty to thirty seconds, Klein suddenly looked around and said with a smile, “I have an idea that requires verification. Who wants to work with me on this?”

“I’ll do it,” Roy replied without hesitation.

Klein smiled and replied, “Afterward, don’t truthfully answer the questions. I’m looking for the loopholes hidden in 0-02’s rules.”

Roy nodded and said, “That wouldn’t be an issue.”

Klein immediately took out the magic mirror and said to Roy, “Ask it a question.

Roy thought for a moment and said, “Where can I find my next potion?”

A scene appeared on the surface of the silver mirror. It was the chief shepherd of the Church of the God of Combat, Larrion, who was pacing around the spirit world!

“...” Roy’s expression instantly stiffened. Then, he heard Mr. Magician say, “It’s your turn to answer its question. Remember, don’t give it the correct answer.”

Roy hurriedly reined in his thoughts and looked back at the mirror. He saw that the mirror had already transformed into Mr. Magician himself and a few more lines of blood-like text appeared:

"Who did you give your first time to?"

Roy instantly recalled the past as his face flushed red. Then, he answered according to Mr. Magician's instructions, "I'm not sure."

"A lie!" The blood-colored text on the silver mirror instantly condensed into the terrifying words.

Pa!

A bolt of lightning appeared out of nowhere and struck Roy.

Roy convulsed in pain as his body was charred black. His hair stood on end, but his life wasn't truly in danger.

Biles, Pasha, and Phil were all startled, unsure what had just happened.

At this moment, Klein looked around and smiled.

"Look, the mirror didn't get punished for voluntarily causing harm.

"A real opportunity lies in here."

Chapter 1286: New Applications of Old Methods

A real opportunity... Pasha, Biles, and Phil were delighted to hear this. It was as if they had finally seen the light after searching for a long time in the dark night.

"What kind of opportunity?" Roy blurted out from his dazed state.

Klein wasn't in a rush. He smiled and said, "Did you guys not notice?

"There is no clear indication on the notice of who the enforcer is."

As a keyboard warrior in the past, Klein had always claimed to be a jack of all trades. Furthermore, he had interacted with many lawyers in his life and had an Earl of The Fallen marionette before. He had the basic foundation needed when it came to the law and rules.

That's right, the announcement only mentioned a new consul, and it's not clear who the enforcer is. We encountered an invisible justiciar previously... Pasha and the others revealed a thoughtful expression.

Upon seeing this, Klein reached out his hand and stroked the surface of the magic mirror as though he was combing an animal.

"Under normal circumstances, everyone has tacitly acknowledged that the police and the authorities responsible for

dealing with supernatural cases enforced the law. This is confirmed through a series of legal documents or the corresponding public knowledge. But this time, the rules haven't reached such an airtight level.

"If we say that the rules are built on a blank slate composed of the original laws, directives, and rules, then we should've seen the police, the Nighthawks, or the Mandated Punishers when we committed crimes, but that's not the case.

"In other words, the corresponding enforcer is indeed vague."

Pasha, who was the most knowledgeable among the four Beyonders, thought for a moment before saying, "Perhaps, the law enforcer is an abstract concept. Or perhaps, it is tacitly equivalent to the new consul."

"The latter isn't clear either. It doesn't make it clear who the new consul is. This way, it can be anyone. The former isn't obliged to make it known…" Klein simply replied.

Phil frowned and said, "But we can't enforce the law like the citizens."

"The corresponding authority is determined by eliminating groups via labels," Klein explained with a smile. "Foreigners are targets of ostracization and pursuit, so they obviously lack the required law enforcement rights. As for the citizens, they only have it when dealing with foreigners. This is confirmed through the notice."

Without waiting for Roy and Biles to speak, Klein continued, "So, I just used the contradiction hidden in this matter to get Roy to test it. The result is exactly as I predicted.

“First of all, the magic mirror isn’t a foreign living being, neither is it a local. It’s just an item with a certain level of intelligence. It cannot be placed into any particular group. This way, in a situation where the law enforcer isn’t clear, those who aren’t part of the elimination process have the right to enforce the law.

“Secondly, it had punished a foreigner. Those notices imply that ‘all who deal with foreigners are law enforcers.’

“Finally, the magic mirror itself has the rules of punishment. Before this rule is announced to be illegal, it has the right to punish others.

“Based on the three points above, I believe that 0-02 should be in a lot of conflict right now. Next, it will definitely issue a new law to clearly determine the main body of law enforcement, to mend the loopholes in this area. Once the main body of the law enforcement is revealed, it will contain a lot of information. It will help us lock onto the target.

“Heh heh, if 0-02 uses a method of adding prohibitions, it will definitely restrict itself, as it shares the same attributes as the mirror. This is definitely not its first choice.”

At that moment, Roy, Pasha, and the others, who were listening to Klein’s recount, suddenly had the feeling that he was a knowledgeable and highly intelligent person.

Could it be that Mr. Magician is a wise man who likes to travel among the commoners in legends? The four Beyonders each made similar but different guesses.

At this moment, the magic mirror in Klein’s hand emitted a misty aqueous light.

Amidst the aqueous light, the silver mirror's surface showed the noticeboard.

Two more lines appeared on the bottom of the original piece of paper:

"All law enforcement must be carried out by the Trunsoest Brass Book or the group it authorizes.

"Any private rules can't surpass the official decree."

Trunsoest Brass Book... This is the full name of 0-02? The opportunity is here! Klein's expression turned serious as he entered Cogitation.

He had forced 0-02 to clarify the main law enforcement to obtain more information so as to further understand the situation of the terrifying Sealed Artifact.

And based on Klein's deduction, 0-02 was more or less related to a particular sefirah, just like how he was back when he had yet to become the owner of Sefirah Castle.

Therefore, furthering his understanding of it would inevitably result in reverse corruption, thereby establishing a certain connection.

To a certain extent, the sefirah was equivalent to a Great Old One, Outer Deity, or the Cosmos!

Back then, Klein had used such mysticism knowledge to lock onto the location of Dark Demonic Wolf Kotar. Now, he was

using it in the opposite direction.

From his point of view, 0-02 was definitely more corrupted by a sefirah than him. After all, Sealed Artifacts were in a state of having lost control. This was why they needed to be sealed.

Under such circumstances, further understanding of 0-02 would result in corruption.

The reality proved Klein's hypothesis!

And it was also because of this danger that he didn't show the new content presented by Arrodes to the four Beyonders.

In Cogitation, Klein quickly sensed that he had an invisible connection with a certain spot. The indescribable corruption was surging over.

Ding!

At the same time he flicked out a gold coin, he used Sefirah Castle's aura to cut off the connection and isolate the corruption.

Immediately after, a clear image appeared in his mind.

Klein grabbed the gold coin with his left hand. After the glove suddenly turned transparent, he instantly vanished from the room and appeared in a hall filled with bookshelves.

On the side of the hall with floor-to-ceiling windows, there were many long rectangular tables. On one of them was a book bound

by thin brass sheets.

I've found you! A smile appeared on Klein's face.

He made use of the brief connection to do a divination. Then, he relied on the attraction between sefirot, to make the "Teleportation" become abnormally precise!

The law of convergence between sefirot would allow Klein to accidentally enter the library and discover the brass book. However, it might've happened two days later, two weeks later, or even two years later. It wouldn't happen in time to stop anything. Furthermore, this was under the prerequisite that 0-02 didn't do any corresponding interference or avoidance measures.

Pa!

The clothes on Klein's back suddenly cracked as blood-red strokes appeared.

This was a punishment for trespassing into a public area.

Whipping!

Thankfully, this crime is very light... And I won't be punished for this crime for the next one or two minutes. The rules will give the trespasser time to withdraw... Klein immediately reached out and grabbed a few times in the void.

He didn't really pull out the figure of the ascetic leader, Arianna. This was because, to a noncommittal "person," a historical projection was a form of fraud. He only used this method to send

his location information to the Servant of Concealment.

Due to the same reason, Klein dispersed the glove on his left hand.

During this process, the brass book started flipping and displayed the rules:

“When one’s rationality drops to 20% of its original value, there would be signs of losing control…

“… Scholar of Yore has the ability to summon Historical Void projections. The success rate of summoning depends on the familiarity and friendliness of the target…

“…

“…The Trunsoest Brass Book is the most precious item. No living being is permitted to touch it. Those in violation are to be sentenced to death!

“…One is not allowed to change the condition of the Trunsoest Brass Book in any way. Those in violation are to be sentenced to death!

“…”

The rules made Klein’s eyelids twitch. He felt his rationality constantly dropping.

This caused the Primordial One’s mental brand in his body to

become more active.

The first part of the rules is presented in grayish-black, as though it's in a state that can't be changed... This requires 0-02 to awaken further? If it awakens to the extent of changing the rules in front, it'll be very terrifying. It might even reduce the success rate of my summonings, causing Beyonders to show signs of losing control if their rationality falls a little... This, with this we've fixed the problem of this variant of a Seer being too strong? As expected of 0-02. It fully lives up to its serial number...

The text behind is presented in silver... Does this mean that the rules can be altered or enhanced?

I can't touch it. I can't change its state. That also means that I can't take it away, nor can I directly "Conceal" this Sealed Artifact... Perhaps I can use the Staff of the Stars or the Box of the Great Old Ones to directly move this library into the cosmos and let 0-02 face those Outer Deities... But if the Outer Deities were to grasp this Sealed Artifact, the problem might be greater than it is now... Klein hesitated for a moment and didn't risk summoning his Grade 0 Sealed Artifact.

The next second, he heard a "smacking" sound.

The figure of Arianna's simple linen robe and tree bark belt was quickly outlined at his side. She was lashed by an invisible whip, leaving behind an obvious bloody mark.

"The first problem has been resolved. Now, we need to consider the second problem. That is how to seal this fellow," Klein said as he made haste.

It wouldn't be long before he would suffer a second punishment.

Arianna shook “Her” head.

“The corresponding information has been destroyed. We can only resolve it through trial and error.”

That’s a little dangerous… We don’t know, but someone definitely knows… Klein’s heart stirred as he made his Spirit Body leave his body and enter the spirit world.

Through the invisible barrier created by 0-02, he said to the Church of the God of Combat’s chief shepherd, Larrion, who was waiting for the curtain to disappear,

“Perhaps we can make a deal.”

“You want the method to seal 0-02?” Larrion turned around and chuckled. “Do you think I’ll agree?”

“Actually, I’m very puzzled. Why must you sacrifice yourself for the fallen God of Combat? By joining the Church of Evernight, you can still be an angel, and you can also receive blessings. You can also live for a very long time,” Klein didn’t directly respond as he said.

Larrion’s expression darkened as he said, “A Mythical Creature without any pious faith wouldn’t be able to understand me.”

…As an evil god, isn’t it normal for me to not be devout? Klein couldn’t help but mutter inwardly.

This was his humanity.

Chapter 1287: Guidance

Seeing that Klein was momentarily at a loss for words, the chief shepherd of the Church of the God of Combat, Larrion, revealed a solemn expression.

"Furthermore, the fall of a deity is only temporary. 'He' will eventually return and awaken using my body."

"..." Klein frowned slightly when he heard that. He didn't know whether the angel was having mental problems and wasn't far from losing control because of his shaken anchors, or if "He" was too affected by the God of Combat. In a certain sense, "He" had become "His" backup.

Ignoring the Sequence 0 true deities, even Kings of Angels and a number of angels would often not completely die!

"You should know very well that the apocalypse will come in another ten or so years. I believe that the speed of the God of Combat's resurrection won't be fast enough." Klein attempted to awaken him with the cruel reality.

Larrion snorted.

"You will never be able to imagine the power of God."

"He" didn't give Klein the chance to continue his persuasion and revealed a smile.

"In short, I won't make a deal with you. Pray, pray to Evernight.

Pray to the deity you believe in to seal 0-02 and save you!

"But all I need to do is wait another thirty to forty seconds before I can leave this place."

Klein looked up at the "curtain" hanging from infinitely high above and didn't say anything else. He made his Spirit Body return to the library where the Trunsoest Brass Book was.

"Do you have any ideas?" he asked without any delay.

Arianna shook her head slightly and asked, "What did Larrion say?"

"'He' told us to pray to the deities to seal 0-02..." As Klein spoke, he was suddenly stunned.

What Larrion said didn't seem to be problematic, but he had inadvertently revealed a very important piece of information.

He believed that deities could seal 0-02, no matter who "They" were!

Then, what does a deity rely on to seal it? By forcefully suppressing it with "Their" Sequence 0 status, or use a might that can destroy the world? Many questions appeared in Klein's mind.

At this moment, Trunsoest Brass Book flipped to a blank page, producing silver words one after another—the language it used was the one on the first Blasphemy Slate. It seemed to be the source of all the languages that were still in use.

In the blink of an eye, the silver words formed into new text:

"The Belltaine City Library is the place where the Trunsoest Brass Book is kept. It is a place that must be heavily protected. Living beings who intrude without the Trunsoest Brass Book's permission will be severely punished."

It's an elevation of the punishment. I might be sentenced to death next… Klein's pupils dilated as he quickly deduced the most likely development.

However, he didn't panic at all. Instead, he smiled and said with sincerity, "My wish is to shrink the size of the Belltaine City Library, so that the spot where Ma'am Arianna and I are is the boundary line."

As soon as he finished speaking, he snapped his fingers and granted his own wish.

As the snapping sound reverberated, the lawn that corresponded to the Belltaine City Library disappeared. The building shrunk and the walls retreated. Soon, only a tenth of its original size was left.

Klein and Arianna subconsciously "arrived" outside the floor-to-ceiling windows. Through the open window, they stared at the Trunsoest Brass Book that remained on the rectangular table.

There was no change in the distance between them and the target. They were still very close, but they were no longer within the confines of being severely punished. However, due to their first violation of the curfew, they were once again whipped by an invisible law enforcer.

After accumulating the wishes of restoring buildings one after another, Klein could create quite a miracle in this aspect!

He didn't make another wish and continued thinking. He analyzed the hidden meaning behind the words of the chief shepherd of the Church of the God of Combat.

No, it shouldn't have been forcefully suppressed using a deity's status and level. Otherwise, my spiritual intuition would've told me the answer long ago. That would've made me activate Sefirah Castle's aura and complete the seal…

From a mysticism point of view, this is understandable. This is because 0-02 is clearly related to a particular sefirah. It's difficult to suppress it by relying on the status and level of a Sequence 0…

By relying on the might of the deities "Themselves"? This might be possible, but there's a high chance that it's not the real method. This is because Larrion knows of a sealing method that can be completed without relying on the deities…

What's special about a Sequence 0 deity? And what methods can an angel use to achieve such a special sealing method?

The most special thing that I can think of at the moment is that a Sequence 0 deity contains a Uniqueness. This is something I can't summon from the Historical Void. It really has the characteristic of being "unique."

But how can an angel indirectly simulate a Uniqueness?

Countless thoughts collided in Klein's mind, producing large amounts of sparks, but he still couldn't figure out the key to the

problem.

At this moment, the mercury-colored words on the Trunsoest Brass Book continued to seep out, forming new paragraphs that stipulated that Klein and Arianna were a group of people that needed punishment.

Arianna observed silently for a while before suddenly saying, “I’ll try to ‘Conceal’ the soil beneath the table to make 0-02 fall to the core. Raise your level of alertness to prevent any accidents.”

Conceal” *the soil*... *Fall to the core*... Klein’s heart stirred. He felt that this was a rather good solution.

The Trunsoest Brass Book had only forbidden the touching and changing its condition at present. The environment wasn’t equivalent to its condition. In addition, they were only forbidden from entering Belltaine City Library. It didn’t mean that Klein and Arianna couldn’t exert certain influences on it.

And when 0-02, which hadn’t been banned from leaving, passed through the concealed “soil” and fell to the core, it would lose its influence on Belltaine City due to the distance, causing the laws it had set up to fail. That was the case unless it was awakened further or came to life, allowing a larger region to fall under its jurisdiction.

This way, Klein and Arianna no longer needed to be restricted by the rules. They could seek help from the Evernight Goddess!

However, when Arianna finally thought of a solution and was preparing to carry out the plan, a new law was completely formed:

“The Belltaine City Library the place where the Trunsoest Brass Book is stored. It is a place that must be strictly protected. No living thing or object is to deal any form of damage to it in any way.”

Indeed, 0-02 has also noticed this loophole… This loophole… As Klein frowned slightly, he suddenly had an idea of what he had been thinking about.

The Uniqueness of a Sequence 0 deity was indeed unique, but “Their” sealing of 0-02 wasn’t directly done by using the authority and power that came from it.

It was very likely that “They” could rely on this trait of a Uniqueness to lure 0-02 into setting up a series of contradictory rules, causing the Sealed Artifact to fall into a paradoxical cycle!

In this aspect, angels, saints, and even ordinary people could accomplish that by themselves. The key was to think of paradox and guide it into establishing it.

As for how to seal 0-02 after it entered a paradoxical cycle and was preparing to fix the loophole, Klein didn’t have any clues at the moment, so he needed to make further observations.

How should I create a paradox… All the rules and regulations set up by 0-02 quickly flashed through Klein’s mind.

In just a few seconds, he acutely grasped a point where he could create a paradoxical cycle. He quickly turned his head and said to Arianna, “Ma’am, let’s not destroy the city library. We will directly ‘Conceal’ the other parts of the Belltaine, indirectly causing it to lose the necessary support. This place will then collapse on its own; thus, falling into the core.”

Arianna didn't immediately do as he said. Instead, "She" turned "Her" head and gave Klein a deep look.

"This will cause the deaths of many civilians."

"We have to make a choice between the lesser of two evils," Klein said seriously.

Arianna didn't respond and fell silent. It was as though "She" was in an intense mental struggle or making the appropriate preparations.

At this moment, the two brass pages that had just written the two articles quickly created more new rules:

"Belltaine is the city where the Trunsoest Brass Book is located, a true Holy Land in all senses of the phrase. No living thing or object is to deal any form of damage to it in any way."

Upon seeing this text, Klein wasn't disappointed. Instead, he smiled.

With a snap, he snapped his fingers, causing scarlet flames to surge out of his pocket and quickly drown him.

In just two to three seconds, a stream of flames descended from the sky. Klein jumped out and carried a person.

That was one of the four Beyonders he had saved previously. He was the Belltaine local, Biles!

“Go in and quickly flip through the brass book,” Klein said calmly as he pointed at the 0-02 on the rectangular table.

Biles didn’t know exactly what had happened, but he believed that this magical “magician,” who had fulfilled two of his wishes, had found a way out of the situation plaguing Belltaine. Thus, after taking a deep breath, he entered the city library through the miniaturized, open floor-to-ceiling windows.

During this process, he didn’t receive any severe punishments. In fact, he wasn’t even whipped!

Upon seeing this scene, Klein’s smile widened.

0-02 had produced a paradox!

Due to Arrodes’s existence, the Trunsoest Brass Book could only do a most comprehensive prohibition, preventing any living being or object from dealing any form of damage to it in any way.”

As a city, Belltaine’s definition didn’t just include its terrain and buildings. It definitely included the residents here.

This way, if 0-02 punished a Belltaine citizen like Biles, any damage to him would go against the law it had just issued. If it didn’t punish him, it would go against the laws that prohibited him from entering the city library. Hence, the Trunsoest Brass Book had entered a vicious cycle!

Of course, Klein believed that such a paradox would quickly be corrected by appending additional clauses. He only hoped that Biles would be able to flip through the brass book and find clues

to sealing it!

“Pay attention to the currently open page. Once an article is about to take shape, immediately come out,” Klein instructed as he stared at Biles and 0-02.

Chapter 1288: Key Intelligence

Although Biles had witnessed Phil's severed hand, Weber's hanging, and Mr. Magician's palm fused from worms, and also had a certain understanding of the horrifying anomaly brought about by 0-02, his lacking level and experience made him unaware of the true horror behind this matter. He mostly explained it away as a horror tale coming to life.

Therefore, despite feeling afraid, he mustered up his courage and quickly approached the rectangular table under the watch of the magical Magician and Grounded Angel. Of course, him being from the Sailor pathway was partly responsible.

Within two or three steps, Biles had reached a spot where he could touch the brass book.

Without thinking, he reached out his right palm and grabbed the brass pages on 0-02 and quickly flipped them.

During this process, the back of Biles's hand held up the brass page, which hadn't completely been filled, to prevent it from being blocked, so as to allow him, Mr. Magician, and Ma'am Angel to observe the changes on it and react in advance.

Amidst the flipping sounds, this Sailor saw the line that touching the Trunsoest Brass Book would result in the death sentence. He was first alarmed before he was filled with a strong sense of puzzlement about his current state.

However, this didn't affect his action of flipping the pages forward. Klein's eyes reflected the different brass pages, and each page had different rules.

The projections of these brass pages didn't appear by making lines disappear and having new ones substitute them. Instead, they appeared side by side and gradually increased in number.

In the end, Klein's eyes reflected a different number of brass pages in them. They were neatly arranged, one line after another. It was as though he had split the 0-02 into a single page and placed it on a glass platform to bask in the sun.

This was a dream divination technique at the angel level, allowing Klein to reproduce the scenes he had just seen before his very eyes.

With the passage of time, the brass pages in his dark brown eyes began to spin and pinpoint one of them:

"...The Trunsoest Brass Book originates from a Justiciar Uniqueness that had been corrupted by the Nation of Disorder..."

It's exactly as I expected. Since the Trunsoest Brass Book can produce all the low-level rules, the corresponding content must contain a description of itself! This is determined by its essence. Unless it completely awakens or comes alive, and has the sufficient intelligence to know how to selectively hide it... Just as a thought of joy flashed through Klein's mind, he saw a new word in mercury color appear on the unfilled brass page.

This meant that 0-02 had finally diverted a portion of its power from its vicious cycle. It was preparing to add text as a supplementary explanation to fix the flaws.

"Leave!" Without any hesitation, Klein shouted.

Biles strictly obeyed the orders of a high-leveled figure, immediately withdrawing his right hand, turning around, and sprinting out the window.

"Make a move to attack me." Seeing that the Sailor with dual attributes had left the city library, Klein suddenly added.

Biles's heart was filled with puzzlement, but he still raised his right arm and pulled back his shoulder. He put on a stance that looked like he was about to throw a punch at Klein.

At this moment, a new article finally took shape:

"With regards to the rules above, the Trunsoest Brass Book and the group of people it permits have immunity while enforcing the law…"

However, even if this article was successfully published, Biles wouldn't suffer any punishment.

Clearly, the Trunsoest Brass Book wouldn't pursue problems that led to a vicious cycle or unclear definitions. It was just like how it didn't pile crimes on Arrodes after it mended the loopholes in the rules.

By the same logic, Biles, who had truly come into contact with 0-02, didn't suffer any contamination from a sefirah. Before the supplementary clauses were published, Biles was a part of the Belltaine. He couldn't be damaged in any sense, so he couldn't be corrupted. But with the additional clause, he wouldn't be "retroactively" punished for his previous actions.

In fact, after Biles left the city library, he had violated the curfew

order as well, but Klein had already noticed a problem. It was that when the Belltaine citizens pursued foreigners while outside, they weren't restricted by the curfew. Therefore, he made Biles attack him in a manner to avoid the corresponding punishment.

Right on the heels of that, he seized the opportunity while 0-02 was fixing the loophole to quickly recall the detailed information regarding the Trunsoest Brass Book.

"...This book possesses a living characteristic, but most of the time, it's at a very low level...

"...The first half of the book displays almost all the underlying rules, while the second half is blank. It needs to be filled in autonomously...

"...Once there are no restrictions, it will naturally set up laws with certain biases for the surrounding areas and strictly enforce it. During this process, it will change and correct the rules based on the feedback.

"...As the law gradually becomes stricter, 'His' living characteristic will deepen... Once a law that can interfere with all aspects takes form, the Trunsoest Brass Book will completely come alive. It will possess true intelligence, and has the ability to modify the first half of the underlying rules to a certain extent... The exact extent that it can reach is as follows...

"...If there are contradictions in the laws that can't be corrected, or if the pages are all filled without being able to form a sufficiently airtight system of rules, the Trunsoest Brass Book will produce a new line at the boundary between the first and second half: 'All the following rules are ineffective.'

"...After this line takes form, the rules in the second half will disappear and the pages will return to a blank slate...

"...After the second half is completely blank, the clause 'All the following rules are ineffective' will be erased, and the Trunsoest Brass Book will repeat its previous actions until there is a set of laws that covers all aspects...

"...The rules that it creates have to be publicized or informed to the masses before having them take effect... When there's no clear rule for a particular action, whether it's against the common knowledge of the surrounding living beings...

"...Trunsoest Brass Book hates distorted and ugly rules. It hates having loopholes found..."

What a detailed description... There should be a method to seal 0-02 in all of this... Klein's thoughts raced as he attempted to find information that he could use from every line of text.

At this moment, the leader of the ascetics, Arianna, whispered, "Think of a way to fill the pages behind 0-02, without making it airtight enough."

That's right! In that case, the Trunsoest Brass Book will declare that all the following rules are ineffective. It'll redo it again. When that happens, its restrictions on the surroundings will temporarily vanish, allowing us to have the chance to touch it, take it away, or directly pray to a deity... But, how should we go about doing this? The Trunsoest Brass Book hates distorted and ugly rules. It hates having loopholes found... Klein's heart stirred as he had an idea.

Without any hesitation, he stretched out his arms, as if he was hugging the air.

In the next second, inside the building whose dimensions had shrunk to one-tenth of the original Belltaine City Library, a hall that was covered with deep-black stone slabs with all kinds of scuffing descended into the real world.

There were eight black stone pillars erected in the hall, and metal poles hung from the high dome. At the bottom were candlesticks carved into different creatures, 41 on the left and 40 on the right.

This was the Tudor-Trunsoest United Empire's Hall of Consuls that Klein had seen before. At that time, both consuls were still Sequence 1 Princes of Abolition of the Black Emperor pathway, so this place was filled with distortions. It didn't match the normal circumstances and didn't have any rules of aesthetics.

Apart from that, when Klein summoned this historical scene, he also used his domain's ability to add the details of the Fourth Epoch which he knew. It made the order that stemmed from the Black Emperor become more and more detailed, as though it was corporeal.

Pa!

His wrists were severed as they landed on the ground. Blood spurted out from the wound, just like an ordinary person.

This was the second time Klein had committed fraud!

The two palms and fresh blood that gushed to the ground quickly separated into transparent maggots and sticky, nearly shapeless liquid.

As the Worms of Spirit convulsed and died, Klein grimaced due to the pain as he made numerous worms crawl out from the stump to form new palms.

At the same time, he tried his best to maintain the scene he had created through multiple summonings, not letting it dissipate.

On the rectangular table, inside the book that had bound brass pages, many new lines of text appeared:

"...All buildings and structures have to follow the golden ratio and principles of symmetry...

"...Strange clothes are not permitted...

"...The following crimes have the death penalty...

"..."

The Trunsoest Brass Book flipped through the pages quickly as it targeted the laws that stemmed from a Black Emperor. The further it went, the faster the new text appeared. There were no more pauses that lasted nearly a minute.

Inside the hall, the candlesticks that fell from the ceiling broke and disappeared. Then, the other parts of the hall experienced various changes, wiping away the original details of the order one by one.

Finally, the hall could no longer be maintained. It collapsed and returned to the Historical Void.

At that moment, the Trunsoest Brass Book had already flipped to the last two pages. It was spread out there without any movement.

With the last page filled with text and no longer able to form a tight system of rules with what 0-02 had previously set, Klein silently exhaled and relaxed a little. He felt that his spirituality was almost depleted.

“Let’s wait for an hour at Biles’s house.” He turned his head and said to Arianna.

If they stayed where they were, they would suffer increasingly severe punishments from breaking the curfew until they were sentenced to death.

As for monitoring the Trunsoest Brass Book, this mission that couldn’t allow for mistakes was naturally handed over to Arrodes. Although this magic mirror couldn’t directly look at 0-02, it could pay attention to the noticeboard and determine the disappearance progress of the laws on it.

Chapter 1289: Fooling

After returning to Biles's house, Klein pulled a chair over and sat down without waiting for Roy and company to make inquiries. He made a rather pious wish:

"I wish for my spirituality to be restored."

With that said, he raised his right hand, snapped his fingers, and granted his own wish; thus, allowing his spirituality to return to its normal state.

Right on the heels of that, he extended his left palm, preparing to end the maintenance of the historical projection of the "curtain" before summoning a new one, so as to continue sealing off the spirit world area corresponding to Belltaine City. This prevented the Church of the God of Combat's chief shepherd, Larrion, from escaping.

"There's no need to do so. There's always a next time." At that moment, Arianna slowly shook "Her" head, indicating that Klein no longer needed to summon the "curtain" that originated from the Dark Demonic Wolf.

There was a limit to the power of "Wishes." A Miracle Invoker couldn't satisfy the same wish in a short period of time, which meant that, within the next one or two hours, Klein couldn't recover his spirituality by granting his own wishes.

Of course, to a qualified Seer-pathway angel, this limitation was something that could be avoided. For example, he could get Pasha, Roy, Biles, and Arianna to take turns to wish for Klein to regain his spirituality before granting their wishes as a Miracle

Invoker.

However, the problem was that, even if he could recover his spirituality that many times, he wouldn't be able to maintain the "curtain" which was at the level of a Sequence 1 for more than an hour. Furthermore, he needed to wait an hour before 0-02 erased all the previous rules and rewrote them.

After some deliberation, Klein nodded slightly and replied with a smile, "Let's give it a try first. After all, we're rather free right now. I'll give up after my last spirituality recovery attempt. Yes, this will purely depend on the chief shepherd's luck. Perhaps 'He' might lose control because of anxiety, frustration, and nervousness?"

As he spoke, Klein dispelled the maintenance of the original "curtain," and his left hand moved forward immediately after that. He pulled out a new "curtain," allowing it to appear inside the spirit world that corresponded to Belltaine City.

In an area where saturated colors overlapped one another, Larrion, who was wearing a black robe with white edges and a square hat, felt the restriction disappear. Just as "He" was about to make "His" way out, he saw a new "curtain" descend, sealing him off again.

The smile on his face instantly froze.

Phew... A few seconds later, Larrion slowly exhaled and composed "Himself" mentally as he continued to wait.

In the next hour, the chief shepherd of the Church of the God of Combat repeatedly experienced the despair and pain of having "His" hopes extinguished.

“He” attempted to find the pattern and attempt to figure out the time interval so as to grasp the fleeting opportunity. “He” wanted to rush out of the barrier the moment the old “curtain” disappeared and before the new “curtain” was produced.

However, “He” eventually discovered that the intervals didn’t follow any pattern. The person stopping “Him” didn’t restore the barrier only when his spirituality was about to be depleted. At times, the other party would recreate the barrier far ahead of time.

If it wasn’t for the fact that Feysacian citizens weren’t forced to change faiths from the God of Combat, and that the decree that Larrion was considered a traitor hadn’t been widely spread, this Grounded Angel might’ve already lost control on the spot.

As time passed, Larrion once again sensed the collapse of the old “curtain.”

However, this time, there was no new “curtain.”

“He” has finally reached his limit… Larrion was delighted. Without any hesitation, “He” rushed out of the collapsing nascent divine kingdom.

In the next moment, “He” saw a woman holding four blonde, red-eyed heads, dressed in a complicated long dress, an unknown existence that was wrapped in bandages with yellowish-brown liquid covering the entire, and several strange but abnormally powerful spirit world creatures…

The “curtain” that Klein had summoned the previous times were Historical Void projections that had been tainted with Sefirah Castle’s aura. It naturally attracted objects sensitive to it. He wouldn’t even be surprised if Amon was among the group!

The smile on Larrion's face froze again.

...

Belltaine City, in Biles's rental apartment.

Klein suddenly raised his head and looked up into the sky. He muttered softly, "Impressive..."

Following that, he became silent again until the magic mirror emitted an aqueous light that reflected the noticeboard's current state.

The rules on the paper disappeared in reverse order of their appearance.

This meant that 0-02 was beginning to erase the rules that it had set up, and was preparing to redo everything.

Once the curfew order was abolished, the highly-focused Klein immediately pulled Ma'am Arianna and used Flaming Jump to appear outside the shrunken Belltaine City LIbrary.

As he looked over, he realized that, on the brass pages of 0-02, the speed at which the rules were being wiped clear had become very fast. In just a blink of an eye, the second half of the book was only left with the clause: "All the following rules are ineffective."

Following that, the clause disappeared as a new set of rules rapidly emerged without any gaps:

“The Trunsoest Brass Book is the most precious item. No living being is permitted to touch it…”

Before this clause was completed, Arianna’s figure had already appeared beside the rectangular table. “Her” finger touched the brass page.

With a crack, the leader of the Church of Evernight’s ascetic had “Her” neck suddenly constricted as though an invisible rope had hoisted “Her” up.

As an angel, “She” had actually suffered bone fractures and had difficulties breathing.

Death by hanging!

However, with Arianna’s finger sliding over with some difficulty, the first clause that appeared was “erased” before it was fully displayed. It entered a “Concealed” state.

As for all the rules set by 0-02, it had to be publicized or announced before it could truly be effective!

With a whoosh, Arianna picked up the Trunsoest Brass Book and threw it to Klein, who was outside the window.

In the previous hour, Klein had already anticipated all the possible developments and had a discussion with Arianna. He was in no way nervous or flustered. While 0-02 was still in midair, he dragged another himself wearing a human-skinned glove out of the void.

Then, he grabbed the Trunsoest Brass Book and used his historical projection to “Teleport” away.

After his figure disappeared from his spot, Arianna landed on the ground with a loud thud, a deep mark left on “Her” neck.

In just a few seconds, Klein, who was holding 0-02, appeared at the top of the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range. He used his Spirit Vision at the level of an angel and saw the collapsed, dilapidated, and fogged palace.

Without any hesitation, Klein allowed his historical projection to take the Trunsoest Brass Book and “Blink” to the main door of the palace before pushing the door open.

What appeared before him was a hall with many corpses hanging from above. Every corpse was different. There were men and women, either dressed beautifully, simply, exquisitely, or casually.

Behind each of these hangers was a transparent and slippery tentacle with complicated patterns. They came from the depths of the hall—from that ancient stone chair.

On the huge stone chair, transparent and distorted maggots were formed into a ball. They grew wantonly and extended out strange tentacles.

This was The Half-Fool of the Antigonus family, who had lost control and gone mad!

Sensing the door open, and sensing Klein’s historical projection approach, the cluster of maggots left the stone chair and fiercely

flailed their slippery tentacles, causing them to surge towards the door as if they were being affected by an invisible suction force.

Similarly, at the bottom of the stone chair, the tarot card with Roselle's image, which was written with a stellar radiance, flew towards the door.

Just seeing this scene pushed Klein's historical projection towards experiencing a breakdown. Thankfully, he didn't possess any sentience and was remotely controlled by Klein. He didn't suffer the chaotic thoughts and the negative side effects of the mental mutation, nor did he stand motionless and helpless.

Before the historical projection dissipated, it threw the Trunsoest Brass Book at the terrifying cluster of maggots.

The transparent and slippery tentacles sensed danger and instinctively reacted by wrapping around Sealed Artifact 0-02.

Under such interference and the invisible strong winds, The Fool card had reached the door one step ahead of the strange tentacles.

Klein's historical projection had mostly collapsed. Seeing this, he mechanically extended his right hand, grabbed the Card of Blasphemy, and threw it behind him.

In the next instant, the slippery tentacles that were reassembled had reached out to the door, but they were blocked by the fog, unable to exit. All it could do was wildly pound at the barrier.

The open door slowly closed, blocking out this scene.

Klein, who was hiding somewhere on the mountain peak, frowned slightly. He felt a sense of joy and relief, as well as a strong sense of doubt.

In other words, I used 0-02 to exchange for The Fool's card? The Goddess doesn't need me to seek clues regarding the River of Eternal Darkness for the time being? Klein silently muttered to himself. He walked out of the hidden area and arrived not far from the ancient palace. He bent down and picked up the Card of Blasphemy.

On the surface of the card was Roselle Gustav, who was wearing colorful clothes and holding a stick and luggage. His eyes were filled with a longing for the future, and behind him was a puppy.

On the upper left corner of the card, the resplendent stellar radiance outlined a few words:

"Sequence 0: The Fool!"

...

Inside the ancient palace, the Trunsoest Brass Book fell to the ground and opened up to the first page of the second half of the book.

New rules began to form:

"...The Trunsoest Brass Book is the most precious item. No living being is permitted to touch it. Those in violation are to be sentenced to death!

"...One is not allowed to change the condition of the Trunsoest Brass Book in any way. Those in violation are to be sentenced to death!

Just as the two rules just appeared, and before it could "inform" the owner here, a line of words suddenly appeared between the two halves of the book:

"All the following rules are ineffective."

An hour later, the two rules were wiped out, and new rules were written. However, after just two lines, there was an additional clause in front of them—0-02 seemed to have reached a blank slate that happened when the entire book was filled up.

Again and again, the Trunsoest Brass Book fell into an endless cycle.

Chapter 1290: Fulfilling Wishes

Putting away The Fool card, Klein took out Creeping Hunger from the void, equipped it to his left hand, and activated “Teleport.”

After returning to the miniaturized city library, he immediately said to the Servant of Concealment, Arianna, “It has been thrown into the abandoned palace on the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range.”

That was an entrance to the foggy town.

As for how to deal with 0-02 later on, it was the Church of Evernight’s problem.

“Alright.” Arianna nodded and didn’t say anything else. “She” entered a “Concealed” state and vanished, as though “She” had been erased.

“She” didn’t thank him, nor mention any payment. It was just like how “She” had never made any requests when “She” helped Klein in the past.

Does Ma’am Arianna know that I’ve obtained The Fool card? Klein looked around thoughtfully and slowly sighed in the darkness.

Although the supernatural incident had been resolved in less than two hours, there were still quite a number of people who had lost their lives under the strict “rules.”

The Belltaine citizens had more or less committed certain mistakes, but the punishments they suffered were far more disproportionate to the crimes they had committed. The most innocent party in the matter were the tourists who came or passed by Belltaine. They had to face a nightmare simply because they were foreigners.

Klein had tried his best to do some things to protect many outsiders, including Roy and the others, but he was also limited in what he could do due to the restrictions he suffered. There weren't many loopholes that could be made use of, making it impossible to make it seem like none of that had ever happened.

What I need to do next is to mainly provide treatment to the survivors… Klein retracted his gaze and planned on "Teleporting" to Biles's house to deal with the remaining problems.

At that moment, Reinette Tinekerr, who was holding four blonde, red-eyed heads and was wearing a dark and complicated long dress, walked out of the void. One of the heads bit onto a black goat's horn.

"'He'…" "Escaped…" "The spirit world…" The remaining three heads of Miss Messenger said.

"As expected of a former chief shepherd." Klein, who had long sensed it, sighed without any surprise.

Then, he pointed at the black goat's horn.

"Did Larrion leave that behind?"

After Klein received the item, Reinette Tinekerr's head that

hadn't spoken earlier said, "Yes."

After encountering the curse of deformity, "He" had still managed to barge out of the encirclement and escape from the spirit world. "He" is indeed powerful... Is this a Sequence 2 angel who's best at fighting head-on? Klein flicked his wrist, causing the black goat horn in his palm to shatter into countless tiny specks of light as it dissipated, dispersing the remnant psyche.

The limbs left behind by a Beyonder after them undergoing a "Transformation" contain a portion of their Beyonder characteristics that couldn't return to the main body.

When the points of light were reassembled from Sequence 9 to Sequence 7, as well as a Sequence 4 Beyonder characteristic, Klein chose the Sequence 8 Pugilist from it and returned the rest to Miss Messenger with a smile.

"These are your spoils. I'll only collect the intelligence fee."

Reinette Tinekerr didn't stand on ceremony. "She" raised one of the blonde, red-eyed heads and had it open its mouth, absorbing the Sequence 9, Sequence 7, and Sequence 4 Warrior Beyonder characteristics.

After watching Miss Messenger leave Belltaine, Klein "Teleported" back to Biles's home and smiled at Roy and company.

"The problem has been resolved. You are no longer foreigners who have to be treated with animosity."

The four Beyonders were just about to respond with heartfelt and

relieved smiles when they saw the magical Mr. Magician invite a stranger from the air.

It was an old man with a dark red bow tie. He wore a shirt, vest, formal suit, and blue striped trousers. His hair remained thick despite it being all-white. His aura was warm and elegant.

This was the marionette, Hvin Rambis, whom Klein had once possessed. He planned on using this Manipulator to seal away their memories of 0-02.

Not being corrupted by a sefirah didn't mean that Biles wouldn't encounter terrifying matters when he recollected the matter!

As there was only one relevant period of memory for Biles, and he didn't know the truth of the matter, what Klein needed to do was rather simple. Therefore, he didn't seek Miss Justice's help. He planned on using his marionette's Historical Void projection to complete it.

"You didn't tell them about what happened in the city library, right?" Klein got Hvin Rambis to walk to his side as he asked Biles.

Biles hurriedly shook his head and said, "I remember your advice."

"Very good. Next, I'll give you some psychological treatment. I'll help you forget all those matters. Otherwise, you'll be targeted by 0-02 and never be able to obtain peace until you die. Believe me, Sealed Artifacts at this level can definitely do something like that —even if it has been taken away," Klein explained his goal frankly.

Biles's lips quivered as he said, "Alright."

He chose to obey and believe.

After inviting Roy, Pasha, and Phil out of this rental apartment, Klein controlled Hvin Rambis to do a series of mental control processes and successfully made Biles forget the brass book he had seen, as well as the contents on it.

After doing this, Klein carefully took out the magic mirror and looked at it.

"Arrodes, are there any other hidden dangers?"

On the surface of the ancient silver mirror, the aqueous light flickered and reflected a line of silver words:

"Great Master, there aren't any latent risks in Belltaine. As for other places in Loen and Feysac, as it involves 0-02 itself, I'm unable to see it clearly.

"Perhaps you can confirm it yourself?"

"Alright." Klein nodded slightly, took out a gold coin, and softly chanted the corresponding divination statement.

With a ping, the gold coin flicked up and tumbled in the air.

During this process, scenes naturally surfaced in Klein's mind. They were chimneys, streets, and cities. They were extremely vague and lacked specific directions.

With a slight frown, he collected his thoughts and reached out to catch the gold coin.

Then, he got Pasha and the others to return to Biles's home. He smiled and said to Roy, "Didn't you wish to obtain the next potion? You can make a wish now."

Roy's eyes revealed surprise and he asked nervously, "I can still make another wish?"

"This is a gift," Klein replied with a smile.

Roy's heart stirred. Without asking any more questions, he seized this opportunity to fulfill his wish of obtaining the next potion.

Klein then threw the Warrior pathway's Sequence 8 Pugilist Beyonder characteristic to him.

"This is essentially a potion, but for safety, I suggest you search for the corresponding formula and find the correct supplementary ingredients."

"Your amazing feats are worthy of praise." Roy expressed his gratitude.

His first potion had, in some sense, been a Warrior Beyonder characteristic that he devoured. As the apocalypse was approaching, along with his relatively low Sequence and good luck, he didn't lose control on the spot. He didn't even have any serious psychological problems.

After that, he gradually came into contact with other Beyonders and came into contact with true mysticism. Only then did he learn how dangerous his actions were, and he didn't dare make a similar attempt again.

Faced with Roy's praise, Klein looked around and smiled.

"Next, follow me out of Belltaine. This doesn't mean that there's still danger here, but I have to make use of this time to fulfill your wishes."

One wish involved Roy hoping that Klein could help them leave the Belltaine, while the other wish involved Pasha's wish to have Klein protect them and allow them to leave Belltaine City alive.

Although these two matters were meaningless under the present situation, to Klein, he had to fulfill the wish even if there was no point in doing it.

I'm just a heartless "wish-granting machine"... Klein lampooned himself as he smiled at Biles and company.

Pasha and the others glanced at each other, not daring to raise any objections. Just like before, they held each other's hands.

Then, Klein brought them to the outskirts of Belltaine with "Teleportation."

"The magic show has come to an end. It's time to say goodbye." Klein took off his hat and bowed. He tried his best to make himself a true wandering magician.

This was a habit of his acting.

Upon seeing this, Pasha blurted out, “Can we know your name?”

Klein smiled and said, “I have too many names. Different people have different names for me. You can call me the ‘Miracle Magician,’ Merlin Hermes.”

“Mr. Hermes, are you a believer of the Evernight Goddess?” Roy asked after some hesitation.

“…” For a moment, Klein didn’t know how to answer. He really wanted to say that he once was, but not anymore.

After some consideration, he decided to act as an Attendant of Mysteries in advance.

He immediately restrained his smile and solemnly said, “The one I serve is The Fool, the Lord of the Mysteries, the great ruler above the spirit world.

“If you wish to believe in this mighty existence, or wish to gain more of an understanding, you can go to the Sonia Sea’s Rorsted Archipelago. The Lord’s missionary, Danitz, is currently preaching there.”

Furthermore, the City of Silver definitely has all the potion formulas from the Warrior pathway under Sequence 2… Klein silently added, but he didn’t say it out loud.

Roy nodded slightly and said, “It’s my first time knowing of such a mighty existence in this world. Your miraculous nature has

shown ‘His’ brilliance.”

He didn’t directly respond to Mr. Merlin Hermes because he was still hesitant.

Pasha, Biles, and Phil were the same.

Without another word, Klein turned around and left the four Beyonders, before making a detour to Belltaine.

He didn’t forget his purpose in alighting at this tiny city. He planned on immediately finding a room to study The Fool card above the gray fog.

...

In a city in Midseashire, at a particular library.

A young law researcher took out a book from the bookshelf and walked to a table by the window and sat down.

As he carefully read through the book, he realized that there was a page of yellowish-brown paper in it.

“What is this?” the young law researcher muttered to himself in confusion and reached out to pull out the paper.

After confirming that it was written in ancient Feysac, the content was rather rare.

“...In the Fourth Epoch, there was a book named the ‘Trunsoest Brass Book’...”

Chapter 1291: Two Rituals

Above the gray fog, in the ancient palace, Klein's figure appeared.

At that moment, on the high-back chair belonging to The Fool sat a person shrouded in grayish-white fog.

As Klein returned to Sefirah Castle, this "person" instantly disintegrated, turning into transparent and distorted Worms of Spirit that flew to Klein and entered his body.

Thankfully, the restrictions placed by 0-02 only involved no leaking of secrets or returning. I didn't have my connection with the Worms of Spirit that were guarding Sefirah Castle severed. Otherwise, they would've already lost control and become monsters... Klein sighed inwardly as he sat at the seat belonging to The Fool and picked up The Fool card he had previously sacrificed to himself.

As the Card of Blasphemy had already been activated, there was no need for him to seek out any additional incantations. All he needed to do was inject spirituality into it to see the corresponding changes.

The Fool card quickly transformed into a miniature, illusory book. With Klein's guidance, it kept flipping back until it reached the last two pages.

"Sequence 1: Attendant of Mysteries

"This is an angel who serves the profound mysteries. 'He' has gained initial control of the corresponding domain's authorities.

‘He’ can summon Spirit Body Threads of objects that originally existed. ‘He’ can combine many physical objects or abstract concepts together…

“The potion formula is as follows:

“Main ingredients: One Attendant of Mysteries Beyonder characteristic.

“Supplementary ingredients: Nine spirit world specialties.

“Advancement ritual: Build a town consisting only of marionettes, and design a trajectory of fate for every marionette. By letting them interact with each other, they would act as a sufficiently real-life painting and create a corresponding area in the spirit world.

“The larger the town, the more the marionettes involved, the more detailed the daily lives are, and the more realistic and extensiveness the different fates are, the better the ritual’s effects would be.

“Sequence 0: The Fool.

“This is a true deity. In a sense, ‘He’ is an embodiment of the corresponding authorities…’He’ is adept at using all kinds of methods to fool all things, showcasing all kinds of fascinating miracles…

“The potion formula is as follows:

“Main ingredients: The Uniqueness of The Fool. Two Attendant of

Mysteries Beyonder characteristics apart from one's characteristic.

"Supplementary ingredients: Control at least a quarter of the fog of history.

"Advancement ritual: Fool time, history, or fate once."

As he read, Klein slowly frowned and silently muttered to himself, *Compared to the advancement ritual of Attendant of Mysteries, The Fool's ritual is just too abstract... What does it mean to fool time, history, or fate? How does one decide if it's successful?*

Controlling at least a quarter of the fog of history is relatively simple for me. On the one hand, I know a lot of ancient secrets and have lit up many historical fragments. On the other hand, I can directly influence the fog of history through Sefirah Castle...

I'll put The Fool's matter aside for now. Currently, my focus is on Attendant of Mysteries. You have to walk one step at a time before running is possible. Uh, of course, some lucky ones can fly directly...

It's very easy to find the nine specialties in the spirit world. Be it to get Miss Messenger to help, or to seek the Seven Light's advice, this isn't a problem... The advancement ritual is very close to the environment around Zaratul and the Antigonus family's ancestor. Furthermore, it matches what the Seven Lights said about having a close connection with the spirit world. I can determine it to be true for now.

With this in mind, Klein took off the topaz pendant wrapped around his left wrist and used divination to confirm the authenticity of the Attendant of Mysteries potion formula.

It wasn't that he didn't believe in Emperor Roselle, but his fellow countryman had likely been influenced by Mr. Door before he created the Cards of Blasphemy. He had gone to the moon and suffered the corruption and contamination of the Mother Goddess of Depravity; thus, resulting in distorted memories.

It was precisely because of this that it was highly possible that Roselle had buried some traps in the key areas of the Cards of Blasphemy in his final days.

In this aspect, Klein had always been cautious and careful.

Speaking of the Primordial Moon's true form, the most powerful Great Old One, the Mother Goddess of Depravity, could it be that the Emperor had unknowingly been tainted based on "Her" title... On the moon, perhaps there are many younger brothers and sisters that Bernadette has never met before. Of course, it's unlikely that there are gender differences...

The marionettes needed for the Attendant of Mysteries ritual can be obtained from the Forsaken Land of the Gods. The copious number of monsters there is a good thing. Furthermore, I've accumulated quite a few of them previously. As Klein's thoughts wandered, he turned his head to look at the other side of the ancient palace and made the grayish-white fog beside the junk pile dissipate.

As the fog receded, rows of brownish-yellow seats appeared, each of which sat a figure.

Those figures were either giants covered in silver armor, humans with deformed facial features in linen clothes, and large chunks of flesh overgrown with eyes... They sat quietly in their rows of seats, their eyes glazed over and indifferent as they stared in the direction of the long mottled table.

These were all marionettes that Klein had gathered in the Forsaken Land of the Gods. Every time he needed to switch location, and it wasn't convenient for him to carry too many with him, he would sacrifice a batch of them above the gray fog.

Of course, this had nothing to do with environmental protection. Instead, it was what had happened to the foggy town and the scene displayed by Zaratul. It made Klein instinctively believe that there was a high chance that a particular ritual would require many marionettes. Therefore, he had always been very frugal in this aspect.

As for why he didn't hang these marionettes up, and had made them sit in rows in a conjured theater as members of the audience, this was because Klein felt that the actions of the Antigonus family's ancestor and Zaratul were a little perverse.

He had tried to imitate and mimic them, but the goal was for acting. Now, he didn't need it anymore.

But how can such a marionette city produce corresponding spirit world information? The spirit world is a gathering of the past, present, and future information, but it doesn't directly include such fake objects...

Generated from what others know? Every living being's actions and words would be reflected in the spirit world in an abstract manner, becoming the source of divination. When their actions, words, and certain intense feelings are clearly built into a marionette city, the city's spirit world projection would appear, turning into a "true" existence...

The interactions involved in this are linked to the more profound secrets of the spirit world... Klein closed The Fool card in thought and played with it.

As he had already reached the angel level, he had a certain understanding regarding the creation of the Cards of Blasphemy.

Back then, not only was Roselle able to draw powers from knowledge, but he could also give actual powers to abstract knowledge!

As for what kind of material the Emperor used to create it, and how he accomplished the effects of anti-divination and anti-prophecy at the level of deities, Klein was unable to figure it out.

After some thought, Klein tried to accommodate The Fool card in his body.

His condition immediately changed. His body was covered with colorful clothes, and there was an extremely gorgeous piece of headwear on his head. His aura was deep and terrifying, but it gave off a comical, ridiculous, ludicrous feeling. It was a condition filled with a strange conflict.

The space attached to Sefirah Castle gently swayed, as though it wanted to surrender to the feet of this indescribable deity.

My level has been enhanced a little. There aren't any substantial changes. After all, I'm already the owner of Sefirah Castle. Heh, it's like I have a fashionable costume that can accentuate my aura... Klein shook his head and said a few self-deprecating words.

At the same time, a transparent and distorted Worm of Spirit crawled out from his body, forming a figure that was identical to him.

After splitting off a Worm of Spirit of "himself" that could

respond to prayers at any moment, Klein returned to the real world and strolled around Belltaine City. He used the method of granting wishes to treat the injuries of people, and he learned about the war from them.

...

"Dogsh*t!" Danitz couldn't help but curse when he heard the crew's report. "They actually finished the whale oil? Why didn't you stop them?"

As they passed by the Gargas Archipelago, Danitz and his crew bought a batch of whale oil that hadn't been refined. They planned on bringing it back to Bayam and selling it at a high price. Who would've expected that a portion of it had been "secretly eaten" by the City of Silver's half-giants?

The crew member glanced at the Oracle and whispered, "They don't understand what we're talking about. We don't understand what they're talking about either. Only the shortest one can communicate, but it doesn't mean we can find him at any time. He always Cogitates in places where the sun shines, changing positions every time."

Danitz subconsciously sneered.

"This is what happens to illiterates.

"If you could grasp all sorts of languages like ancient Feysac, Jotun, and Elvish like me, something like that wouldn't have happened.

"Of course, linguistic talent is related to intelligence. You don't

have to force yourself."

The crewman carefully looked at Danitz again.

"Oracle, they ate the portion of whale oil you bought."

...*Dogsh*t!* Danitz's reaction was faster than his thoughts as he rushed towards the cabin.

After a period of chaos, Danitz received compensation with a Sequence 8 Beyonder characteristic. He didn't know if he had profited or suffered a loss. After all, the dirty bodily fluids left on the characteristic made him feel disgusted and nauseous.

By the time the ship returned to peace, City of Generosity, Bayam, was already in front of the City of Silver's reconnaissance team.

Derrick led Liaval, Candice, and the others to the deck and looked at the destination of their "journey."

Although they had passed by many ports, they had never been allowed to alight from the ship. They could only watch from afar. Now, it was finally time for them to step onto the land outside.

Even so, the large number of people, houses, and hardships that they had seen from afar were still unable to conceal their bubbling enthusiasm. They continued to yearn for life in the world of light.

Of course, having been used to the darkness and lightning, they

took quite some time before they could get used to the sun outside. If not for the fact that they were Beyonders, they would've suffered permanent damage to their eyes.

As he looked at the docks and the numerous people, the airships that were traveling high in the sky, and the other ships around him while hearing noises that he could barely understand, Derrick suddenly felt a sense of nervousness. This would be the area where the City of Silver would take up residence in the future.

As he swept his gaze, he suddenly saw a man standing on the coastal lighthouse. He was wearing a long robe embroidered with the symbol of Storm. His hair was dark blue— nearly black —like a clump of seaweed. His face was rough and carved.

As their gazes met, Derrick instantly calmed down and no longer felt uneasy.

Chapter 1292: Entering Bayam For the First Time

After the huge ship belonging to the Resistance docked, all of the City of Silver citizens changed into round-neck shirts, brown jackets, pantaloons, and dark-colored caps before following Oracle Danitz down the ship. They prepared to pass through the dock to enter the City of Generosity Bayam. Those clothes had been prepared beforehand.

"It's really uncomfortable wearing this. It's not suitable for battle..." As he walked, Liaval moved his limbs and whispered to Elder Derrick.

Derrick nodded slightly and said, "But it's better to hide ourselves and not be too eye-catching. We don't want to become the focus of attention."

Derrick's analysis wasn't a problem at all. After all, they were outsiders and they only numbered twenty-one people. It was best if they didn't attract the attention of others, but he seemed to have forgotten a crucial detail.

"B-but, they're all looking at us..." Candice quickly surveyed the area and whispered.

The workers who were dressed crudely or half-naked at the pier all looked over at the tourists who wore all kinds of getups.

"They're tall..." A Bayam resident with bronze skin and slightly curly hair could not help but sigh.

His height was only around 160. This was the height of all the

male commoners in the current colonial era. As for the people of the City of Silver, other than Derrick, who was only slightly over two meters tall, the rest were on average above 2.3 meters. The tallest of them exceeded 2.5 meters.

To have such half-giants walk through the docks amidst the crowd was equally eye-catching no matter what they wore.

“Feysacians?” A Loenese in a top hat and formal suit turned his head to gossip with his companion. “Has the slave trade begun again?”

He believed that the City of Silver entourage were Feysacian slaves that the Rorsted government had bought from the Loen Kingdom. After all, in this world, the only ones he could think of who had such heights in such numbers were the barbarians who claimed to be descendants of giants.

His partner shook his head and frowned.

“It doesn’t seem like the case. Most Feysacians have light-blue eyes. Furthermore, even if they are Feysacian, few of them exceed two meters in height. Un-unless these are nobles or high-ranking prisoners of war…”

Although Feysac didn’t have a clear rule, in all kinds of industries, especially in the military, there was a phenomenon that one’s height determined one’s status. Of course, this wasn’t the only condition. It was also a combination of family background, nobility, and ranks.

Due to such “traditions,” the descendants of Feysacian royalty and the military brass were generally taller than two meters.

This was actually a superficial phenomenon that, at its essence, was an influence of their Beyonder characteristics.

Those who became one of the brass of the Feysac military were either nobles or at least Sequence 5. And for the latter, due to the repeated influence of the Giant pathway's potions, their height would definitely reach the "standard" height. Those who chose the Red Priest pathway would also have a certain increase in height. However, the signs weren't as obvious in their early stages as those from the Giant pathway, and the total increase in height was only a few centimeters. They had to become a demigod to experience a qualitative change.

For noble descendants, their ancestors were more or less "giants," or had marital alliances with "giants." Regardless of whether they inherited the Beyonder characteristics, the corresponding genes accumulated over generations would definitely allow their normal height to exceed two meters.

Among them, families who were still in control of a portion of the Giant pathway's potion formulas, and those who had a certain heritage, tend to be in the same situation as the residents of the City of Silver.

The royal family in charge of the Red Priest pathway maintained the heights of their descendants through marital alliances.

The residents of the City of Silver, who were being scrutinized by numerous gazes, felt increasingly uneasy. It was as if they had returned to the cursed land where they were being watched by monsters as they walked in the dark.

Derrick was very calm and composed. He looked around and said to the members of the reconnaissance team, "They don't have any ill intentions."

After confirming that Mr. Hanged Man was in this city and how he knew that he had arrived, Derrick no longer felt isolated and helpless.

It wasn't that he didn't trust the messenger that Mr. Fool had appointed, but that he believed that he didn't want to trouble a god as much as possible in his daily life. The best thing to do was resolve problems himself.

And when it came to dealing with his own problems, Derrick was ultimately unfamiliar with the outside world, so he wasn't too confident. At this moment, to have an experienced, trustable, extremely intelligent "native" with a meticulous mind help him would definitely be the best option.

Of course, Derrick also knew that Mr. Hanged Man wouldn't make any contact with him on the surface because he belonged to another faction. He wasn't a believer of Sea God, so if he acted too warmly over matters regarding the City of Silver, he was bound to be suspected.

However, there will always be a proper reason and suitable opportunities to meet... Derrick thought in anticipation.

Amidst his thoughts, he and the members of the City of Silver's reconnaissance team followed Danitz out of the dock and arrived on the streets.

Their vision suddenly broadened as they saw more people than before and heard all sorts of voices.

To the people of the City of Silver, this was even more lively than the grandest "harvest" in their hometown. At a glance, there were countless people dressed in strange clothes with all kinds of unique characteristics. Some were in a hurry, others were

strolling leisurely, and some were carrying large pieces of fruit. They used pipes to suck in the liquid, or held food that looked like the delicious pies on the ship, occasionally taking a bite.

Apart from these, horse-like creatures that pulled carriages producing tinkling sounds, the metallic objects that moved extremely fast, and the smell of the various spices that filled the streets made people of the City of Silver feel like they had come to another world.

And to them, this was indeed another world.

Even though they were a little fearful and uneasy, and were not too used to such a scene, everyone could clearly feel the vibrancy of this scene.

This was like the sunlight in one's soul, reflecting the sun in the sky.

This is the place where we will live, battle, and reproduce in the future? Derrick, Liaval, Candice, and the others subconsciously had similar thoughts. They felt a little uneasy but didn't reject any of it.

Danitz looked at their faces which had been stunned silly by Bayam's bustling scene in satisfaction as he inwardly muttered, *This is only Bayam. If you were to go to Trier and Backlund, are you going to kneel down and kiss the ground?*

This world-famous pirate controlled his urge to mock them, as he was now Mr. Fool's messenger. He couldn't ruin the image of a deity.

After leading the City of Silver people to a rather luxurious hotel, Danitz gestured for the crew to handle the check-in as he spoke in fluent Jotun to his guests:

"It's getting dark. We'll stay here for one night and leave the city tomorrow.

"The place where you will build your city has been arranged. It's on the other side of the forest. There's a natural harbor and a few roads that lead to Bayam. Heh, roads to this city. After that, we'll expand the main road and build a railway that leads to your city."

Railway... Derrick, who had studied during the Tarot Gathering, knew what it meant. He nodded gratefully and inwardly praised Mr. Fool once again.

Danitz continued,

"We've already helped you level the area, and left the space needed for some basic facilities such as water pipes and gas pipes. When you begin building houses, we'll send a team over to help with the matters.

"Also, the corresponding construction materials and temporary tents have been prepared for you. Thank Mr. Fool. Uh, there's also the help of the Church of the Lord of Storms in this matter. Otherwise, we wouldn't have been able to purchase so much material. However, they mainly did so to earn additional funds."

The Rorsted new government hadn't been established for long, and its connections with the outside world weren't comprehensive enough. What they didn't expect was that the Church of the Lord of Storms had taken the initiative to provide help on the City of Silver's matter.

Water pipes... Gas pipes... Derrick gradually couldn't understand what was being said, but he still put on a pensive expression.

There were a few times when Danitz nearly said the word "dogsh*t" in passing. Without speaking another word, he introduced the hotel:

"This is a hotel that Feysacians like to live in at Bayam the most. The ceiling might be a little too low for you, but it won't be low enough to hit your heads."

With that said, Danitz smiled.

"At the end of this street is Red Theater..."

He revealed a smile that all men understood.

However, the people of the City of Silver didn't understand.

Seriously, the Emperor said that the most ancient human occupation is the selling of their bodies. They actually don't know what I'm talking about... The corners of Danitz's mouth twitched as he gave up on the topic.

After his second and third mates were done with the check-in, he led the entourage up to the second floor and assigned them their rooms.

After doing this, he took out a stack of cards that he had long written, and he distributed them to the members of the City of Silver, who were scouting the area.

“Every card has a few words in the local language and the corresponding word in Jotun. If you need any services or food, you can ring the bell here. When the attendant comes over, show him the card. Of course, they might not be able to understand it, but they will definitely seek help from people who understand it.”

This was a simple and easy method to understand. The people of the City of Silver easily grasped how to use the cards, secretly excited that they could finally communicate with the people here.

Following that, Danitz demonstrated how to switch on the water and how to use the toilet, and how to light up the gas wall lamps. It made Derrick, Liaval, and Candice feel like they had arrived at a divine kingdom.

All it took to have water flow was to press a switch. A button was enough to wash away their excrement without leaving any stains. There was a lantern that kept emitting light once it was ignited. These were all things that they didn’t dare to imagine in the past.

And these things would become part of their new lives.

By the time the City of Silver’s members had gotten used to the hotel, the sky had completely darkened. Night had begun to rule the city.

Although Derrick and company had long confirmed that there was no danger of monsters attacking in the dark in the outside world, they were still instinctively afraid. Therefore, they would either emit light themselves or light up the gas wall lamps.

At that moment, they saw gas lamps lighting up one after

another on the streets, the houses—both near and far—outside the glass windows. These lights dispersed the darkness in their respective areas.

In the eyes of the people of the City of Silver, the bright and dim lights were like the galaxy landing on the ground at night.

Chapter 1293: Devil's Oil Painting

In a warehouse that was being rebuilt in Pritz Harbor.

Fors met her teacher, Dorian Gray Abraham, once again a few days later.

"Are you ready?" Dorian asked in a low voice.

Back when they met, he had already informed Fors of the ritual requirement of the Apprentice pathway's Sequence 4 Secrets Sorcerer, so that she could make advanced preparations.

"More or less... I should be able to satisfy the requirements..." Fors replied without much confidence.

The advancement ritual of a Secrets Sorcerer was relatively simple, but in this case, "simple" was the antonym for "complex," and not "difficult." To Fors, she wished that it was something else.

The ritual required the candidate to seal a demigod-level creature with clear animosity. The less external help one received, the better the ritual's effects. As for the target's level, as long as it wasn't lower than a demigod, it was fine. It had virtually no effect on the ritual.

Upon hearing that, Dorian nodded and said, "That should be fine. That ritual is really difficult for a Sequence 5 Beyonder to complete it on their own. It's necessary to seek help at appropriate times, but you mustn't go overboard, such as exceeding the corresponding limitations. Otherwise, the ritual

will definitely fail."

The suggestion he had previously provided to Fors was to borrow a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact. It would be best if she didn't even hire a saint-level helper.

Fors said vaguely, "I only plan on making a wish to Mr. Fool to increase the success rate of advancement after consuming the potion. This is closer to obtaining good luck when consuming the potion, rather than being blessed and protected while sealing the demigod creature.

"Other than that, I'll be using the painting that you mentioned."

The painting wasn't a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact, the Scroll of God, but the Abraham family's Grade 1 Sealed Artifact. It was called "Devil's Oil Painting."

In the Fourth Epoch, when many members of the Abraham family had advanced to Sequence 4 Secrets Sorcerer, they had created the oil painting to seal the corresponding demigod-level creatures.

However, after being attacked by the Aurora Order and losing a lot of documents, Dorian Gray wasn't sure how many terrifying creatures were sealed in the Devil's Oil Painting. He was only certain that there was definitely more than one sealed inside.

His original plan was to release a demigod-level creature that was completely insane from the Devil's Oil Painting, one that acted purely out of instinct. This could then be his student's ritual target. This made it much easier than dealing with a rational and intelligent saint. Furthermore, it was completely in line with the ritual's requirements, but he never expected Fors to directly borrow the Devil's Oil Painting.

Dorian frowned and reminded her, “The Devil’s Oil Painting only has the effect of imprisonment and sealing. It doesn’t have the ability to actively affect the target. In other words, you have to stuff a demigod-level creature into the Devil’s Oil Painting.”

Fors nodded, indicating that she knew this.

“Teacher, you mentioned that one’s ‘Record’ ability isn’t considered external help.”

“Yes,” Dorian Gray gave a definite answer.

If her “Record” powers were considered external help, almost no Traveler could advance. After all, “Record” was the core ability of the Apprentice pathway before they became demigods. Once it was “excluded,” Fors would be left only with the means to flee, making it difficult for her to do anything to her enemies.

“In theory, that’s the case. However, you can only record at most five demigod-level powers…” Dorian said worriedly.

Before he finished his sentence, he thought of Mr. Fool and “His” Blessed and felt a little more at ease.

“If the powers are matched well, it isn’t impossible for me to succeed. It’s just a mad creature that’s acting on instinct.” Fors tried convincing both her teacher and herself.

Dorian nodded indiscernibly and didn’t say anything else. He immediately summoned his contracted creature, Malmouth, who loved music, and took out the Secrets Sorcerer main and supplementary ingredients. He then concocted a bottle of Secrets Sorcerer potion for his student.

“If there’s no way to complete the seal, there’s no need to forcefully consume it. Even if the potion and glass bottle fuses together and turns into a Sealed Artifact, we can also pray to Mr. Fool to restore it to a Beyonder characteristic.” Dorian continued to warn her worriedly before handing the potion to Fors.

Inside the glass bottle were layers of stellar radiance, as though the Milky Way in the sky had been sucked into the potion.

“Alright.” Fors nodded heavily, indicating that she wasn’t worried that the potion would be wasted.

She had made plans ahead of time. She would immediately “Teleport” away once she realized she couldn’t seal the released demigod-level creature before making a wish to Mr. Fool and getting him to resolve it.

Dorian then took out an oil painting from his suitcase, which was filled with abstract images. It was an image that no one could understand. Just looking at it would make one feel dizzy and mentally weak.

This was the Devil’s Oil Painting that had sealed countless terrifying creatures.

“If you can successfully advance, I only have one request.” Dorian held the Devil’s Oil Painting and said solemnly to Fors, “That is, on the night of the full moon, listen to what Mr. Door is saying and ask ‘Him’ the reasons for ‘His’ actions.”

The members of the Abraham family still couldn’t fully accept that the curse they had suffered from had stemmed from their ancestor. They felt that Mr. Door might not know the consequences of “His” plea for help.

They wished to figure out the full truth.

“Alright.” Faced with her teacher’s sincere request, Fors agreed without any hesitation.

Following that, she took the Devil’s Oil Painting, “Teleported” out of Pritz Harbor, and came to a vast desert where no humans lived.

This way, even if an accident happened during the ritual, she had plenty of time to resolve it and not affect ordinary people.

After checking the surroundings and preparing herself, Fors inserted the Devil’s Oil Painting into the ground.

She then clasped her hands together and bowed her head to pray to Mr. Fool. She wished that “He” could increase her chances of advancing after consuming the potion.

Without any pause, she saw the illusory grayish-white fog and knew that Mr. Fool had already responded.

After stalling for a few seconds, Fors finally convinced herself. She took out the herbal powder she had prepared, and she scattered it on the Devil’s Oil Painting.

Then, she recited the incantation to release the seal in Jotun.

This was an incantation that only released one creature.

Without a sound, the powder that was floating in the air landed

on the oil painting and rapidly spun around a central point.

As it spun, the surface of the oil painting turned illusory as if a deep vortex was forming.

Suddenly, a bluish-black hand emerged from the “vortex,” one that showed signs of decay.

It stretched out from the oil painting to the outside world!

Fors’s body suddenly turned cold as though she had fallen into a frozen lake.

While clearing up her mind, it also made her seem to lose control of her body. No matter how hard she tried, she was unable to move her limbs.

At that moment, Fors seemed to return to her past state of writing books at night and sleeping during the day. At that time, she often felt that she had woken up, but she couldn’t move at all. It was as though she was being pressed down by an invisible creature.

Although the terrifying creature in the Devil’s Oil Painting had yet to fully escape, its influence on the outside world with its godhood made Fors lose most of her ability to resist. Once it fully escapes from the oil painting, Fors would even lose control merely from looking at it directly.

The difference between the two in their lives’ natural order was unimaginable in certain aspects.

Gradually, Fors's consciousness blurred a little, having a nagging feeling that she was already lucid. She raised her arm and moved her feet, but on second thought, she realized that it was only her imagination. As her body turned colder, the feeling of being pressed down by an invisible creature became more obvious.

Fortunately, she had a bunch of demigods providing her information, allowing her to close her eyes in time. She didn't look at the Devil's Oil Painting; otherwise, the consequences would be dire.

Using Cogitation to maintain a certain level of clarity, Fors began counting down.

According to Mr. World's warning, she knew that the terrifying creature would need five seconds to completely escape the Devil's Oil Painting.

4... 3... 2... With just one second left, an illusory book appeared in Fors's eyes. It quickly flipped and stopped on one page.

1! Just as Fors finished counting, she suddenly spread open her arms.

Around her, peach blossoms fell in a colorful resplendence.

The bluish-black hand that was about to grab her neck moved away from her and was blocked by the peach forest that was blooming with vegetation and flowers. It was separated by a mountain that was the forest's river source, making it only possible for it to enter through a small cave.

This was a fairytale magic Fors had “Recorded” from Ma’am Hermit. It was called:

Peach Blossom Source!

It could create an isolation barrier from the outside world, making it very difficult for the outside world to connect to it.

Seizing this opportunity, Fors, who barely managed to regain control of her body, took out a “Queen” chess piece from Roselle’s chess from a pocket and threw it at the source of the peach blossom scene, throwing it at the cave that penetrated through the flowing river.

This was another fairytale magic she had “Recorded,” called:

The Chessboard of Time!

Its effect was to slow the target’s movements, as though it had entered a region in which time flowed slower.

With a smack, the actions of the bluish-black palm that was trying hard to break through the Peach Blossom Source changed from extending outwards to squirming.

Fors didn’t even look at the effects. She used an invisible hand to pick up the Devil’s Oil Painting that was stuck in the sand, and she held it right up to the cave.

After one or two seconds, the bluish-black palm returned to normal. Its movements became extremely fast as it charged out of the Peach Blossom Source and crashed into the oil painting.

As the oil painting shook, the terrifying creature penetrated the surface and landed in it.

Fors was delighted. Without any hesitation, she recited the incantation and closed the outer seal of the Devil's Oil Painting.

Thankfully, that demigod creature has already lost control. It's left with nothing but madness and lacks intelligence... I wonder if I will directly hear Mr. Door's shouts after consuming the potion... Still nervous, Fors took out the Secrets Sorcerer potion bottle and poured it into her mouth.

Chapter 1294: Conversation

If that demigod creature didn't slam into the Devil's Oil Painting on its own accord, I'd have to summon Mr. World's Historical Void projection... Uh, I wonder if that can be considered as directly hiring a helper at the angel level... As Fors pondered, she drank the potion.

To her, the potion was like icy water that could hurt someone due to the extreme temperature. All her senses vanished in the areas that it passed, leaving only her still thoughts.

It was inevitable that a person would hallucinate in extreme cold temperatures. In Fors's vision, a night sky instantly appeared. It was dotted with countless stars that weaved together to form a dream-like river.

Fors's body began reflecting bits of stellar radiance as if they came from her own body.

The tiny bits of pure stellar radiance formed an invisible connection with the different stars in the night sky. As the light shimmered, they twisted and squirmed as insect-like creatures crawled out of Fors's body. They wanted to seek refuge in the Milky Way formed by an array of embedded diamond shards.

Each of them carried a portion of their own flesh and consciousness, as though they were uncontrollable avatars.

Fors's thoughts quickly turned chaotic, and she fell into confusion. She almost couldn't control the urge to separate herself.

At that moment, she sensed an illusory object.

It was the seal that she had completed using the Devil's Oil Painting. It was projected into the mysterious world created by the potion, forming an abstract, blurry mark.

Fors didn't think further as she instinctively extended a portion of her consciousness along with her spirituality, and intertwined with the abstract symbol.

The mark wasn't exactly harmonious with her, as if it wasn't part of her, but it managed to barely merge with her.

Suddenly, in Fors's mind, the abstract symbol became rather clear. It consisted of a "door" that was layered with mysterious symbols.

This door hid Fors behind it, allowing her to isolate herself from the surrounding cosmos.

At the same time, on the other side of the "door," the sealed creature seemed to sense the aura of an enemy. Using its own godhood, it wildly corroded the illusory door. It happened to be able to reduce the influence the cosmos had on Fors.

After maintaining it for more than ten seconds, the resplendent Milky Way's night sky slowly faded away. The stellar radiance then returned to Fors's body fused with her.

At this moment, a deep darkness appeared in front of Fors. Deep in the darkness was a perpetual storm and occasionally flashing lightning.

The next second, Fors heard a familiar voice. It stabbed into her head like steel nails stirring her brain matter.

Fors grimaced immediately. If she hadn't experienced such things over and over in the past, and had some level of resistance, as well as the fact that she was at the saint level, she would have likely lost control.

Of course, there had to be some influence of "good luck" here.

After a few seconds, she finally managed to calm herself down and hear what the voice was shouting by using Cogitation.

It was calling for help!

It wasn't Jotun, Elvish or ancient Hermes. Instead, it was a language that Fors had never come into contact with before. However, she could understand it the moment she heard it. She felt like it was the true source of many languages.

Mr. Door would crazily shout for help every full moon. How disgraceful of a King of Angels... However, even if "He" is seeking help, it's still a terrifying thing that I can't withstand... Fors lampooned silently. She was considering if she should pretend not to hear it and wait until she had converged her spirituality and grasped the Beyonder powers of a Secrets Sorcerer before conversing with Mr. Door during the next full moon, or to do it now.

Suddenly, the shouts from afar stopped and the surroundings became deathly silent.

After two to three seconds, a wispy voice that could pierce

through Spirit Bodies entered Fors's mind.

"You used the Beyonder characteristics of the Abraham family."

This sentence was said in a flat manner without any rise or fall, but it made the blood vessels on Fors's forehead throb. Her eyes turned bloodshot as her body turned resplendent.

She almost lost control of herself.

"Who are you?" Fors composed herself and asked deliberately.

The voice that seemed to lure her into losing control said in a low smiling voice, "You can call me Mr. Door.

"You should be familiar with me."

The King of Angels from the Fourth Epoch directly pointed out that Fors had a certain connection with "Him." She could hear the full moon ravings.

...I'm going to write you into a novel! Fors secretly gritted her teeth and asked, "Honorable Mr. Door, are you the ancestor of the Abraham family, Your Excellency Bethel?"

The voice that had crossed countless barriers returned to its flatness.

"Yes."

“Then, do you know that your cry for ‘help’ has caused the entire Abraham family to be trapped in a curse that has lasted for more than a thousand years? It’s basically impossible for anyone to become a Traveler or even a Scribe? They often lose control during advancements or the night of the full moon.” Fors felt that she couldn’t speak to Mr. Door for a long time; otherwise, her inclination towards losing control would be irreversible. She directly posed the question that the Abrahams were most concerned about.

Mr. Door fell silent for two seconds before saying, “They no longer have Secrets Sorcerer or demigods?”

“There aren’t any after the War of the Four Emperors. And the curse you brought has made it impossible for them to advance to a demigod. If you can stop crying for help for ten years, a new Abraham demigod might be born. This will greatly aid in your escape,” Fors sincerely suggested.

Mr. Door sighed and said, “I have been exiled to an eternal darkness, and suffer the blockage of a perpetual storm. I have no way to know what’s happening in the real world, nor did I expect that there isn’t a single demigod left in the entire Abraham family.”

Lies... The one who calmly made this conclusion wasn’t Fors, but rather Klein, who had accommodated The Fool’s card as he held the Staff of the Stars while sitting in Sefirah Castle. He had been closely monitoring the corresponding crimson star.

He remembered that the Emperor had mentioned in his diary that Mr. Door had a certain understanding of reality. “He” seemed to be able to use the changes brought about by the full moon to see the situation outside the seal.

After sighing, Mr. Door continued, “Besides, I can’t control the

cries for help during the full moon."

"Why?" Fors asked in surprise.

Mr. Door said in an ethereal voice, "You're already a demigod, so you should know very well that the higher the Sequence, the greater the threat of going mad.

"An ordinary angel, even those who can walk the land freely and do what they like, without needing to engage in any additional battles, could also be gradually influenced by the Beyonder characteristics and become less like themselves. They might even enter a half-crazy state. I'm a King of Angels who has been exiled and sealed for more than a thousand years, and I don't even have someone to communicate with. My not going crazy means that I'm sufficiently powerful and lucky.

"On each full moon, the madness in me will be strengthened. I can't control it and can only constantly call for help."

So that's how it is... If I were locked up like this, I might've gone crazy in a few months... Uh, if I'm provided alcohol, newspapers, magazines, all kinds of books, and various delicacies, I can last a year—no, half a year... Fors nodded in enlightenment and asked in a perfunctory manner, "Is there anything I can do for you? How can the Abrahams dispel the curse?"

Mr. Door fell silent for a few seconds before saying, "Set up a ritual and help me escape. That way, the curse will cease to exist.

"There are two rituals that can be used. One is to sacrifice three demigods that are respectively from the Seer, Apprentice, and Marauder pathway... The other is to extract the blood of at least ninety-nine Beyonders from the Abraham family. Use it to draw

such a symbol…"

"…I'll tell them," Fors immediately replied.

At the same time, she added inwardly, *That's if Mr. Fool permits it.*

Mr. Door laughed and said, "If I can escape because of this, I will help you become an angel…"

"His" voice became more ethereal and weaker, as though "He" was slowly returning to "His" original state as Fors advancement came to an end.

About two to three seconds later, Fors couldn't hear the sounds that slowly pushed her onto the path of losing control. The deep darkness and horrifying storms in front of her also vanished.

However, before the scene completely faded away, Fors could vaguely see that, on a vast land formed from dark red rocks, there was an ancient building that resembled a pyramid erected there. Behind the building was a deep darkness and twinkling stars. It was completely different from the cosmos that she had seen as an Astrologer on the ground.

What's this? Fors shook her head and controlled her scattered thoughts as she began to carefully rein her spirituality back.

After getting accustomed to the state of a Secrets Sorcerer, she immediately took on a praying posture and reported her previous experiences to Mr. Fool without missing anything.

After doing this, Fors put away the Devil's Oil Painting, "Teleported" back to Pritz Harbor, and met her teacher, Dorian Gray Abraham, who was waiting in the warehouse.

Seeing that his student was safe and sound, Dorian heaved a sigh of relief and said in a pious manner, "Thanks to Mr. Fool for 'His' blessings."

He had finally taught a Sequence 4 Secrets Sorcerer who didn't show signs of betrayal.

Due to Mr. Fool's lack of response, Fors didn't inform her teacher of her conversation with Mr. Door. She planned on waiting until the next full moon.

She also relaxed and smiled.

"Apart from thanking Mr. Fool, I have to thank you, Teacher."

...

In the ancient palace above the fog.

Klein didn't have any doubts about Mr. Door calling "Himself" half-crazy. He only felt that there had to be more secrets hidden in the matter. For example, why did Mr. Door keep enticing Emperor Roselle to visit the moon? It was a place that was occupied by an Outer Deity.

After some thought, he took out the Scarlet Lunar Corona and Master Key from the fog of history. He planned on creating a full moon environment and listening to Mr. Door's shouting.

The effects of the combination had long been confirmed. Klein quickly heard the voice that seemed to pierce through his Spirit Body.

The content of the shouting was:

“Don’t save me… Don’t save me…”

Chapter 1295: The Aftermath from the War's Frontlines

"Don't save me... Don't save me..."

Being located in Sefirah Castle and having accommodated The Fool's card, Klein already had the status of a King of Angels. He no longer suffered any direct corruption from Mr. Door's cries, but the contents of the cries made his scalp tingle. His pupils dilated, and he couldn't help but feel a sense of horror surging in his heart.

He originally believed that Mr. Door was constantly shouting for help, but what he heard now was:

"Don't save me!"

Amidst Klein's silence, the weak, wispy voice pierced through his Spirit Body like needles. After shouting for more than ten seconds, it suddenly changed.

"Help me... Help me..."

This time, there was a certain change in the language used.

"..." Klein expressionlessly leaned back into his chair and listened for nearly ten seconds.

Following that, he removed his control over the Master Key and the Scarlet Lunar Corona's Historical Void projection, allowing

the atmosphere of the space above the gray fog to completely return to silence.

Phew... He exhaled as he tapped the edge of the long mottled table out of habit and muttered to himself, *Mr. Door is indeed half-mad, but the mad part isn't the "Him" who is desperately screaming, but the "Him" who appears calm, the one that's able to communicate with people rationally... The latter can influence the former to a certain extent, distorting the contents of "His" shouts?*

When Mr. Door is lucid, "He" actually shouts "don't save me"... To a King of Angels who had been imprisoned for more than a thousand years, this definitely isn't a normal reaction. Unless "He" feels that "He" will bring a disaster that "He" doesn't wish to see upon returning to reality... A King of Angels that has completely lost control?

Together with Mr. Door's communication with the Emperor, and how "He" had been constantly enticing him to visit the moon which is occupied by an Outer Deity. There is another possibility to this matter:

Mr. Door, who was exiled, lost the protection left behind by the original Creator. "He" encountered the corruption of a particular Outer Deity and lost most of "His" rationality. "His" condition is only slightly better than the Chained God...

The Apprentice pathway can wander the cosmos at Sequence 3. Mr. Door's honorific name also includes the title of "Guide of the endless cosmos"... Does this mean that before this King of Angels was exiled, "He" might have already made contact with Outer Deities and came under some influence?

Yes, what does Miss Magician's final glimpse of the crimson land, pyramid-like buildings, and cosmos in a different area represent? This doesn't seem like it's in the current solar system, but it's a

little different from the mausoleum that a Black Emperor needs… It's the lair of some Outer Deity who affected Mr. Door; or should I say that when Mr. Door became a Planeswalker and left legends behind on other planets with living beings, this is one of "His" anchor points? It's highly likely the latter, because when Miss Magician saw this scene, she didn't encounter any corruption from the cosmos…

The more Klein thought about it, the heavier his heart became. This was because it was possible that this was a reflection of how the apocalypse would dawn.

The apocalypse was definitely not something that wouldn't happen by not thinking about it or pretending not to know!

It's no wonder Yellow Light Venithan had prophesied that the day when the curse is removed is the beginning of the true disaster for the Abrahams… Mr. Door keeps calling for help, causing the Abraham family to be unable to produce another demigod. Perhaps it's a certain form of protection… Although this will make the Abraham family lose their status and most precious items, making them mediocre, it can at least save their bloodline… Heh heh, in the prophecy, the solution to resolving the curse is in the hands of an Apprentice who has obtained the help of a secret existence… Klein chuckled softly and had an idea about the response to give Miss Magician.

He planned on getting Fors to give a half-truth when informing her teacher.

Firstly, it was to emphasize that Mr. Door was already half-crazy and extremely dangerous. Even communicating with "Him" implied tremendous risks. Secondly, it was to not mention the second ritual for the curse removal. All she would say was about the sacrificing of a Seer, a Marauder, and an Apprentice demigod.

With the first point, the Abrahams could understand why their ancestor was insistent on calling for help. This was because “He” had already lost “His” mind and could do all sorts of terrifying things.

This could effectively eliminate the anxiety of the Abrahams, preventing them from helping Mr. Door escape, and allowing them to quickly start believing in The Fool.

The second point was to dispel the small number of extreme Abrahams who wanted to try their luck. This was because they lacked the ability to complete such a ritual.

At the same time, informing the Abrahams of the ritual increased the trust they had in Fors.

Ignoring the small number of Secrets Sorcerers available, those who can become Bizarro Sorcerers are definitely very difficult to capture. Furthermore, most of them are concentrated in the Secret Order. To deal with them is to provoke Zaratul. Even if the Abrahams have a demigod, and can use a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact for a short period of time, it’s impossible for them to complete the ritual so easily. Yes, dealing with a Parasite is the most dangerous. If they aren’t careful, they might end up targeting Amon’s avatar. When that happens, it will be equivalent to serving Amon desserts…

Also, I’ll use The World’s Gehrman Sparrow in the future to remind Miss Magician to keep her guard up against the Abraham family’s extremists… Klein thought for a moment before replying Fors’s prayer.

…

After returning from the fog of history to the real world, Klein

boarded a steam locomotive and arrived at the capital of Midseashire. In the past, it was the second-largest city in Loen, and also the frontline of the recent war, Constant City.

...*The damage suffered here is very serious*... After getting off the train and leaving the platform, Klein stood up high and looked at the industrial city.

Although it was his first time here, he had seen all sorts of pictures of Constant in newspapers and magazines.

Those photos were all black and white, and they recorded the various aspects of this city.

Among them, there were three points that left a deep impression on Klein:

Firstly, it was filled with chimneys and tall blast furnaces. It was as though it was a man-made forest. It gave a striking visual impact, one that was more representative of industry than Backlund.

Secondly, the majority of the buildings used concrete and steel. They were more densely built than their counterparts in Backlund.

Thirdly, there were many places that were stained with coal ashes, including the bodies of humans, but the air quality was better than Backlund because the sea breeze was strong.

And now, the towering blast furnaces, chimneys, and tall buildings had become rather sparse. All that was left was a pile of ruins.

However, in comparison, the damage dealt to the factory district was lesser than the residential areas. This was because there were many steel and military factories that were equally important to Feysac.

The death toll here is definitely more than 100,000... Klein sighed inwardly. He carried his luggage and walked down the stairs to the steam locomotive station and entered Constant City.

On the way to the hotel, he continued his acting as a Miracle Invoker and randomly chose a young, burly man in his thirties.

"I'm a wandering magician. My best magic trick is to grant anyone's wishes. Do you want to try it?" The previously thin-skinned Klein was now able to strike up a conversation naturally.

The burly man glanced at him and waved his hand impatiently.

"Can you let my father, mother, two brothers, and a child be revived?"

With that said, he didn't wait for the magician to respond as he walked towards the nearest public carriage station in a slightly irritable manner. He struck his left chest with his right fist.

Klein stood where he was and maintained the smile on his lips as he quietly watched the man leave.

He recalled a magazine he had read on a steam locomotive. It contained several pages of images reflecting the current state of each cemetery in Constant City.

The tombstones were similar to the original chimneys and blast furnaces. The racks that held up urns of ashes resembled tall buildings that had collapsed...

The entirety of Constant City seemed to be buried in a cemetery.

Retracting his smile, Klein walked around the already dried-up fountain and walked to a nearby inn.

Along the way, he heard many pedestrians discussing haunted places and the places with terrifying monsters.

“When I was passing by the Maris River, I heard a lot of people crying in the water. I didn’t dare to look and ran back into the city like the wind...”

“That’s nothing. I saw something even scarier on 9 Hyacinth Street! There was a face plastered on the window there! A very pale face!”

“A few passersby disappeared behind my house, and the blood continued all the way to the nearest ruin, but the police couldn’t find the bodies...”

“How terrifying. May the Goddess bless us!”

“Holy Lord of Storms. Let these ghosts and monsters stay away from us.”

“By the way, City Hall has posted an announcement that we are to report it to the police the moment such things are discovered.”

From the looks of it, the meatgrinder-like war made it impossible to placate many corpses, allowing them to turn into ghosts. Phew, most of the time, some of the dead might not even have their bodies left intact… Yes, there are definitely many Beyonders who lost control due to a mental breakdown or from losing their limbs… Also, most of those who didn't consume the potion according to the normal procedures also easily lose control… The Nighthawks and Mandated Punishers will definitely clear up these matters, but at least in Constant City, people might have encountered plenty of Beyonder matters for quite a long period of time. After all, some ghosts and monsters are good at evasion and hiding. They are innately very cunning… Klein walked straight and gained a new understanding of Constant's situation.

Here, encountering supernatural events was no longer a coincidence. Instead, it was a daily occurrence with a certain probability.

At this moment, Klein saw a group of Nighthawks wearing red gloves and black trench coats walk across the crossroad ahead of him. However, he didn't recognize any of them.

Indeed, the Cathedral of Serenity has sent the Red Gloves team to help… Uh, what's happening nearby? Klein nodded indiscernibly and, following his spiritual intuition, cast his gaze to a particular apartment building behind a pile of ruins.

On the fourth floor, behind an oriel window, a greatly rotting face was plastered to the window, looking out through the glass. Pale yellow liquid with black hints slid down the window one after another.

Chapter 1296: Amateur Astronomer

Eric had become a captain of a Red Gloves team during the later stages of the war, as well as advancing to Sequence 5 Spirit Warlock.

He had witnessed the deaths of the ex-captain and ex-ex-captain. He knew that a higher Sequence wasn't a guarantee that he would be safer. Care and caution was what mattered.

To the elite Red Gloves of the Nighthawks, this was a concept that almost everyone believed in. This was because ordinary Nighthawks might only encounter ordinary problems that looked like supernatural events. Occasionally, there would be slip-ups, and it was highly likely that they would rely on their Beyonder powers to turn the situation around. As for Red Gloves who worked on various important cases, their hidden targets were definitely rather dangerous.

At that moment, Eric stood on the fourth floor of the apartment on 14 Priya Street. Facing the tightly-shut dark brown wooden door, he surveyed the area and said, "Two Nighthawks have already gone missing here. We must not be careless."

Initially, several residents of this apartment block reported it to the police. They claimed that Unit 403 had a stench, and the tenants of Unit 303 often heard heavy footsteps from above.

The policemen in charge of the area took two days before coming to investigate. However, they didn't walk out of Unit 403.

After the police confirmed this, they immediately transferred the case to the Church of Evernight. However, the two Nighthawks

who came to deal with it also disappeared. The door to Unit 403 remained tightly shut.

Due to this premise, the Church of Evernight's archbishop of the Midseashire diocese entrusted the matter to Eric's team and allowed them to apply for a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact as support.

"Yes, Captain." The members of the Red Gloves team either nodded or spoke in response.

Eric didn't say anything else as he stood in front of the dark-brown door of Unit 403 which remained tightly shut. He raised his red-gloved left hand and knocked on one of his teeth.

A blurry figure suddenly appeared in front of him. As though it had no substance to it, it passed through the gap in the door and entered Unit 403.

Eric's expression was unusually focused, as if he was observing the situation in the room through that blurry figure.

It was a natural spirit that he controlled. It wasn't especially powerful but it had special abilities. It usually lived on his left front tooth.

Under the current situation, Eric believed that they shouldn't barge in directly. It was best to do reconnaissance first. Even if his team had a good mix of powers and a powerful Sealed Artifact to help them, they had to be cautious.

If he could figure out the situation inside and prepare for it in a targeted fashion, he believed that things would be much easier.

Right at this moment, tiny blood vessels protruded in Eric's eyes, and some of them even exploded.

When his vision turned bright red, Eric heard a heavy creak.

The dark-brown door suddenly opened!

There were a total of six figures in the room. Three police officers wore black-and-white uniforms. They were sitting on high-back chairs, high stools, and the sofa. Two of them were wearing half top hats, black trench coats, of which one was standing by the door, and the other was standing behind the oriel window. His face was pressed to the surface of the glass as if he was watching the streets downstairs.

There was also a figure sitting on a high stool at the edge of the balcony. In front of him was an exquisite astronomical telescope.

The skin of the six figures began to swell, as though they had been injected with gas. Some parts of the body had even cracked and were highly decomposed, but they still hadn't dried up. They exuded a bluish-black glisten as light-yellow liquid with hints of black flowed out.

Sensing the door open, the six figures turned to look at Eric and the others.

The first was the Nighthawk standing in front of the door. The last was the man wearing a cotton shirt behind the astronomical telescope. He had one of his eyeballs—its blacks and whites separated clearly—glued to the telescope's lens, allowing him to only use his remaining black, empty socket to scan the Red Gloves team outside.

A faint stench drilled into the noses of Eric and the others as an indescribable coldness filled the surroundings.

Eric instinctively raised his hand to hit his teeth, releasing more spirits. Then, he used his Nightmare Beyonder powers to forcefully drag all his targets into a dream.

However, no matter how he tapped his teeth, he didn't release his soul. His Spirit Warlock Beyonder powers seemed to have vanished instantly.

At the same time, a Nightmare in the Red Gloves team also discovered in surprise that he was unable to pull someone into a dream!

At that moment, apart from the enhancement in their physique brought by the potion, their Beyonder powers mysteriously vanished.

"Leave this place!" Eric ordered without hesitation.

He had never encountered such a strange situation before. All he could do was get the team to retreat first before choosing a Sealed Artifact to handle the situation in a targeted manner.

However, he and his team members didn't move despite his orders. It was as though their bodies were no longer taking orders.

Eric instinctively lowered his head and looked at his lower body. His legs were swollen and his pants were torn.

In addition, he could clearly feel that his skin was decaying, rotting, and running with pus.

He and his Red Gloves team had yet to truly come into contact with their target, but they had fallen into a “nightmare” of watching themselves die, swell, and rot bit by bit with no way to escape.

Right at this moment, Eric’s bloodshot eyes reflected a normal palm. He held the handle and gently pulled it.

Thud!

The dark-brown door of Unit 403 closed once again, separating Eric and his Red Gloves team from the creatures in the room.

They instantly regained control over their bodies. However, their legs seemed to have suffered significant injuries. It was a little difficult to move them, be it raising their feet or bending their knees.

Eric didn’t bother checking on his injuries. He quickly cast his gaze on the palm that closed the door, and its owner.

It was a young man wearing an ancient hat and a long black robe. His facial features were ordinary, making it impossible for one to have a deep impression of him. It was a face that one forgot in seconds.

“I sincerely advise you to return now and leave the matter to the archbishop or high-ranking deacons to handle. Of course, you have another choice. That is to ask me to grant a wish. I’m a wandering magician named Merlin Hermes. My specialty is

granting the wishes of others." Klein spared no effort in enticing others to make a wish.

When he saw the rotting face on the oriel window earlier, he suddenly had an ominous feeling, so he specially came over to confirm what had happened.

Grant wishes... Eric recalled the education he had received during his training in the Holy Cathedral:

A High-Sequence Beyonder might be in a state of being imprisoned or sealed. They will pretend to be mystical items that can grant wishes, and they will entice you into helping them escape. The corresponding examples include: granting three wishes and wishing pools...

Is this a High-Sequence Beyonder? But he doesn't look like he's imprisoned or sealed... Eric looked left and right and deliberated for a few seconds before probing,

"If we don't ask you to grant us our wishes, will you not resolve the abnormality in the room?"

As soon as he finished speaking, he saw the wandering magician who called himself Merlin Hermes fall deep in thought, looking a little troubled.

A few seconds later, Klein raised his hand to stroke his tall top hat. He smiled and sighed.

"Even if you don't make the wish, I will still attempt to resolve it."

"...Do I need to read your honorific name or your true name to have my wish granted?" Eric asked after exchanging glances with his team members.

Klein shook his head.

"No, just tell me your wish."

This wouldn't create a mysticism connection... Eric probed in a joking tone, "Then I wish the abnormalities in this room will be resolved and will no longer affect the surroundings."

Klein curled his smile and gently clapped his hands.

"Your wish will come true."

Without waiting for Eric to respond, he smiled and said, "The abnormalities inside can suppress Beyonder characteristics, causing the corresponding powers to be ineffective, but that isn't absolute.

"Typically in such cases, my suggestion is..."

As he spoke, Klein reached out with his left hand and took out an eyeball-shaped glass ball. He then twisted the handle with his right hand, opening the door a little.

Then, through a crack, he threw the glass ball into Unit 403.

As the glass ball flew, it constantly absorbed the surrounding light and gave off a brilliant, pure, extreme sunlight that

resembled a miniature sun.

The next second, Klein closed the door with his right palm, lest Eric and company's eyes couldn't take it.

"My suggestion is to use a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact in the Sun domain to purify the entire area." While saying that, Klein recalled the Mutated Sun Sacred Emblem behind Tingen City's Chanis Gate. Although it was only a Grade 3 Sealed Artifact, it could still deal with the rotting creatures inside given enough time.

Just as Eric was about to say that they had brought a similar Sealed Artifact, but just didn't have the chance to use it, he saw Mr. Merlin Hermes open the door to Unit 403.

The six figures inside had vanished into thin air, and the different Beyonder characteristics were slowly condensing. The originally cold and sinister stench had been completely melted by the warm feeling.

"It's been resolved?" Eric asked after some hesitation.

Klein shook his head with a smile.

"No, the root of the problem is still here.

"Have you investigated the owner of this place?"

Eric replied immediately, "He calls himself John, an amateur astronomer. He likes to study the cosmos using specialized telescopes at night."

Studying the cosmos... Klein walked into the room without batting an eyelid, and he casually instructed:

"Search the area and find any possible clues."

For some reason, Eric suddenly felt that Mr. Merlin Hermes was the captain from back when he first joined the Nighthawks. He was professional, calm, and trustworthy.

He nodded at his team members, signaling them to follow his instructions.

As for him, he continued following Klein. It was both to provide him help, and also for necessary precautions.

Klein ignored him as he swept his gaze and approached the exquisite astronomical telescope. Then, he bent down and drew his eyes towards the lens.

This might be dangerous... Eric had planned to warn him, but he fell silent when he thought about how high the other party's level and status expressed.

At that moment, through the telescope, Klein saw a resplendent, dream-like dark night sky. Every star there was blinking slightly.

Suddenly, his vision was occupied by a huge eye.

The eye seemed to be directly attached to the lens on the other end of the telescope. It was grayish-white with a pale-yellow iris. Veins swelled outwards and seeped out disgusting translucent

pus.

Chapter 1297: "Forest" of Miracles

Boom!

The Red Gloves captain, Eric, shivered involuntarily as he saw Merlin Hermes, who claimed to be a wandering magician, explode behind the telescope.

However, there was no splattering blood or flesh. The shredded limbs disappeared into the air like soap bubbles.

"..." Eric and his team members, who looked over due to the commotion, were stunned. They didn't understand the reason behind such a sudden sequence of events.

A second later, Eric said in a deep voice, "Retreat!"

He wanted to evacuate his team before the danger truly spread.

At this moment, another figure walked in from the open door of Unit 403. It was none other than Merlin Hermes who had just exploded.

This wandering Magician was wearing a tall hat and a long black robe. As if nothing had happened, he spoke to Eric and his team members:

"The root of the problem really is from that telescope."

As he spoke, Klein walked to the balcony and tapped the telescope with his right hand.

Another bang rang out as the telescope suddenly shattered into metallic points of light that emitted a foul stench of bluish-black gas.

The moment the grayish-white fog appeared, the stench vanished and the room returned to normal.

...*What exactly happened?* Eric forced himself to forget about the other party's death and asked cautiously.

As a captain of the Red Gloves who was rather experienced, he had some guesses about the truth of the matter. The main goal of asking was to seek confirmation.

Klein smiled and said, "Simply put, the telescope mutated for some reason, causing the owner of the room to see something that he shouldn't have seen.

"If you want to understand more details, you can only search for clues yourself. I'm not too sure either."

Eric nodded slightly and cast his gaze at his team members, signaling them to continue their investigation.

After a series of work, Eric said to Merlin Hermes, "There aren't many clues left in the room. We can only confirm a few things:

"One, John is a local resident, and he served in the military during the war. It seems that he had some mental problems as a

result. Two, he had been an amateur astronomer. At the end of the war, he joined an academic organization known as the Celestial Research Association, but we didn't obtain any information about this organization. Three, John was seeking the way to see the true cosmos."

Upon mentioning the word "cosmos," Eric paused slightly, as though he had received a warning from the upper echelons of the Church of Evernight.

He joined an organization known as the Celestial Research Association after the war ended... Sought the way to see the true cosmos... Klein combined this knowledge with his "experience" and had a certain level of confidence in the matter. He nodded and said, "You should know that the cosmos means danger. You can't even try to understand it."

"We will report this case to the archbishop as soon as possible and classify the Celestial Research Association as a dangerous organization," Eric said as if speaking to a Nighthawk superior who wasn't directly in charge of him.

Klein didn't respond as he walked to the door and sighed.

"Indeed, war really does have an irreversible impact on all aspects..."

After the fall of the God of Combat, the already crumbling barrier set up by the Primordial One lost parts of its support. As for the Evernight Goddess, "She" has yet to fully gain control of the corresponding Uniquenesses. As for becoming a Great Old One, who knows how much longer that will take. Under such circumstances, the intrusion of the Outer Deities into this world would naturally deepen. This has combined with the damage that many ordinary people have suffered from the war.

Klein suspected that, during the subsequent period of rebuilding after the war, many cults that pointed to the different Outer Deities or Cosmos would appear secretly in Loen. If he allowed them to spread their faith and attempt various risky attempts, the apocalypse would definitely be brought forward.

As he sighed, he walked out of Unit 403. His figure blurred, turning transparent until he disappeared.

In a hotel near Priya Street, Klein, who had long since moved in, picked up the coffee in front of him and took a sip.

Taking advantage of the fact that it was still early, he went out once again and took a carriage to the outskirts of the coastal Constant City.

There was a cemetery. The stone tablets stood erect like a short forest.

Klein walked through the cemetery and found a tombstone with the help of his spirituality.

The name on the tombstone wrote:

“Welch McGovern.”

This was the original Klein’s university schoolmate. As he had bought the Antigonus family’s notebook, he had mysteriously died in Tingen. This had indirectly caused Zhou Mingrui to “transmigrate.”

Welch McGovern’s father was a banker in Constant City. He had

spent money to bring his son's corpse back to his hometown and buried it in this cemetery.

Klein stared at the photo on the tombstone for a few seconds. He bent down and placed the bouquet of white flowers in his hand in front of Welch's grave.

Just as he was about to turn and leave, he suddenly stopped in his tracks. Twenty to thirty seconds later, an old man with a black cane walked over from another direction.

Klein recognized him and knew that he was Welch's father. He was the Midseashire County banker who had once invited him and his schoolmates to a sumptuous meal.

However, compared to a few years ago, this gentleman had aged significantly. He was originally a very energetic middle-aged gentleman, but now, his hair was half white. There were many wrinkles on his eyes, mouth, and forehead.

"Who are you?" Welch's father looked at the stranger in front of the grave. He asked, puzzled and wary.

Klein sighed and said, "Mr. McGovern, I'm Welch's friend. I just happened to pass by Constant City recently."

Welch's father nodded slightly and said in a deep voice, "He's a very sociable person. I only know a number of his friends."

His words were an attempt to explain why he hadn't invited Klein to the funeral and how sorry he was.

Klein didn't say anything else as he looked around and said, "Is there anything you need help with? Or do you have any wishes that you wish to have fulfilled? I hope I can provide you with some strength."

Welch's father looked around and smiled bitterly.

"Can you allow all the dead here to stand up again?"

It's not impossible, but they will be different from what you have in mind... Klein sighed and shook his head.

"Then can you allow Constant to return to its original state?" Welch's father asked with a bitter smile.

Without waiting for Klein's reply, he sighed and continued, "There's no need to provide any help. I can achieve what is possible myself. If it's impossible, then I can only pray to the deities."

As he spoke, the banker went past Klein and walked to his son's tombstone. He bent down and put down the bouquet of white flowers.

Klein looked at his back and muttered to himself, "I will try my best."

With that, he turned around and left the cemetery.

...

Constant City, in a bar with a style that resembled the previous century's.

A man donning a thick jacket carried his beer and walked to a wooden board beside the bar counter. He tried to find a part-time job on the notices pasted on it.

Suddenly, he saw a strange mission:

"I'm a reporter. I want to gather all kinds of stories from different people. It's best if you had personally experienced it yourself. The remuneration I can provide is to satisfy your wish to repair and rebuild your house for free. I have sufficient resources in this aspect.

"Merlin Hermes."

The man subconsciously frowned. He felt that this request was too strange, like it was a prank.

"Can you read the words on it?" A thin man who was sitting beside the wooden board took the opportunity to ask.

Few patrons of this bar were literate. Even if they wanted to find a job, or accept the corresponding commissions, most people were unable to understand the notices on the wooden board, and the bartender could only remember the few with the highest pay.

As a result of this situation, the thin, feeble man relied on the common Loenese terms he learned at the free schools to provide the corresponding interpretation at a quarter-pence.

This was how he made a living.

The man shook his head, indicating that he understood Loenese. He pointed at Merlin Hermes' request and said, "Is this real?"

"It is. That reporter is sitting by that corner, the one wearing a very tall hat." The thin, feeble man enthusiastically pointed him in the correct direction.

The reporter had promised him a quarter-pence for every person he introduced.

The man holding the beer fell silent. After hesitating for a full ten seconds, he walked to the corner and found the reporter named Merlin Hermes.

"W-will you really help me rebuild my house?" he asked worriedly.

Klein pointed at the documents on the small round table and said, "We can sign a contract."

"...There's no need. Even if you provide some materials, I'll still be very satisfied." The man sat opposite Klein and said rather cautiously, "I don't have a very touching story."

"As long as it's real enough." Klein nodded slightly in encouragement.

The man looked down and stared at the table.

“I’m a Constant native, and I used to have a decent job. I bought a terrace house along Lowtide Street. Later, war broke out. My house was reduced to ruins during one of the bombings. My eldest son, the child who just entered primary school, was buried inside…

“We had no choice but to rent a two-bedroom room until the Feysacians occupied Constant. Th-they dragged my wife away and she never returned…

“Some time ago, someone requested me to identify her corpse. I couldn’t even recognize her. She had rotten so much that you wouldn’t even call it a corpse. However, in the pockets of her clothes, there was still… there was still our old water bill…

“When she was still at the rental apartment, she had always missed our home. It’s the same for my younger daughter. I don’t have much money now and can only barely maintain my life, but I wish to rebuild that house bit by bit.

“To be honest, I don’t like telling others about my misfortune. I’d rather stay silent. But if I can really get help with the rebuilding efforts, then I can…”

Klein held a pen and paper and pretended to jot it down. He nodded gently and said, “Your wish will come true. Wait for me in front of the ruins of that house on Lowtide Street tomorrow.”

At the same time, he pushed a one-soli note over.

“This is for your drinks. My treat.”

The man’s eyes flickered. He seemed to want to refuse it, but in

the end, he still picked up the note.

The next day, after sending his younger daughter to the church school, he walked along the familiar path to the familiar Lowtide Street and saw that familiar house.

Its chimney, its windows, its door, and the weeds on its walls hadn't changed at all. It was so familiar, as if its beautiful female owner would open the door in the next second and walk the two children out to welcome their father.

The man was stunned, unable to believe that this was real.

However, even if it was an illusion, he was willing to embrace it.

...

After several days, Klein, who had completed a slew of similar wishes, pushed open the window of the hotel and snapped his fingers in the morning light fog.

In an area of the city overlooking Constant, Welch's father woke up out of habit due to his dreams of his dead son and family. He walked to the balcony to take in the morning air.

Under the light of dawn, he suddenly saw chimneys and blast furnaces that resembled a forest. Alongside them were tall buildings.

The former Constant City had presented itself to him, bathed in the orange light of dawn.

Chapter 1298: Departure

As the residents of Constant were stunned by the miracle in front of them, Klein had already carried his suitcase and left the city with Arrodes.

After creating such a huge commotion, he was worried that Zaratul would lock onto his location, so he didn't dare to stay any longer.

With his present level and strength, he wasn't too afraid of fighting Zaratul head-on. However, he didn't wish to be ambushed. For Beyonders of the Seer pathway, being prepared and not was completely different. Once Klein revealed his location and didn't leave in time, an unprepared him would end up facing Zaratul. He could imagine that even if he was now Sefirah Castle's owner and still had one more resurrection chance, there was also a huge risk of completely perishing.

Furthermore, he didn't know what state Amon was in right now. Was he still being pursued by the True Creator? Was it possible for him to suddenly appear by his side and steal everything?

Due to this thought, Klein once again embarked on his journey.

...

In the basement of a house in Southville County.

The few Sequence 7 Beyonders of the Abraham family gathered here according to a prior agreement.

"...That's pretty much it." Dorian Gray shared what Mr. Door had said in its entirety through his student, Fors. "The years of exile and being sealed was enough to drive the Ancestor crazy. He only occasionally regains lucidity. Even just directly speaking to 'Him' can result in mental corruption from 'His' evil intent."

A man wearing gold-rimmed glasses looking like a university professor sighed.

"So that's the reason..."

His expression revealed some relief, as if he could finally admit that the curse was a result of the Ancestor's pleas for help.

After a one-second pause, the man said with a determined expression, "We have to think of a way to help the Ancestor escape. This way, our curse will be completely removed."

"Verdu, are you crazy? If a crazy King of Angels returns, it will destroy the entire family!" Dorian couldn't help but chide him.

The man named Verdu looked at the other family members and said with a sullen expression, "That's why we have to hurry. While the Ancestor still has a portion of 'His' lucidity, we should let 'Him' return to the real world!

"Once 'He' escapes from 'His' exiled, sealed state and has enough anchors, 'He' would definitely gradually regain 'His' rationality.

"Dorian, you've degenerated! You no longer wish to restore the glory of our family, to allow us to return to the apex of the Northern and Southern Continent. You only wish to live a stable but mediocre life! Besides, can you be sure that Mr. Fool will keep

providing blessings? Perhaps one day, 'He' will be like the seven deities who won't respond to most prayers."

Dorian fell silent for a few seconds.

"However, the risk in this area will definitely be lower than helping the Ancestor escape. Ever since I believed in Mr. Fool and sincerely prayed to 'Him,' I haven't been affected by the full moon ravings for many months. If not for the fact that I'm no longer young, I'd even have the confidence of consuming a Sequence 6 Scribe potion.

"Even so, given time, I still have a good chance of advancing.

"If someone like me who's older than a certain age can do it, our next generation and their descendants will definitely be able to break free from our original restrictions and have a chance to become demigods."

Hearing Dorian's words, the two men and two ladies other than Verdu nodded in agreement.

They had already made some of their descendants believe in Mr. Fool, and through a few months of observation, they were certain that it was effective. They were planning on praying to Mr. Fool themselves.

Noticing Verdu's nasty expression, Dorian softened his tone and said, "More importantly, we don't have the strength to complete the ritual at all. A demigod of any pathway is not easy to deal with. Among them, the corresponding demigods of the Seer and Marauder are cunning, bizarre, and dangerous. Even if we're willing to sacrifice ourselves and use a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact, it's difficult to capture them."

Verdu nudged his gold-rimmed spectacles and slowly exhaled.

“I won’t stop you from changing your faith to The Fool. If you can get that existence’s help to aid the Ancestor’s escape, that would be the best development. But before that, I will do my best to prepare the ritual. Dorian, you have to remember that the bloodline and glory of the Abraham family comes from the Ancestor. Without “Him,” there will be no us.

“If this matter requires a sacrifice, then I’ll do it.”

He stood up, put on his hat, and walked out of the basement.

Dorian watched him leave and finally sighed.

“Verdu has been studying all kinds of mysticism information, hoping to find a way to completely resolve the family’s curse. I believe that such persistence is already in his blood…”

The other Abraham family members nodded in unison.

“After he confirms that he can’t complete the ritual, he should give up…”

They too hoped that Verdu would succeed, but they found it virtually impossible.

…

On Blue Mountain Island where Bayam was located, the private harbor that originally belonged to the Resistance.

A group of workers, who had just finished laying the gas pipes, were just about to find a place to rest and wait for the carriage sent by the Church of the Sea God to ferry them back to Bayam when they saw the half-giants purportedly from the northern Feysac's islands carry heavy, grayish-white stone materials. Each step left an imprint on the land.

These workers had participated in the construction of harbors, cathedrals, and art museums, so they knew how heavy the grayish-white stone materials were.

They remembered that, even with the help of logs, horses, and machinery, it was very difficult for people to transport such stone materials. Yet, the half-giants held them as easily as holding toys.

This display of strength was simply ridiculous.

When Derrick saw that the outer walls and some of the buildings of the town had been built under the efforts of the City of Silver's reconnaissance team, he nodded and said to Liaval and Candice, "It's time to return to the City of Silver and tell the Chief about the situation here."

None of the members of the City of Silver's reconnaissance team objected. They were very excited as they agreed with Elder Derrick's decision.

Although they hadn't been here for long, they had long fallen in love with this new "hometown." They had fallen in love with the warmth of the sun in the day and the peace of the crimson moon in the night. They couldn't wait to let their family and friends experience it and enjoy it.

Upon seeing this, Derrick subconsciously straightened his back.

He controlled himself and didn't let his smile appear. He calmly said to Candice, "Come back to the City of Silver with me and tell the Chief and the other Elders of the six-member council about the situation here.

"Oh, you too, Jinord. Liaval, you're in charge of maintaining order here."

He was worried that he wouldn't be able to convince the current Chief, Waite Chirmont, and company, so he decided on bringing two companions with him.

After settling the corresponding matters, Derrick led Candice and Jinord to a secluded spot in the new City of Silver. He lowered his head, clasped his hands, and prayed to Mr. Fool, making a wish to return to the City of Silver immediately.

Without a sound, the scene around them became blurry and stretched. Then, it immediately fixed and quickly became clear.

In front of their eyes, they saw a city wall with weeds fluttering in the air.

In just a few seconds, Derrick and his two subordinates returned to the entrance of the City of Silver.

...*This is a miracle*... Candice rubbed her eyes with a hand that wasn't holding a weapon, and marveled from the bottom of her heart.

She had imagined many ways of returning to the City of Silver, but she had never thought of returning so directly.

To her, this was a miracle bestowed by a deity.

Jinord shook the glass lantern in his hand and muttered without thinking, “This is much brighter than the beast hide lantern…”

Before he could finish his sentence, he came to his senses and revealed a pure smile without a hint of gloominess.

This time, they would be the messengers of dawn who would lead the residents of the City of Silver out of the Forsaken Land of the Gods.

Derrick heaved a sigh of relief and maintained his stern expression.

“Let’s immediately find the Chief and arrange for everyone to carry out the migration.”

He had heard Mr. Hanged Man talk about many matters that failed at the cusp of success. He didn’t wish for the City of Silver to have such an outcome.

As such, all the other matters had to be done as quickly as possible.

When they passed through the door, the City of Silver residents in charge of guarding the door looked curiously at the three scouts and saw hope from their rosy, glowing faces.

“Did Liaval and the others not come back?” Someone asked worriedly, afraid that the other members of the reconnaissance team had already sacrificed themselves.

Derrick simply replied, “They’ve remained in the outside world to build a temporary camp.”

The guards didn’t ask further, afraid that they would delay their time. They watched as Derrick and company headed for the twin towers.

Not long after, Derrick, Candice, and Jinord saw Chief Waite Chirmont and the other members of the six-member council. They described the key points of what they saw and heard in the outside world.

At the end of the report, they even took out pocket watches, music boxes, and other exquisite machinery to prove it.

The members of the six-member council other than the 2.5-meter-tall Waite Chirmont, who had a tattooed symbol on his head, and Derrick, looked at each other and sighed.

“Your experience is like a dream. No, I can’t even dream of such a scene.”

With that said, he solemnly asked, “Has the dungeon meant to store the Sealed Artifacts been constructed?”

“That was the first building we completed.” Derrick gave an extremely clear answer.

Waite nodded slightly and immediately issued an order.

“Get everyone to bring their necessary items and gather at the training ground.

“To prevent any accidents, we will directly pray to Mr. Fool and ask him to transfer us over.”

Having said that, Waite pondered for a moment and said, “Mr. Fool has previously sent a revelation to let us wait for another three hours for the ancient survivors from Moon City to rendezvous with us. However, this doesn’t affect our preparations ahead of time.

“Also, tell everyone that the environment in Moon City is very tough. Many of them have deformities. We have to look at them normally.”

Although the City of Silver had the Black-Faced Grass as their staple, they would eat the flesh of monsters from time to time to replenish their strength. This made them occasionally have deformed children. Therefore, everyone was no stranger to this phenomenon.

“Alright!” The other members of the six-member council responded without any hesitation, revealing an irresistible, excited expression.

This time, they were no longer seeing the light, but were directly welcoming the day.

Chapter 1299: Milk and Honey

The Forsaken Land of the Gods, Moon City.

When A'dal, Xin, and Rus heard the High Priest's voice resound throughout the city, they became abnormally excited.

They stood up almost at the same time and carried the beast-hide bags that they had prepared earlier on their backs.

Inside were distributed mushroom powder, dried mushrooms, and various monster leathers, as well as different Beyonder characteristics of different states.

To them, even though they were excited and were full of hope for the future, the suffering they had been through made them take precautions. They tried their best to carry as much food as possible.

A few flashes of lightning before, the priests of Moon City had received Mr. Fool's divine revelation and stopped sending out hunting teams. They also instructed every resident to pack their important items and prepare to leave at a moment's notice.

In less than a minute, A'dal and company walked out of their houses with lanterns in hand and arrived on the streets.

As their eyes met, their faces which were either filled with tumors or deformities were filled with unconcealed joy. They had no negative emotions towards abandoning Moon City and leaving their hometown.

This was the source of their nightmare. It was unknown how many generations of people had lost their happiness in their childhood.

When they were gathered at the square with a high platform, they suppressed their excitement and lined up in an orderly manner, checking to see if the neighbors had already arrived.

Soon, all the residents of Moon City arrived. High Priest Nim walked up the platform and said with a smile, “Everyone, I received a divine revelation.

“Mr. Fool is about to help us leave this cursed land and obtain a new lease of life.

“Praise be to Mr. Fool!”

He took the lead and pressed his right palm against his left chest.

This was a gesture they had invented to praise Mr. Fool, and Mr. Fool hadn’t objected to it.

“Praise Mr. Fool!” The residents of Moon City pressed their right palms to their left chests, expressing their gratitude and devotion.

As their voices echoed, the gray-haired Nim raised his hand and lowered it for silence.

“We’ll head to the City of Silver first and meet with the survivors there. Then, we will head to the world of light together.

“Don’t worry. Mr. Fool will protect us.

“Okay, shut your eyes and start to pray.”

With that said, the High Priest clasped his hands and pressed them against his lips. He sincerely prayed to Mr. Fool, hoping that the mighty existence could satisfy the greatest wish that the Moon City had accumulated over the past two to three thousand years—generations.

In the next second, the demigod of the Evernight pathway acutely sensed the changes in his surroundings. He opened his eyes, surveyed his surroundings, and discovered that stone pillars were becoming clearer. Lanterns hung on it as tall figures rapidly outlined.

This is the City of Silver? We’ve already arrived in the City of Silver… This is the might of a deity… Praise Mr. Fool! A’dal, Xin, and company quickly observed their surroundings.

They subconsciously had a certain good impression of the City of Silver. As a missionary of God, His Excellency Gehrman Sparrow had once mentioned that he had first arrived in the City of Silver after entering this cursed, forsaken land.

This was the beginning of where god’s brilliance spread out from the eternal darkness. It was the origins of all hope.

The figures quickly became clear. Most of them were more than two meters tall. Their facial features and bodies were normal and there were no signs of deformation. They too were sizing up the residents of Moon City with curious and wary gazes.

Their oppressive height and the enviousness of their normality made Xin, Rus, and the others nervous. They felt inferior and uneasy.

However, with a sweep of their gaze, they saw quite a number of City of Silver residents biting mushrooms that had roasted surfaces. From time to time, they would suck the hot liquid from white, full mushrooms.

This familiar scene caused the people of Moon City to gradually relax as they treated these half-giants as their own.

The Chief of the six-member council, Waite Chirmont nodded and said to Nim, who was supposedly the leader of Moon City, “Are you ready?”

His gaze was calm and natural. He didn’t look down on them because of their “terrifying” appearance.

Afraid that an accident would happen, Nim immediately replied, “Ready and good to go.”

Waite Chirmont immediately cast his gaze at the City of Silver residents.

“Finish your meal within three minutes and begin praying.”

In less than a minute, the residents of the City of Silver finished their “milk” and put away the remaining food in their hands. They sincerely prayed to Mr. Fool.

The miraculous descent of the ancient survivors of Moon City

made them more confident in leaving the Forsaken Land of the Gods. They truly believed in Mr. Fool.

A few seconds later, everyone in the City of Silver's training ground disappeared.

The city was left completely silent. Soon, the corrupted weeds would grow, and monsters would wander around the streets and houses.

In just a few blinks of an eye, the residents of the City of Silver and Moon City arrived in front of the Giant King's palace, which had the dusk frozen.

This was a "ritual" that Klein had deliberately planned. It was to allow the ancient survivors of the Forsaken Land of the Gods to bid farewell to the past.

Shocked by the grandeur, epicness, and mythical impression of the Giant King's Court, the residents of the City of Silver subconsciously turned their heads and looked down and into the distance.

Beyond the orange-red dusk, the ground was completely blanketed in darkness. Occasionally, lightning would flash across the sky, revealing the outline of ancient buildings, towering mountains, and the deformed plants.

As the lightning descended, darkness surged in again, devouring everything.

Then, the City of Silver and Moon City residents turned their heads and cast their gaze deep into the Giant King's palace.

There was an open door, and outside the door was a blazing golden ocean.

The people who were blinded by the sunlight immediately felt their surroundings become blurry, and the scene quickly shattered.

The fragments quickly reassembled, turning into a deep blue ocean, the smell of fish, striking sounds, and the orange-red sun that had yet to come close to the horizon.

The residents of Moon City and the City of Silver looked around in shock and anticipation. They saw the luxuriant forest that wasn't distorted at all. They saw the stone buildings that had yet to have been refurbished. They saw Liaval and company and saw the path towards the harbor and the ship that was docked there.

Many people's vision turned blurry as though they were undergoing the catharsis of the holy light.

They could clearly sense that there was no depravity, filth, or mysterious power here.

Most of the City of Silver and Moon City residents lowered their heads and knelt on the ground, praising Mr. Fool loudly as they kissed the sweet-smelling soil.

It wasn't that the others weren't grateful to Mr. Fool, but that they were still spellbound by such a scene. Every fiber of their being was shocked.

After they recovered from their initial shock, Liaval went up to meet his wife and daughter.

As he approached, he couldn't hold back his excitement and joy. He opened his mouth, wanting to tell his wife and children what he had seen and heard during this period of time. However, he realized that there were just too many things he wanted to share. Like countless rushing rivers, they surged to his throat and blocked his voice.

After a few seconds, Liaval said, "We... We have a new home..."

Before he could finish his sentence, the nearly 2.5-meter-tall half-giant hurriedly reached his hand into his pocket and extended it towards his wife and daughter.

"This is given to us by the Oracle—milk candy. A-all of them say it's delicious..." A smile appeared on Liaval's face.

There were two objects which were the size of a thumb and wrapped in thin sheets of paper. Its surface was wrinkled, having soaked in a little sweat.

"Milk candy..." Liaval's wife didn't quite understand this term. It was a new word in Jotun that mixed "milk" and "honey."

Their daughter was infected by her father's emotions. She boldly took the candy and was about to stuff it into her mouth.

"No, no, you have to peel off the outer layer." Liaval hurriedly took back the two milk candy and peeled off the wrapper before handing one each to his wife and daughter.

His daughter bit down and ground her teeth forcefully, producing a cracking sound.

She narrowed her eyes slowly and her expression gradually became more intoxicated.

During this process, she couldn't bear to even speak.

Seeing her daughter's behavior, Liaval's wife ate the candy.

She felt that this was a very precious thing. She didn't bite it to pieces directly, but used her oral cavity to wrap around it and let it slowly melt away.

The indescribable milk fragrance and sweetness slowly spread out, intoxicating Liaval's wife.

When Liaval saw this, his smile widened as he said what had been left stuck in his throat.

"The Oracle said that we can find a job in Bayam City, receive commissions, and earn gold pounds. That way, we can buy more milk candy. We can also sell Beyonder characteristics and monster leather we have no need for to the Church of Sea God...

"Sea God is Mr. Fool's subsidiary god...

"It'll be dark soon. I'll bring you to the beach to watch the sunset. It's really beautiful. I visit it every day. I've always been waiting to bring the two of you there when you arrive..."

...

It's finally done. My anchor has stabilized significantly...

Furthermore, granting the wishes of the City of Silver and Moon City has allowed my Miracle Invoker potion to digest by quite a bit. However, it isn't as much as restoring Constant City. Indeed, being a God of Wishes isn't the most accurate form of acting... Above the gray fog, Klein slowly exhaled and threw the Staff of the Stars back onto the junk pile.

Following that, he would continue wandering and creating miracles. He would occasionally head to the Forsaken Land of the Gods and transform some monsters into marionettes to prepare for the subsequent ritual.

As for the next stage of acting as a Miracle Invoker, Klein planned on accumulating wishes of changing appearances and figures to solve the deformities of Moon City, thereby creating a miracle.

This isn't too difficult... Many maidens and ladies have a wish to remove acne, have double-eyelids, and make their noses sharper. And I have a way to do it... This way, by accumulating the simple to the difficult, it will just take a matter of time to treat the deformed people of Moon City... In the outside world, they will feel even more inferior... Klein mumbled inwardly before he suddenly laughed self-deprecatingly.

"In that case, I can call myself the ruler of the beauty industry, the guardian of architects and the construction workers, the miracle creator of long-distance travel..."

...

After entering the waters that didn't have a safe sea route, Queen Mystic Bernadette seemed to have lost her sense of time. If not for the precise wall clock in her captain's cabin, she definitely would've forgotten how many days it had been since she entered this perilous region.

The violent winds and torrential rain made the boat fly up from time to time, sometimes getting thrown to the side, as if it was a preview to the impending apocalypse.

Bernadette watched calmly as she waited patiently without interfering with the Dawn's situation.

After some time, the storm finally calmed down.

At this moment, a black outline appeared in the distance.

Chapter 1300: The Fourth Person

Bernadette stared at the outline for a long time until it gradually became clearer as the Dawn approached. It was the silhouette of a large island.

On the island, there were huge, towering, dark-green trees that almost bordered on black covering the ground and mountain.

Although Bernadette couldn't be sure that this was the primitive island that her father had once visited, her intuition as a Clairvoyant told her that this was likely the place she was seeking.

As the coastline entered her eyes, she pursed her lips and lowered her head. She chanted an honorific name:

"The Fool that doesn't belong to this era, the mysterious ruler above the gray fog; the King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck..."

Right on the heels of that, Queen Mystic Bernadette raised her hand and made the crewless Dawn stop in the nearby waters without approaching the shore.

At the same time, the sound of pianos, violins, cellos, flutes, and other musical instruments interweaved together into a lively tune.

As the music echoed, the toast, steak, mashed potatoes, fried mushrooms, and other dishes on a plate jumped up one after another and returned to the oven amidst a dance or threw

themselves into the trash can.

The red wine bottle, white dining cloth, and other items had all returned to their original positions. They either sealed themselves with wooden corks or kept folding themselves neatly.

Then, Bernadette gently threw out a bright and unrealistic ball of yarn with her right hand.

The ball rolled into the void, leaving a thread behind. Bernadette followed it and strolled through the spirit world before arriving at the border of the nameless island.

This Queen Mystic wasn't in a rush to head deeper. She searched for the possible existence of the Black Emperor mausoleum, and she cautiously made her sea-like blue eyes turn dark and deep. She temporarily lost focus, as though she was prying into the secrets of the river of fate.

A few seconds later, Bernadette's eyes returned to normal as she subconsciously looked up into the sky.

She felt that she was being watched by a certain existence.

Of course, this was something she had expected, as she had taken the initiative to recite Mr. Fool's honorific name.

Above the gray fog, in the ancient palace, Klein accommodated The Fool's card, draped himself with the "curtain," and held the Staff of the Stars. He was checking the situation on the island through Queen Mystic's prayer light.

In his true vision's field, the island was shrouded in a thin layer of distorted blackness. It made it impossible for him to see the situation inside directly. He could only obtain Bernadette's point of view.

Even if it's not the primitive island that Emperor Roselle discovered, this place isn't simple... Klein nodded indiscernibly as he waited for Queen Mystic to do a deeper exploration.

Bernadette didn't use the ball of yarn anymore, because she had a premonition that she was going to lead herself into a dangerous abyss that she had no way of fending off.

She took out an illusory hat and wore it.

Her captain-looking figure disappeared, her existence concealed.

This was also one of the fairytale magic that stemmed from Mystical Re-enactment. At its core was a hat that made one invisible.

Then, Bernadette followed a path that appeared to have been opened up by humans and entered the forest consisting of huge trees.

There were no birds chirping, no wild beast roars, or disturbance caused by crawling insects. It was so peaceful as if time had frozen, so dead that there was no sign of life.

According to Bernadette's understanding, there should be many supernatural beings that had already gone extinct in the outside world. Normally, it would be quite lively. But now, she felt as if she was walking through an uninhabited cemetery. Every giant

tree was a tombstone.

If it were any of the Beyonders with weaker minds, they would definitely feel tense. Burdened with a heavy pressure, they would slowly approach the edge of losing control. However, Bernadette's expression didn't change at all, as though she was already used to proceeding through danger and strangeness.

After walking for nearly half an hour, she still didn't see any living thing or even sense the wind.

Suddenly, her vision opened up, because the huge trees in front of her had become sparse.

Bernadette didn't feel any joy. Instead, she slowed down and raised her hand to press against her glabella.

A pair of eyes that were without eyelashes appeared in front of her, looking cold and heartless.

Then, the pair of Eyes of Mystery Prying was grabbed by invisible hands and placed on an invisible person's face.

This was Bernadette's Invisible Servant.

The Invisible Servant brought the Eyes of Mystery Prying and quickly crossed the remaining path to the open forest.

During this process, its vision gradually became clearer, as if it was no longer affected by the faint blackness in the air.

Finally, the Invisible Servant arrived at the boundary of the open region and transmitted the situation to Bernadette through the Eyes of Mystery Prying.

Outside the sparse forest, there was an empty space. There were countless creatures prostrating there.

Among them were red dragons with skin flowing with flames. There were treants that had gnarls for eyes and hollows for mouths. There were demonic wolves with eight legs, giants with four long limbs, and feathered serpents with oily feathers and scales with a dark green shade. The latter coiled there, resembling small hills. There were also different kinds of creatures that looked like human and wild beast hybrids.

At this moment, they were all facing one direction. They had their upper bodies or heads prostrated, as though they were worshiping an unknown existence. None of them made a sound.

There were even a few humans among them.

One, *two*, *three*, *four*, *five*... When Bernadette counted a few humanoid creatures, her blue eyes suddenly widened.

She had learned from Admiral of Stars Cattleya that the primitive island which her father had discovered had a special type of corruption that allowed dead creatures to return here—to the source—regardless of where their corpses were.

Amongst the “knights” who served Emperor Roselle, Grimm was first to be killed because of this, followed by William and Poli. However, apart from the three of them, no one else was sacrificed in corresponding matters. And at that moment, there were five supernatural or mutated creatures present.

In addition, Bernadette also knew that her father had eventually resolved the corruption problem and made the primitive island his secret base.

Is this not the island? Queen Mystic examined the five humans through the Eyes of Mystery Prying.

They were dressed in opulent clothes from Roselle's era. Their faces were pale, their skin shriveled, and they looked more like zombies than humans.

As the five of them were prostrating, Bernadette temporarily couldn't see their faces. She could only patiently wait for the "praying" to end.

A few minutes later, those creatures straightened their bodies and the entire forest came alive.

Seizing this opportunity, Bernadette saw the five of them and compared them with her memories and the images she knew.

Grimm, he really is Grimm. This is the primitive island...

That's Uncle William. I remember him. He taught me swordplay before...

Uncle Poli...

When she recognized the fourth person, a look of astonishment could be seen on Bernadette's face.

That person was:

Edwards!

In Bernadette's memory, the knight had outlived her father's death. Then, he migrated his family to Lenburg. He hadn't died on this primitive island.

According to the information she received from Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina, Edwards had lived for nearly a hundred years. He died peacefully and was buried in a cemetery in the suburbs of Lenburg.

Uncle Edwards has also returned to this island... Didn't he not experience any corruption and didn't die because of this... Thoughts flashed through Bernadette's mind one after another. As a result, the Eyes of Mystery Prying on the Invisible Servant's face kept staring at the human suspected to be Edwards.

The "gentleman" had an old appearance and his hair was completely white. It was the same portrait of the ancestor in his advanced years—the one that Edwina Edwards had shown her. And from his facial features and outline, Bernadette could tell what he looked like in his prime.

At that time, Edwards had been her equestrian teacher.

Suddenly, the human who was suspected to be Edwards turned his head and gazed coldly at the Invisible Servant.

Although Bernadette had inherited quite a bit of Emperor Roselle's inheritance, she definitely didn't rely on items to advance to this point in the mysterious world. At that moment,

she made a prompt decision and directly made the Eyes of Mystery Prying vanish, allowing the Invisible Servant to return to the spirit world.

Right on the heels of that, she quietly changed her position.

At the same time, above the gray fog, Klein tapped the edge of the long mottled table and enhanced the probability of Bernadette not being discovered.

When the person suspected to be Edwards retracted his blank gaze and walked to a different spot in the primitive forest with the surrounding creatures, Klein frowned slightly and muttered to himself, “What kind of anomaly happened?”

He remembered that the Emperor had already resolved the corruption of the cosmos on this primitive island when he was alive. However, these creatures were still worshiping an unknown existence, holding a mysterious ritual that was close to the earliest descriptions in the diary.

After the emperor’s death, did a particular entity from the cosmos infiltrate this place again? Or is it that they’re worshiping some symbol left behind by the Emperor? Who are the other two? They look like Edwards and Benjamin Abraham from the historical fragment? Klein, who was temporarily unable to see what was being worshiped due to the faint black interference of the island, could only follow Bernadette’s eyes to observe the surroundings.

After a while, Bernadette, who was proficient in prophesying, finally confirmed that there was no living creature in the open space. She summoned the Invisible Servant again and gave it the Eyes of Mystery Prying.

The Invisible Servant passed through the sparse areas of the

forest and the empty area, carefully arriving at the spot where the creatures had been worshiping.

There was a huge rock, and on it was a simple baldachin made of dark red wood.

The Invisible Servant circled halfway and arrived in front of the baldachin. It was empty inside. There was no statue, nor was there an emblem formed from symbols.

The creatures on this island were praying to something that didn't seem to exist.

Chapter 1301: "New Life"

Through the Eyes of Mystery Prying, Bernadette saw that the interior of the dark-red baldachin was empty—nothing was there. All she could see were shadows that usually shrouded things in reality.

She was unable to prophesize anything from it. Having no choice but to look away, she followed her intuition and made the Invisible Servant walk towards the other end of the open area, which was also part of the primitive forest filled with towering trees.

As the Invisible Servant couldn't be too far away from her, she silently followed behind while wearing the Invisibility Hat. She unhurriedly passed through the area where all the creatures on the island were gathered.

Here, the sky seemed to be perpetually gloomy, one permeated by a faint blackness.

Time passed quickly. The Invisible Servant entered the forest that blotted out the sky with the tree branches and everything before it suddenly dimmed.

Right on the heels of that, the nearly transparent, cold, and undetectable Eyes of Mystery Prying saw through the dim environment. There were pale-white corpses placed in between the trees. Skulls and rotting corpses hung down from many branches.

They consisted of dragons, avian creatures, and some had eight legs, while others were strange giant trees that occupied every

empty spot in the forest.

At a glance, Bernadette seemed to have arrived at a cemetery. A scene naturally surfaced in her mind:

It was a scene of supernatural beings giving birth to their descendants before they died, thus passing on their Beyonder characteristics to them. And these creatures would struggle towards this region in the primitive forest from every direction, in search of an unoccupied spot. Then, facing a particular direction, they would silently die, gradually rotting and being reduced to bones.

What's the meaning behind this? As a Clairvoyant, Bernadette fully believed that the scenes produced in her mind were what had happened in the real world. However, she was puzzled about the type of power that made the creatures on this primitive island choose this area as their tomb.

Furthermore, since Grimm, William, and Poli, who had died long ago, appeared to remain alive in some form, it didn't make sense that supernatural and mutated creatures that had stayed on this island all this while and had suffered even more corruption would end up dying.

This made Bernadette frown slightly as she directed the Invisible Servant to continue proceeding deeper into the creature cemetery.

Just like that, the Invisible Servant proceeded forward for nearly fifteen minutes in this forest filled with bones and corpses.

Finally, it saw a fourth object beyond trees, weeds, and corpses.

It was a black stone pillar. It was very thick, with a width spanning about six arm spans, and thirty to forty meters tall. Its surface was covered with rings which were signs of weathering. It resembled a finger wearing rings that didn't suit its size.

Bernadette made the Eyes of Mystery Prying observe the stone pillar for several seconds, but she didn't discover anything mysterious about it. It was as though it was a symbol that was casually erected.

The Invisible Servant looked around and discovered that the surrounding corpses around the stone pillar didn't suffer from serious rot. They were even covered in rather intact flesh and skin.

There aren't any supernatural powers or magical effects that are different from other places... Unless the new deceased were gathered near the stone pillar, it's impossible for them to have such a unified trend... Bernadette suspected that it wasn't because there was no mysterious influence in this matter, but that it would only happen at a specific moment.

She didn't use her powers of prophecy to search for the reason. This was because a prophecy, at its core, was to pry into the secrets of the river of fate. The more serious the problem involved was, and the higher her status and level, the more damage the backlash would bring to her. And at this moment, it was impossible for Bernadette to not be cautious. She was afraid that it might involve an unknown existence.

In addition, this hadn't caused any harm to her. She didn't have to take the risk to make a "prophecy."

After searching for a while to no avail, the Invisible Servant continued forward, attempting to pass through the cemetery and head to other regions of the forest.

Just then, Bernadette heard a rustling sound.

It was the sound of a breeze passing through the vegetation, a tidal wave in the void.

Ever since she landed on this strange island, this was Bernadette's first time feeling the wind.

Subconsciously, she made the invisible servant look back at the black stone pillar.

In the Eyes of Mystery Prying, the corpses around the stone pillar began to rot and shed one by one. New flesh and blood grew out like they had their own spirituality, and their skin slowly covered this harrowing scene one inch at a time.

This change lasted for less than ten seconds before stopping. A small number of the corpses no longer showed any signs of decay. It looked like they had just died.

In the next second, a mutated curly-haired baboon and a wolf with eight legs wobbled to their feet.

Their fur was slightly white and their skin was slightly dry, their eyes dull and cold.

Then, the two originally deceased creatures each got their bearings and left the cemetery from different spots.

Bernadette's gaze froze as she watched this. Her brows raised slightly as she finally understood why the creatures on this island had struggled to come to this area before dying and why

they had to die here:

Here, death—an endpoint—didn't mean entering the state of eternal slumber, but rather a new beginning!

Furthermore, this wasn't the "resurrection" of a zombie or skeleton that a Spirit Guide was capable of. It was a "new life" with a certain will and vitality.

A distortion and disorder of the world's underlying rules? In addition, it seems to contain some mystery from the Black Emperor's resurrection… However, those who obtained new life aren't in a proper state. They're even closer to zombies… Such revivals are very problematic… Klein, who was above the gray fog, also saw this scene and had many guesses.

Of course, this was under the premise that the Emperor had fundamentally left his last mausoleum here and exerted some form of influence here.

As he thought about it, Klein rejected this idea.

This was because, before the Emperor became an angel, this primitive island had a similar situation. The dead Grimm was proof!

Yes, the exact details that happened back then might not be the same as what's happening now. Perhaps, compared to the past, it has already been distorted and "disordered"… Klein nodded gently, prepared to bless and protect Bernadette at any time.

Bernadette also came up with a guess. She didn't allow the Invisible Servant to stay in its spot to wait for a "new tide of life."

This was because she had foreseen a development:

After being repeatedly affected by the "new tide of life," the Invisible Servant would oddly develop some sort of sentience and come "alive"!

In addition, it wasn't that the Invisible Servant hadn't done any investigation prior to this, but it had ultimately failed to discover anything special about the black stone pillar. Bernadette didn't believe that it would gain anything new by remaining here.

In such a situation, it was better to establish a basic understanding of the primitive island rather than alarming an unknown existence due to a deeper study.

Many a time, there were problems that eluded one in the beginning, but the answer might be nearer to the end.

This was thanks to the experience that Bernadette had accumulated over all these years.

The corpses on the trees and branches gradually grew fewer as the Invisible Servant moved forward. During this process, Bernadette discovered another phenomenon:

In the "new tide of life," it wasn't certain that a corpse would be revived. However, once they revived and left the empty area, the rest of the corpses would be attracted like metal to magnets in the next five minutes. They would stiffly move towards the center, filling up the corresponding spots like they were in line for a bestowment.

The law of Beyonder characteristics convergence? No, it doesn't

seem like it. The deceased have already passed down their characteristics... As Bernadette's thoughts wandered, she suddenly thought of a question:

It's impossible for the deceased to produce new Beyonder characteristics after obtaining new life, but do they still possess their powers in their previous lives?

Once I have a complete grasp of the situation on this island, I can find a "resurrected" being to test it out... Bernadette quickly made a decision and followed the Invisible Servant's route forward.

She didn't use any Beyonder powers other than her Invisibility Hat. She hoped that she wouldn't disturb the environment and miss out on any details. Therefore, she didn't walk too fast. She took about fifteen minutes to leave the cemetery.

The Invisible Servant had already entered the forest up ahead. It could hear the occasional bird chirping and beast roars. The vibrant vitality here was different from the other remaining regions.

Above the gray fog, Klein sighed.

Thankfully, I'm now the owner of Sefirah Castle. Here, I have the status of a King of Angels. I can observe reality for as long as I want to, and I don't have to worry about draining my spirituality. Yes, the only thing I need to pay attention to is my body that's hidden in the ancient city located in the fog of history before the First Epoch.

After traveling for another few minutes, the Invisible Servant suddenly saw something that appeared incongruous to the primitive island's environment.

It was a log cabin that seemed to be a residence of a forest ranger.

The log cabin was brown in color and was less than 2.5 meters tall. It looked like it was prepared for humans, but every detail was rough and crude.

At that moment, the cabin's door was open, allowing Bernadette to see the situation inside through the Eyes of Mystery Prying.

A wooden table, a fur-covered bed, and a low-back chair formed a scene of a residence lived by humans.

Who lives here? With a thought from Bernadette, the Invisible Servant rapidly approached the cabin in search for possible clues.

It then realized that the interior of the cabin was ice-cold. Apart from the furniture, there was nothing else. It seemed like no one had lived there for a very long time.

Just as Bernadette was using the Eyes of Mystery Prying to carefully inspect every detail in the cabin, she suddenly had a premonition. She hurriedly made the Invisible Servant turn around.

At some point in time, a person had appeared behind the Invisible Servant!

He was wearing luxurious clothes from the Roselle era. His hair was completely white, and he looked old. He had a pair of light blue eyes that were extremely cold and blank.

Edwards.

This was the knight who had outlived the Emperor, Vice Admiral Iceberg Edwina's ancestor.

Edwards stared at the Invisible Servant for a few seconds. Suddenly, he opened his mouth and said in a low voice, our Highness."

Chapter 1302: The Scene in the Prophecy

Bernadette fell silent for two seconds before replying through the Invisible Servant:

"Uncle Edwards, why are you here?"

She used the way she addressed him when she was young to reduce the chances of an accident.

Her voice reverberated in the surrounding air with the Invisible Servant as a conduit. It was dry, dull, and completely different from normal.

Edwards's face was pale. It was as if he had just crawled out of the grave without any warmth.

"I don't know either.

"When I woke up, I discovered that I had returned to this island.

"This might be my destiny. A destiny of guarding His Majesty."

He paused with every word he said, but he didn't give the impression that he was out of breath. It seemed like he hadn't spoken for a long time, so much so that his throat was "rusty." He wasn't used to speaking.

Without waiting for Bernadette's further inquiries, the knight,

who was famous across the continent more than a hundred years ago, added with a flat tone, “His Majesty’s mausoleum is nearby.

“I’ve been guarding this place, waiting for ‘Him’ to revive.

“But after so many years, the mausoleum has never changed.

“There haven’t been any signs of a resurrection.”

Bernadette made the invisible servant look around and said, “This log cabin is where you live?”

Edwards’s exposed skin was slightly shriveled. It matched the aging spots he originally had. His voice was low and hoarse as he answered, “That’s right.

“I used the surrounding trees to make materials to build this cabin.”

Bernadette’s Invisible Servant looked in the direction where she had come from.

“Uncle William and the others aren’t with you?”

Edwards’s cold, wooden eyes moved.

“They have long been corrupted and are dead.

“Although they’ve come back to life, they’re more like monsters. They aren’t their former selves.

“Your Highness, you must be wary of them and avoid them.

“Do not trust anyone but Benjamin and me.”

Bernadette fell silent for a while before asking through the Invisible Servant:

“Where’s my father’s mausoleum? I want to take a look.”

Edwards’s somewhat stiff neck moved.

“Okay.”

He then took a step towards the cabin and took out a rusted black axe.

“I’ll take you there,” Edwards said as he looked at the Invisible Servant that normally couldn’t be seen.

During this process, his expression was stiff and almost unchanged.

“Alright.” Along the periphery of the forest, Bernadette responded using the Invisible Servant to make her hoarse voice echo in the surroundings.

Edwards was almost 1.9 meters tall, and he looked rather thin. He carried his axe and walked behind the log cabin before saying in a flat tone, “It’s very close.

“Be careful along the way.”

Bernadette immediately controlled the Invisible Servant and made it follow the luxuriously-dressed Edwards.

Walking through the forest one after another, Bernadette suddenly made the Invisible Servant ask, “Uncle Edwards, what were you worshiping in the empty space from before?”

Edwards didn’t turn his head as he maintained the same pace.

“His Majesty.”

At least two kilometers behind him and the Invisible Servant, Bernadette immediately pricked up her brows. She took nearly three seconds to control her emotions.

Through the Invisible Servant, she continued asking without any emotion, “Uncle William and the others are worshiping him?”

Edwards paused, but he kept his back towards the Invisible Servant and the Eyes of Mystery Prying.

“No.”

He slowed down as though he was thinking of an answer.

“I don’t know what they worship…”

Bernadette’s eyes narrowed slightly as though she could see some changes in the river of fate.

She didn’t ask any more questions as she made the Invisible Servant silently follow Edwards. Amidst the dark-green, towering trees and the black, sharp shrubs, they headed for the island’s mountain peak.

In just four or five minutes, the trees up ahead disappeared.

This wasn’t a process that went from dense to sparse until there was nothing. Instead, the towering trees suddenly disappeared after an imaginary boundary line.

Beyond the invisible line was a mountain that was hundreds of meters tall. It was covered by dark-green trees that were almost black in color. From afar, it was almost as if it was one with the forest, virtually inseparable.

However, the side of the mountain facing Edward and Bernadette was mostly without vegetation—half of the mountain had been excavated.

In the middle of the mountain, a pitch-black mausoleum stood there with a majestic appearance.

Most of it was part of the mountain range. A small portion of it had signs of man-made constructions and polishing. It truly expounded on what it meant to be a “mountain mausoleum.”

Thus, the mausoleum didn't look like the common pyramid. Instead, it looked more like a towering mountain. It wasn't exactly symmetrical, but it was definitely majestic.

Perhaps the mausoleum itself had influenced its surroundings, or perhaps Edwards had cleaned the area, its surface was void of weeds, nor was it covered with vines commonly seen in other mountains.

This allowed Bernadette to see the various texts and symbols engraved on the mausoleum through the Eyes of Mystery Prying. She saw the heavy thirty-meter-tall stone door that seemed to be prepared for giants.

Bernadette wasn't unfamiliar with those words and symbols. She didn't take much time to recognize them as either the "Civil Code" that was created by her father, the new social trends that he had established, or even some design drafts of some invention.

Just as Bernadette was carefully examining it, Klein, who was above the gray fog, was completely certain that this was the last mausoleum left behind by Emperor Roselle.

This was similar to the mausoleum he had seen in the Tudor ruins. It had the majesticness and "distortion" traits of the Black Emperor.

After walking out of the primitive forest and passing through the invisible boundary, they arrived near the mausoleum. Edwards stopped.

He half-turned his body and aimed his pale face and cold eyes at the Invisible Servant. He said without any change in his voice, "Don't go in."

“It will interrupt the resurrection…”

Bernadette frowned slightly and thought for two seconds before using the Eyes of Mystery Prying to lock onto the mausoleum.

Then, her blue eyes that resembled the sea became extremely deep, like the surface of the sea before a storm.

Under such circumstances, her eyes clearly lost focus as her vision turned blurry.

She was prying into the secrets of the River of Fate and making a prophecy for what would happen next.

Klein tapped the long mottled table and increased the probability of her success. He then prepared himself to resist the corruption of the cosmos.

Of course, the latter wasn’t necessary, because Bernadette had a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact that she could control.

Bernadette raised her right hand the next second.

Her skin instantly turned as white as snow. Her lips turned as red as blood, and her hair was as black as ebony.

An illusory, ancient mirror appeared in her hands.

This was Snow White of her fairytale magic. Bernadette had used it to enhance the success rate and accuracy of her “prophecy.”

Silently, she “saw” a scene:

The majestic and solemn dark mausoleum visibly shook as the tall, heavy stone door opened.

Then, a huge black arm stretched out from the stone door.

The style of this arm was close to that of the trees on the island. From its color and state, it looked more like a part of a shadow. However, it wasn’t a thin layer, but was instead filled with flesh and blood. It looked extremely strange.

It supported itself with its elbows and moved forward with great difficulty, as though it wanted to pull out bigger and more terrifying parts from within.

Boom!

The entire island began to shake.

Boom!

The transparent Eyes of Mystery Prying suddenly shattered.

Bernadette’s eyes immediately closed, as if she had seen a blinding light or encountered some unbearable damage.

Blood trickled down from the corners of her eyes as the color in her face drained significantly.

On her body, a pair of illusory and holy wings spread out, descending upon her with its clean, white feathers to neutralize the invisible corruption.

Indeed, she has the ability to resist. The Emperor sure left a huge inheritance for her... Heh heh, before I taught Ma'am Hermit a lesson, she liked to use the Eye of Mystery Prying to examine the people and objects around her. It definitely has something to do with how she was brought up... In short, it's all Roselle's fault! Klein heaved a sigh of relief as he couldn't help but criticize the Emperor.

Then, his mind raced as he analyzed the scene that Bernadette had prophesied:

A terrifying creature crawls out from the mausoleum after the stone door is opened.

This might be the resurrected Roselle, or perhaps a symbol of some kind of disaster. For example, a particular Outer Deity who had once corrupted this island, or the Primordial Moon who secretly corrupted Roselle...

Yes, even if it's Roselle, he definitely wouldn't be taking on the form of a human. He's even closer to that of a Mythical Creature, a deity... Also, I can't be sure if the terrifying creature is rational or if it can communicate...

There's another important problem. Was the stone door opened by Bernadette or someone else? Or did the terrifying creature in the mausoleum do it by itself? If it's the latter, things might develop to the stage of the prophecy even if we don't do a thing...

A prophecy is truly filled with ambiguity.

Klein conjured a gold coin and flicked it, making a divination.

The results of the dream divination showed that the mausoleum was both dangerous and safe.

How do I interpret this? As Klein pondered, he focused his attention back on Bernadette.

Bernadette took nearly a minute to recover and stopped appearing that weak.

However, she was temporarily unable to interpret the direction of the prophecy from the scene she saw. She could only confirm that the problem was definitely very complicated.

Due to the Eyes of Mystery Prying shattering, there was no way for her to use it to see the various secrets. All she could do was use the Invisible Servant's perception to observe the situation around her.

She realized that Edwards remained silent and motionless when she was unable to control the Invisible Servant, as though he hadn't noticed anything abnormal.

After some thought, Bernadette said to Edwards through the Invisible Servant, "Do you still remember the years you spent in Lenburg?"

Edwards's indifferent blue eyes moved.

"I remember."

“I think…”

At this point, he seemed to recall something. His expression twisted as though he was suffering some indescribable pain.

In such a state, his eyes suddenly glowed with a strange light.

“I think… I think I’m already dead…”

Chapter 1303: Coming to Life

"Already dead..."

Edwards turned his head and looked at Bernadette's Invisible Servant with his light-blue eyes. His gaze was no longer cold and blank. It emitted a strange glint that was filled with disbelief.

It was only at this moment that he seemed to realize that he had long died and had come back to "life." He was no different from William, Poli, and Grimm, who he claimed were individuals who they needed to keep up one's guard against.

This transformation lasted for only two seconds before Edwards's face twisted. His already pale skin rapidly dimmed as it ruptured inch by inch.

Beneath his skin, the red pieces of flesh began to rot at a discernible speed, dripping foul yellow liquid.

With a swoosh, Edwards raised the black axe in his hand.

Oof!

His axe ruthlessly cleaved the top of his head, as though it was trying to stop the bad thoughts that surfaced in his mind.

The axe was heavy and sharp. It tore through Edwards's skull all the way to his glabella.

Drip, drip, drip. Drops of milky-white cerebrospinal fluid dripped down from the axe's blade, sliding across Edwards's grimaced and torn face, as though he had poured some milk onto a bright red strawberry.

"Don't... Don't come near me..." Edwards said in a low and hoarse voice to Bernadette's Invisible Servant after striking himself in the head.

Before he could finish his sentence, his expression returned to its blank state. The look in his eyes gradually turned hollow as he turned around and walked towards the forest.

That thin and shriveled body of his stooped a little, as though his back was hunched.

Bernadette had probed him because of the doubts and concerns she had about entering the mausoleum. All she could do was indirectly determine the problem with Edwards's existence, and see if she could obtain more clues from his answer. She never expected this knight from Roselle's era, who had been famous across the Northern Continent, would react in such an intense and strange manner.

After two seconds of silence, Bernadette made the Invisible Servant say to Edwards's back:

"Your descendants are doing pretty well. All of them are accomplished in a certain sense."

Edwards, whose back was facing the mausoleum, stopped for a moment. Then, he continued forward, passing the invisible boundary and entering the forest.

His target seemed to be in the direction of the cemetery with the stone pillar, the place where the deceased could obtain “new life.”

At the same time, Bernadette looked up into the sky.

The faint black colors that permeated the area had clearly faded, but there was an indescribable feeling. The entire primitive island underwent a subtle change that couldn’t accurately be described.

Suddenly, Bernadette, who was hiding at the edge of the invisible boundary, rubbed her back.

She felt that it was heavy, as though there was something there.

When her left palm touched her target, Bernadette realized that there was an extra strand of hair.

At this moment, she was wearing an Intis-styled blouse with a large lace flower around the collar, an indigo patterned captain’s uniform, a pair of beige trousers, knee-length boots, and a triangular hat with feathers on it. She was dressed like the leader of a pirate ship.

She styled herself such that her long chestnut hair was tied into a bun, leaving the remaining strands in a way that would reach the middle of her back. But now, even though her hairstyle remained unchanged, her hair had grown longer and reached her waist.

Then, Bernadette lowered her head and looked at her right palm. She saw the fingernails of her five fingers extending.

Queen Mystic didn't show any signs of surprise or panic. She followed the instincts of a Clairvoyant and from all the experience she had accumulated over time. She took a few steps forward, and through an invisible boundary, she completely left the primitive forest and entered the empty area where the Black Emperor's mausoleum was.

During this process, Bernadette even made the Invisible Servant return to the spirit world.

Three or four seconds later, she felt the earth shake. The mausoleum began to tremble visibly.

Subconsciously, Bernadette turned to look at the primitive forest.

Her gaze froze for a moment.

The dark-green trees were waving their branches and uprooting their roots. Then, like humans, they approached Bernadette.

The entire primitive forest had come to "life"!

Looking at the dense cluster of trees that seemed to blot out the sky surging at her, Bernadette had the feeling that doomsday was approaching. She felt as if the entire area would be blanketed by the forest.

A gigantic red dragon with flames flowing across its skin rapidly flew into the sky. An eight-legged demonic wolf began to run madly between the trees... All the supernatural beings and mutated creatures on this island stirred as they rushed towards the mausoleum.

Although she was a Clairvoyant, Bernadette still didn't expect that her simple, indirect question would bring about such an anomaly. It was as though it was a key that had opened the door to the abyss.

Above the gray fog, Klein saw a lot more. Together with his knowledge of mysticism, he had a certain guess.

The situation of Edwards is different from William, Grimm, and Poli. It's like a loophole of the order on this primitive island, or rather, a shadow...

When he realized that he was already dead, this loophole was discovered by the order, and it began to conduct "repairs."

And the repairs brought with it an enhancement of the order, causing the entire island to experience an anomaly.

I can sense that the Black Emperor's powers are present here to a certain degree. It affected Edwards, causing him to maintain a portion of his will after obtaining new "life." And where did the original order of this primitive island come from?

Eh...

As Klein's thoughts raced, he suddenly sensed that Bernadette was suffering certain anomalies.

Thump, thump, thump. Bernadette could vaguely hear her own heartbeat.

This heartbeat was rather chaotic, as though it was a

combination of two sounds.

Two... Bernadette's heart stirred as she calmly directed her attention back to herself.

In the next second, she confirmed that there were two sources of her heartbeat.

One came from her heart, the other from her abdomen.

There seemed to be an additional heart in her abdomen, one that was rapidly expanding and contracting.

Furthermore, this "heart" was developing bit by bit!

Without needing to use her Mystery Prying powers to look at her abdomen, Bernadette immediately sensed that there was a fetus in her womb.

It had grown from the size of a grape to the size of a normal human palm. If it was left to grow, it didn't seem like it would take long before it matured. It would then tear open her mother's womb, and drill out while covered in blood.

Unknowingly, Bernadette had become pregnant. Her spiritual perception and the Sealed Artifact on her body had failed to detect it in advance or attempt to stop it. It was as though she was powerless to deal with such an influence.

Earth Mother... Primordial Moon... Mother Tree of Desire... Three divine names flashed through Bernadette's mind.

According to what she knew, there weren't many mysteries that could cause such an anomaly. Most of them came from domains related to the Earth and the Moon pathway.

Sequence 0 of the Planter pathway was Mother. The Primordial Moon could make a stone have reproductive powers, while the Mother Tree of Desire seemed to possess some High-Sequence Beyonder characteristics of the Moon pathway.

Bernadette wasn't in a hurry to deal with the fetus in her stomach. Her gaze turned dark once again as she used her prophetic ability to see what her best choice was.

This time, she only took one second to obtain the corresponding prophecy:

"Survival lies inside the mausoleum."

Without any hesitation, Bernadette reached out her right hand and quickly drew out words filled with stellar radiance.

These words, which were similar to the words on the Blasphemy Slate, quickly interwove into a strange symbol and opened a secret door that seemed to lead deep into the spirit world.

Following that, the "secret door" opened and a strong gust of wind blew out, transforming into an entity that was half-man, half-air. His upper body was wrapped in white cloth.

"Sage Frontlet," Bernadette's tone was calm as she ordered in a dignified voice.

The man responded respectfully and removed an accessory from the white cloth wrapped around his body.

The core of this accessory was a vertical eye embedded with “diamonds.” It shimmered with pure light, exuding an abnormal holiness. It was filled with intelligence, but it also appeared cold without any warmth.

Bernadette then took the accessory and “embedded” it into the middle of her forehead.

This was a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact which Bernadette usually didn’t carry with her, as the negative effects were too severe.

However, at this moment, the Sage Frontlet had an ability that was extremely important to Bernadette. She was willing to bear the consequences of not being able to use evil magic and the gradual influence that the Beyonder characteristic would have on her as it slowly fused with her.

If she didn’t remove the Sage Frontlet in a short period of time, it would be equivalent to having a Sequence 2 potion splashed on her. When the time came, she could either end up lucky and succeed in advancing to become a Sage, or lose control and become a monster. And without the supplementary ingredients and the corresponding ritual, the former’s probability was nearly negligible.

With the diamond vertical eye on her forehead, Bernadette’s body began to turn incorporeal as she dissociated into a series of complicated knowledge.

In that instant, she became a creature of pure information.

The baby in her womb failed to obtain such a state as it fell to the ground.

It was half the size of a normal baby. It already had facial features and limbs. Its skin was wrinkled, and it was dripping with sticky pus.

As it left its mother's body, the undeveloped "it" began to regress and quickly melted in the air.

The baby was clearly unwilling to give up. It tried its best to open its eyes, which were sealed by the sticky liquid. It opened its mouth wide open in a bid to make a final struggle.

At this moment, Klein, who was above the gray fog, rapped the edge of the long mottled table.

Pa!

He increased the probability of failure with respect to the baby's struggling.

Unable to maintain itself, the baby completely dissipated in front of the approaching black forest.

At the same time, the flood of information that Bernadette had transformed into had entered the Black Emperor mausoleum's interior through the heavy stone door as she reformed her original body.

During this process, she seemed to see a black shadow.

Chapter 1304: The Importance of Ideas

When she entered the Black Emperor's mausoleum, Bernadette vaguely saw a black shadow. However, after she extricated herself from being an embodiment of information, and reassembled her body with the pure, messy knowledge, she didn't sense anything. It was as though what she had just experienced was just an illusion.

Queen Mystic wasn't in a rush to venture deep into the mausoleum. She stayed in her spot and carefully observed her surroundings.

Without using the powers of Mystery Prying, everything was clearly presented before her eyes.

The interior of the Black Emperor mausoleum was empty. Apart from the pitch-black walls and the high platform in the middle, there was nothing.

On the high platform, there was a chair that looked like it was prepared for a giant. It was made of iron, and its surface was engraved with complicated and distorted patterns. At the top of the seat, there was a crown-shaped object.

At this moment, there wasn't a single figure on the huge, heavy seat, as if it was waiting for its emperor to return.

Just as Bernadette was about to take a step forward and approach the platform, she suddenly realized that her body was completely immobilized, as if she was being bound tightly by invisible shackles.

Right on the heels of that, pairs of illusory and holy white wings appeared behind her as though they were passively resisting something.

In the next second, on the pairs of angel wings, white feathers dropped as they fluttered. They grew deformed, thin, and fluffy limbs. The gaps in the layers of feathers spread open one after another as though they had become countless eyes.

The deformed feathers immediately let out crisp laughter, causing a hollow chuckle to echo inside the mausoleum.

All of them had come alive, turning into miniature “winged creatures.”

This reminded Bernadette of some fairytales that her father had told her. There were always little pixies that weren’t as big as a thumb in them.

As this thought flashed through her mind, Bernadette felt her right eye itch.

The eyelashes of that eye grew rapidly, turning into tiny arms that took root on her face, trying hard to pull her eyeball out.

“I see it! I see it!” The veins in Bernadette’s right eye protruded as they let out a child-like voice as though they had gained sentience and consciousness of her body.

This was also a form of new “life.”

Almost at the same time, Bernadette’s left ear suddenly drooped

down and covered her ears.

“I don’t want to hear it! I don’t want to hear it!” the ear shouted with a sharp voice.

If she didn’t use her spirituality, Bernadette would definitely imagine that she had a young maiden by her side—one that was covering her ears, stamping her feet, and screaming.

Without cushioning anything, the Sage Frontlet in the middle of her forehead automatically left her body and floated into the air.

The surface of the vertical eye embedded with “diamonds” instantly flashed with countless cold beams of light. It was as though numerous tiny eyes had grown out of it.

Each eye reflected Bernadette.

The Sage Frontlet had also obtained a certain living characteristic.

Just as the Grade 0 Sealed Artifact was about to awaken and affect its target, a pale-white, slender, illusory palm reached out and grabbed it.

The Sage Frontlet’s living characteristic rapidly dispersed, as though it had reached the end of its life.

The ice-cold and pale hand that clearly belonged to a woman came from behind Bernadette. At some point in time, a figure with only an upper-body appeared.

This figure grew out of Bernadette's back. It was almost transparent and rather illusory.

She was wearing the same clothing as Bernadette, and she was wearing the same feather triangular hat. Her blue eyes were like the projection of the ocean. It was like Bernadette herself, a part of her spirit that had drilled out of her body.

However, there was a pale-white face mask on Bernadette's half-body phantom.

The mask only had holes where one's eyes were with no other gaps elsewhere. This made Bernadette's phantom appear extremely cold and noble, but it lacked the aura of a living being.

This was the third item she possessed, and also her last Grade 0 Sealed Artifact. It was an item made after Emperor Roselle returned from the Southern Continent in his later years, called "Pale Death."

Its negative effect was to make the wearer slowly die until it became a corpse and become its slave.

At this moment, Bernadette had used this point to restrain the abnormal life growing in her.

Just as the half-body phantom appeared, her right eye quelled. Her eyelashes which had turned thicker and longer into arms began to fall off one by one.

Her ears didn't make any noises either. They slowly opened and returned to normal.

Without such a suppression, Bernadette's facial features, arms, and legs would've broken apart to seek "freedom."

After stabilizing her body, Bernadette tried to take a step forward. However, she was still unable to do anything. All she could do was control the half-bodied Spirit Body.

After some thought, she made the Spirit Body behind her take out a ritual silver dagger from her pocket. Then, bending down, it drew a circle in the middle of her right boot.

With a ripping sound, the leather boot quickly shortened by half.

Then, Bernadette used her half-body Spirit Body to tear her pants near her left knee. She cut off a corner of her coat and blouse, removing one of the feathers on the side of her triangular hat.

This attempt didn't seem to have anything to do with supernatural beings. It was just like a willful and rebellious girl who wanted to dress up in a different way from the normal sense of aesthetics.

However, as Bernadette completed this series of actions, she carefully took a step forward. Her body could actually move, as she no longer felt restrained.

The invisible suppression effect vanished instantly. The Black Emperor mausoleum seemed to accept Bernadette in this form.

Who would've thought that something an ordinary person could do was able to deal with such abnormalities?

Furthermore, Bernadette suspected that the more she used her Beyonder powers to resist whatever she was facing, the deeper the effects.

This was because she had the feeling that she was facing an invisible deity. Only by pleasing the other party's sense of aesthetics could she be pardoned. Otherwise, she could only rely on the authority of a Sequence 0 to circle around it.

In addition, the lucky thing was that Bernadette wasn't once a knowledgeable Mysticologist, but she also had a deep understanding of the Black Emperor pathway. She knew what the authorities this domain consisted of. She knew that it represented the shadow of order, a distortion of order.

That was why Bernadette twisted the normal order around her using her dressing; thus, obtaining the recognition and acceptance of the invisible deity.

Yes, in the matter regarding mysticism, knowledge and ideas are more useful than abilities at times... In that situation just now, any resistance would've been viewed as a provocation towards the internal order of the mausoleum, triggering unpredictable and terrifying changes. Once one figures out the crux of the problem, the negative effects will be easily resolved... Klein nodded above the gray fog and learned quite a lot from Queen Mystic.

Although he was already a Sequence higher than her, to the point of being a King of Angels inside Sefirah Castle and having experienced quite a number of major events, his growth had been too fast. He was still lacking when it came to the details in problems. Now was the perfect time to make up for the deficiency through observation.

After taking a step, Bernadette began to follow her spiritual intuition and walk toward the huge, empty chair on the

platform.

One step, two steps, three steps. Suddenly, a breeze blew past her neck.

This cold wind made Bernadette's body turn numb.

At that moment, she felt a black shadow appear behind her.

Silently, her long chestnut-colored hair parted, revealing a pair of eyes on her scalp.

It was a pair of eyes without any eyelashes. They were almost transparent, cold, and heartless.

Eyes of Mystery Prying!

The pair of eyes turned slightly and saw that the shadow-like curtain in the mysterious world showed clear signs of distortion.

However, it didn't notice the shadow, nor did it find the source of the cold wind.

Just as Bernadette attempted to close the Eyes of Mystery Pryer and lower the possibility of an accident, the cold and sinister breeze suddenly appeared in her mind.

Her thoughts became active as she became increasingly out of control. She was unable to direct her thoughts in the required manner.

This seemed to be a trend that couldn't be changed—one that led to chaos.

Without any hesitation, Bernadette grabbed the few seconds of thought she was capable of. She let the half-body spirit on her back remove the pale-white mask.

Then, she put Pale Death on her face, while the half-body spirit retracted into her body and fused with her.

From this second onwards, Bernadette's thoughts would gradually die along with her body. However, her thoughts could not help but stir and turn chaotic.

Both of these conflicting conditions offset one another, forming a weak and delicate balance that helped Bernadette regain her ability to think.

To Bernadette, compared to the Beyonder effects of Pale Death itself, its negative effects were even more effective at this moment.

Maintaining the balance, Bernadette took a few steps forward.

During this process, she always felt that there were shadows hovering around her, but she couldn't find them no matter how hard she tried.

After thinking for a few seconds, Bernadette's blue eyes darkened once again, losing focus.

She tried prophesying the consequences of her choice.

Soon, a corresponding scene appeared before her eyes:

After putting on the Sage Frontlet again, she once again transformed into pure and complicated information streams, using it to circumvent the obstruction and head to the high platform in the middle.

However, just as she approached, the flood of information suddenly disintegrated. It lost its order and formed several Bernadettes built on different tenets. There was a young girl in a layered dress, a tall young girl, a melancholic and confused girl, a woman with a twisted and pained expression, and a calm and determined queen.

The prophetic vision instantly disappeared and Bernadette's eyes instantly regained focus.

At this moment, she saw the black shadow.

It was standing right in front of her, no more than a fist away from her!

That face formed from pure shadow completely occupied her vision.

Chapter 1305: That Black Shadow

The moment Bernadette saw the black shadow, she instinctively clenched her right hand and conjured an ancient spear.

From the tip of the spear to its handle, it was dyed with crimson red balls. It emitted a strong destructive aura, as though it could harm a true deity.

Spear of Longinus!

This spear had once appeared in an ancient era that couldn't be traced back, stained with the blood of a great existence. At this moment, it had descended into the Black Emperor's mausoleum through Mystical Re-enactment.

However, when Bernadette thrust it forward, she failed to achieve any effects because the tip of the spear was directed at her back.

Despite wanting to attack the black shadow in front of her, the Spear of Longinus had strangely thrust backward.

The area had been affected by "disorder," or suffered some form of distortion.

Above the gray fog in the palace, Klein noticed the black shadow when it appeared in front of Bernadette. He didn't hesitate to raise the Staff of the Stars in his hand.

He didn't wait this time, unlike his prior observations of Queen

Mystic's actions before where he would consider if he would provide her with protection. This was because the level of danger of the black shadow sounded off alarms within him. He was an angel of the Seer pathway after all.

More importantly, Bernadette could sense the shadow's existence after entering the Black Emperor's mausoleum from time to time. As for Klein, he was unable to find clues through the true vision provided by Sefirah Castle.

This undoubtedly meant danger and terror.

When all the gems embedded in the black cane lit up, the sound of melodious bells resounded in the area where Bernadette and the black shadow were.

Gong!

The bell that came from an infinite distance exuded an indescribable emptiness. It made the interior of the Black Emperor's mausoleum visibly freeze, turning Bernadette's figure stiff as if she had been frozen. She couldn't do anything.

However, the black shadow didn't sink into the vortex of time. As though situated in another world built with completely different fundamental rules, the shadow continued moving forward in between the contradictory of two rivers of fate—one filled with raging torrents and one that was almost completely still.

This only made it appear to slow down, in no way affected by the illusory bell.

This was the first time Klein had encountered such a situation

after he gained the ability to replicate powers.

Although the Beyonder effects he had replicated with the Staff of the Stars were lacking compared to the original version, it would still be able to show a certain level of authority that wasn't easy to ignore regardless.

However, the black shadow's slow movements gave him a second chance to try again.

This time, he activated the Staff of the Stars's powers and moved Queen Mystic out of the Black Emperor's mausoleum. He wanted her to first conclude what she experienced before considering entering again.

Gems flashed on the tip of the staff, and Bernadette, who was almost about to make contact with the black shadow, disappeared into thin air.

In the next second, she appeared tens of meters away, appearing near the high platform in the mausoleum.

The Staff of the Stars's teleportation was disrupted. The destination had been distorted, turning everything extremely chaotic.

The experienced Bernadette didn't feel any fear or panic because she was stuck inside the Black Emperor mausoleum. She decisively raised her left hand and pressed the Sage Frontlet in the middle of her forehead as she used her fingers to stroke the Pale Death mask.

The shimmering golden mask suddenly became soft and rapidly

squirmed as if it was about to form a face that didn't belong to Bernadette.

The face had soft features and obvious characteristics of a Southern Continent native, but it exuded a bizarre and terrifying feeling. Anyone who witnessed it would believe that it would come alive once the face became clear enough—an entity that came from ancient times, the eternal darkness where the dead slumbered.

By then, Bernadette's body, spirituality, and consciousness would all belong to this face.

With the protrusion of this face, the stone walls and floor tiles in the Black Emperor mausoleum began to weather. It happened so fast that thousands of years appeared to be washed away in a short span of two seconds.

They quickly became mottled, constantly dropping fragments or throwing up dust due to the wind. In between the cracks, thin white fur grew out.

In just the blink of an eye, the fur grew into white feathers, and their surface seemed to be soaked in light-yellow oil.

The aura of the black figure gradually weakened, as though it was running towards death with huge strides.

Its color faded away, its movements growing slower.

Within the area where the pale-white mask was, even the concept of "death" itself would weather away and dissipate.

However, what was labeled as “death” wasn’t the endpoint. When the stone wall and the floor tiles in the mausoleum were weathered to a certain extent, and when the black figure degraded to a certain stage, new stone blocks began to take form as ethereal auras quickly grew.

During this process, the black figure stretched out his right hand.

This palm that was formed from shadows suddenly grabbed Bernadette’s neck from dozens of meters away!

This wasn’t fulfilled by extending the arm, but distorting the concept of distance for an instant—45 meters became equivalent to 45 centimeters.

The dark palm didn’t exert too much strength, but it made Bernadette feel cold.

Under such coldness, she realized that she couldn’t use the two Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts of the Sage Frontlet and Pale Death.

Typically, as long as she injected her spirituality into it and gave the corresponding thoughts, the Sealed Artifacts on her would react in the correct manner, creating different effects. But now, the silent process and rules had been disrupted and distorted. No amount of thoughts that Bernadette willed were able to stir the Sealed Artifacts.

It felt like she was speaking to the air.

Klein, who was above the gray fog, didn’t waste any time after failing to teleport Queen Mystic away. A series of complicated symbols and magic labels quickly formed in his mind.

He wanted to replicate a Secrets Sorcerer's "Space Concealment." He planned on separating Bernadette's location from the Black Emperor's mausoleum and concealing it to help Queen Mystic escape her current predicament.

In fact, it might be more appropriate replicating the fairytale magic, Peace Blossom Source, but considering how Bernadette was formerly a Mysticologist, Klein felt that it was better to use Space Concealment. Otherwise, it might expose some of The Fool's secrets.

As for where he had learned "Space Concealment" from, it naturally came from the recently advanced Fors.

Previously, in the name of The World Gehrman Sparrow, Klein had rented Leymano's Travels. He had also requested Miss Magician to "Record" the corresponding powers.

Then, he released and recorded it while summoning the complete Leymano's Travels from the fog of history again and again. It didn't take long for him to grasp the knowledge and technique, allowing him to replicate "Spatial Concealment."

As more gems lit up on the Staff of the Stars, the area around Bernadette darkened, as though it was covered by a curtain weaved by shadows.

The curtain distorted as it concealed the space, isolating the black shadow and its palm outside.

This helped Bernadette regain her freedom.

In the next second, the black palm that had been forcefully

separated reached forward again and touched the boundary of the concealed space.

In an instant, a transparent vortex-like “door” appeared in the abnormal void. Or rather, the secret “door” that originally existed appeared autonomously and opened up in front of the black palm.

All concealed space had a “door,” but the location of the door depended on the creator’s thoughts.

The palm formed by the shadows rapidly passed through the open “door” and entered the concealed space. It grabbed Bernadette’s neck and once again disrupted the connection between Queen Mystic and her Sealed Artifact, distorting the corresponding order.

At the same time, the black figure raised its head and looked at the top of the mausoleum.

It seemed to be studying Sefirah Castle and Klein through layers of space and fog.

Klein’s eyelids twitched instinctively.

He sensed that the shadow had a certain understanding of where he was and felt that it was distorting something.

Klein’s expression unknowingly turned abnormally heavy. The different gems on the Staff of the Stars lit up at the same time.

He wanted to attempt to steal the corresponding Beyonder

powers of the other party. Only by doing so would he have the chance to restrict the black shadow.

And in order to increase the success rate of stealing his target's powers, Klein turned his left palm and tapped the edge of the long mottled table.

However, his "theft" failed. He didn't even get anything.

His target had long since escaped the lock-on, despite just standing there!

Klein's gaze froze. Then, he saw the black figure flash and enter the concealed space, closing the distance between it and Bernadette.

This... It distorted my true vision, causing the situation I saw to be from one or even two seconds ago... A thought flashed through Klein's mind as he made a preliminary judgment on the previous failure. He then decided to summon Will Auceptin's historical projection to get "Him" to reboot the area.

At that moment, Bernadette, who was unable to use her Sealed Artifact, grew white, illusory swan feathers on her back.

This was her fairytale magic's "Ugly Duckling." It could make Bernadette reveal an incomplete Mythical Creature form while maintaining her clarity of mind. Should could use it twice a day, with each use lasting fifteen seconds.

At this moment, her thoughts went wild again. They started to boil and become more chaotic.

This caused her “Ugly Duckling” magic to be cut off before it could even show its effects.

Almost at the same time, she saw the black shadow stick to her body. It was sticky like a viscous, corrosive liquid that seeped into her body.

Bernadette’s eyes darkened as she suddenly sensed something. She grabbed the final moment of lucidity and opened her mouth slightly, speaking in a fluent Chinese accent:

“Home…”

The black shadow’s infiltration paused for a moment. Its upper body slowly rose as it looked at Bernadette.

Chapter 1306: Seal

The black figure froze as it released its grip on Bernadette's neck. It was as though it was staring at Queen Mystic with its non-existent eyes.

A dry, hoarse voice echoed in the concealed space:

"Home..."

This voice was filled with hesitation and confusion as though it was seeking confirmation. It was as if it had come from another world.

The corrosion that Bernadette encountered vanished. Her connection with the Sealed Artifact was instantly restored.

Pale Death once again ate at her vitality little by little. This helped her resist the chaos in her thoughts, maintaining her basic clarity and rationality.

Just as she was about to say something, the black figure suddenly stretched out its palm.

But this time, it didn't strangle Bernadette's neck, but instead, it pushed her hard.

Following this push was the collapse of the concealed space. It was a voice filled with pain as though it was resisting something.

“Leave!”

As the voice echoed, the black figure vanished.

In an instant, it appeared on the huge, black, high-backed chair in the middle of the platform.

Two cracks appeared on its face, as though two asymmetrical eyes had grown out.

However, the “eyes” didn’t have any pupils. It was blood-colored.

Right on the heels of that, another crack appeared beneath the two “eyes.” They too were filled with a pure, blood-red light.

This allowed the black figure to finally open its mouth.

It faced Bernadette as obvious sounds of pain resounded around it as though it was resisting something.

“Leave this place!”

After being pushed out more than ten meters away, Bernadette easily found her footing. However, she didn’t follow the voice’s order by leaving the Black Emperor’s mausoleum. She stood there, staring blankly at the central platform. As she looked at the black figure, her expression revealed an unspeakable sadness.

She could sense and now confirm that the black figure was her father, the man who called himself Caesar—Roselle Gustav.

In the next second, more cracks appeared on the black figure's body. They ruptured from top to bottom, blooming blood-red flowers in different parts of his body.

This made Roselle look like he was left with a shadow that wrapped around a blood-red object that emitted pure light.

When Klein saw this scene above the gray fog, he naturally thought of the crimson moon high in the sky.

At that moment, Roselle seemed to have transformed into a shadow. He wanted to block the crimson moon, but openings ruptured from his body, allowing more and more moonlight to shine into the real world.

When these openings were connected together, the black shadow would completely split apart and give birth to a brand new crimson moon.

When that happened, something extremely terrifying would definitely happen.

At that moment, Roselle's black figure turned much more illusory, as though it had become an illusion.

This made him look like he had been isolated in another world. There was an invisible barrier between him and the real world.

Then, Roselle raised his right arm with great difficulty and pinched his forehead.

The frequency at which blood-red cracks appeared on his body

instantly decreased to a nadir. However, the “eyes” that had already appeared blinked repeatedly.

However, this didn’t bring any negative effects on the surroundings. It was as though it was just a simple change of order. The new “growth” of blood-red cracks was constantly being distorted to its original state of only having gradual activity.

After completing this, Roselle raised his head and looked at Bernadette who was dozens of meters away. He said with a hoarse voice, “You really have become an important figure in the mysterious world. You managed to come here alone.

“Come over, let me see how my little princess has grown.”

Bernadette’s eyes reddened as she took a step forward.

Roselle laughed again.

“Back when I made sketchbooks, textbooks, and invented all kinds of small games for you, you were just a tiny midget. Now, you’re able to save your poor old father.

“I remember that you liked the clothes I designed for you when you were young. Unfortunately, you can’t wear layered dresses after you’re an adult…”

The Emperor rambled on, as if he had arrived in his twilight years and was someone who enjoyed reminiscing about the beautiful past.

Bernadette walked faster and faster. Above the gray fog, Klein frowned indiscernibly.

Suddenly, Emperor Roselle lowered his head and said with great force, “Stop!”

His voice carried an indescribable pain.

Bernadette was stunned for a moment before she slowed down and stopped.

She looked at the dark figure and her eyes gradually revealed an indescribable sadness.

Roselle raised his head again and coughed lightly.

“Didn’t you really want to ask why the Black Emperor’s mausoleum has to be engraved with the order one implemented and the style that one ushered? In fact, this wasn’t necessary. I just wanted to let anyone who sees it remember my greatness…”

Before he could finish his sentence, the Emperor gripped the armrest by his side tightly. He suppressed his voice and said in extreme pain, “Don’t come near me!

“I’ve been corrupted…”

The sadness in Bernadette’s eyes deepened.

Her guess had finally been confirmed.

At that moment, the red cracks on Roselle's face began to turn chaotic. They "closed" and "opened" randomly with no signs of having a unified will.

The Emperor took the opportunity and straightened his body. He looked at Bernadette and shouted with great difficulty, "Seal me!"

Seal... Queen Mystic Bernadette repeated the word silently. Her blue eyes quickly turned moist as a faint mist enveloped them.

Even though she had lived for many years and was no longer the little girl she had been in the past, she was still unable to contain her emotions.

However, she didn't ask for the reason, nor did she hesitate. With just a slight struggle, she firmly raised her right hand and pressed it on the pale-white metal mask.

She calmly made a decision, just like how she had faced all the major events that happened on the Element Dawn over the years.

On the surface of Pale Death, the metal instantly turned soft as it reformed into a new face with two black eyes.

In the deep-black parts of the eye, white lines appeared, forming an extremely complicated and mysterious three-dimensional symbol. It was like a long-feathered bird or a coiled feathered serpent.

The symbol absorbed the surrounding light and quickly turned corporeal. Then, it separated from Bernadette's eyes and extended its "body" before flying towards Roselle Gustav on the

iron-black chair.

Along the way, the strange symbol caused the surroundings to become increasingly dim. The floor tiles and stone walls suffered another round of weathering as if the deity in charge of death had passed the final judgment.

The falling rubble and flying dust followed the corporeal symbol and came to Roselle's side. Then, they coiled around him, enveloping the illusory black figure that seemed to exist in another world.

During this process, Roselle failed to control himself several times. He attempted to leave the iron-black chair, but he ended sitting back down. He didn't resist the seal that Bernadette had exerted on him.

As the symbol fused with his figure, he immediately had a connection with Pale Death. He saw the illusory deity that lorded over the countless undead and the swollen body of a water ghosts loitering in a dark river.

Roselle's aura immediately vanished as the cracked red openings closed one after another.

What awaited the Emperor was a quiet and peaceful sleep.

As for the symbol, it was sealed within Roselle's body, constantly influencing him until Pale Death stopped responding.

In the blink of an eye, several blood-red cracks appeared on Roselle's body again. After his aura declined to a nadir, it gradually began to glow as he fought back against the corporeal

symbol.

Klein, who was above the gray fog, sighed when he saw this. He clenched his fist and pressed it against his mouth.

The “curtain” he draped around himself suddenly rose up, and the entire Sefirah Castle “boiled over” in an obvious manner.

Silently, the aura of new life that Roselle had just obtained began to dissipate.

After vanishing to a certain point, it gained new life once again. Then, it was affected by the Pale Death and continued to fade away.

Using the power of the Attendant of Mysteries Beyonder characteristic and Sefirah Castle, Klein directly “Grafted” new life and death, and skipped the process in between.

The corruption that Roselle suffered was no longer able to recover to the extent needed to break through the pale seal.

Following that, Klein extended his right hand and used the power of Sefirah Castle to draw out the mysterious symbol behind The Fool’s high-back chair—the mysterious symbol made up of the Pupil-less Eye and the Contorted Lines.

The symbol absorbed the aura of Sefirah Castle and quickly turned corporeal. With a wave of Klein’s wrist, it entered the prayer light representing Bernadette and landed on Roselle’s black figure, fusing into his body.

Every time the “Grafting” vanished, this symbol that was directly related to The Fool and Sefirah Castle would draw upon new powers and complete the “Grafting” process once more.

As he constantly passed away and gained new life, Roselle’s face, which seemed to be a pure shadow, obtained facial features. Then, he looked to the top of the mausoleum, as though he was looking into an infinite height.

He then retracted his gaze and looked at Bernadette. He said with an abnormally weak voice, “This seal is good. I can sleep in peace…”

With that said, he frowned slightly as his tone changed:

“Who taught you how to dress like this?”

Bernadette felt a little lost as she listened. It was as if she had returned to her teenage years.

At that time, when she had dressed up to the nines for a ball held by other nobles. Roselle would use a similar expression and a similar tone to pepper her with a series of questions.

The mist in her eyes became obvious, and she could no longer control herself. She lowered her voice and shouted, “Daddy…”

Roselle’s facial features immediately turned gentle before tensing up again. He sternly said, “Leave.

“And never return!”

Bernadette opened her mouth, wanting to say something, but her vision went black as though she could see the shadow of order.

In the next second, she found herself back at the edge of the primitive island.

Bernadette stared blankly at the mountain peak in the middle of the primitive island for a few seconds before slowly turning around and walking towards the sea.

This time, she didn't stubbornly insist on walking straight without looking back. Every few steps she took, she would stop and turn back to take a look.

Soon, she returned to the Dawn and entered the captain's cabin. She opened the room that was specially used to hold her collection.

At a glance, Bernadette saw books, stacks of textbooks, clothes, and skirts. She saw the chess game that few people in the world knew, and the neat pile of wooden block toys.

She leaned against the wooden door, slowly curled up, and sat on the floor.

She raised her head to look at the dark sky outside the captain's cabin and pinched her lips with her right thumb and index finger. She whistled a melodious tune—it was a gentle, sweet, and sad melody that could calm people down.

As the melody echoed, water beads fell from Bernadette's face and dripped onto the floor.

After an unknown period of time, the captain's cabin was filled with a suppressed whimper.

"Daddy..."

Chapter 1307: Meeting

In the middle of the primitive island, in the Black Emperor mausoleum.

After sending away Bernadette, Roselle didn't immediately fall into a deep sleep. He slowly raised his head and looked up once again into the infinite distance.

Above the gray fog, Klein sighed silently. He put down the Staff of the Stars and grabbed a paper figurine before shaking it.

With a smacking sound, the paper figurine rapidly thickened and expanded before flying into the translucent vortex formed from illusory mysterious symbols beside The Fool's chair.

Although Bernadette had already moved to the edge of the primitive island and Klein could no longer see the situation inside the Black Emperor mausoleum through the prayer light. However, he could use the symbol of The Fool that had merged with Roselle's figure to maintain a connection with the Emperor up to a certain extent.

After the paper figurine passed through the slowly spinning vortex, it descended into the dim mausoleum which had an unknown light source. It then turned into a human in front of the central platform.

This human's black hair and brown eyes were somewhat similar to Gehrman Sparrow's, but he didn't have clear-cut features. The lines weren't deep enough, and his bearing wasn't cold enough. There were also certain differences in his facial features. His chin and stomach had a small amount of fat induced by an

indulgent society. It was Klein's original appearance as Zhou Mingrui, the Zhou Mingrui who had been hanging inside Sefirah Castle for thousands of years beside Roselle Huang Tao Gustav.

Roselle wasn't surprised by his appearance. With one hand on the armrest, he leaned forward slightly and said, "You're here."

"I'm here." Klein nodded indiscernibly.

"You shouldn't be here." Roselle sighed.

"I'm already here." Klein very naturally participated in completing the meme populated by a popular Chinese novel by Gu Long.

Having completely confirmed the origins of the fellow in front of him, Roselle returned to his normal sitting posture, chuckling as he said, "I originally planned on asking where you're from to see there's any need for regional discrimination [1], but after some thought, there's no need for that. We're all anachronistic miserable wretches without a home."

Without waiting for Klein's reply, the Emperor's voice sank as he asked, "You know the truth about the apocalypse?"

"Yes." Klein nodded slightly.

Roselle continued asking, "You know that this is Earth?"

"Yes," Klein answered frankly.

When Roselle heard that, he laughed self-deprecatingly.

“You actually learned about it so early. I only dared to confirm it after I went to the moon and saw the true appearance of this planet from high above.”

At this point, the Emperor sighed and said, “The moon is bizarre. I clearly felt terror, but I didn’t even consider the possibility of being corrupted. Then, I became more and more extreme.

“However, I did occasionally gain a certain level of clarity from the views of people around me, but I didn’t dare to write it in the diary in that state. I was afraid of exposing secrets and losing my final chance.

“I eventually decided to use all the groundwork I did previously to switch to the Black Emperor pathway. Apart from the impending apocalypse with Sequence 0s being the only ones capable of protecting the people ‘They’ wish to protect, ‘They’ can hide them in other planets in the vast universe and use the corresponding authorities to rebuild a set of order for humans to survive in desolate lands. I also saw the hope of escaping my corruption, by using the Black Emperor’s ability to ‘resurrect.’

“As long as I became a Sequence 0 Black Emperor and was truly killed after turning half-crazy, I’d have the chance of resurrecting in the mausoleum or in the astral world. When that happened, what would return to me would be a pure Uniqueness and three Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics. I wouldn’t be tainted at all, nor will I contain an uncontrollable madness.

“Speaking of which, I made use of the Eternal Blazing Sun and the God of Steam and Machinery to a certain extent back then.

“But the horror of the Great Old Ones far exceeded my

imagination. Accompanying my revival was a new life of corruption… Perhaps only Great Old Ones can resist Great Old Ones.

"I could only terminate the revival process, and live such an ignoble existence in my final mausoleum to prevent the Great Old One from using my body to be born in the real world. That would've brought about a devastating disaster."

Klein had long guessed Emperor Roselle's condition based on what he knew and what had just happened. He wasn't surprised at all as he calmly replied, "The one who corrupted you is called the Mother Goddess of Depravity. 'She' has bewitched many believers as the embodiment of the Primordial Moon."

The facial features that appeared faintly on Roselle's face immediately changed.

He fell silent for a few seconds before saying, "I know the Primordial Moon, but I didn't know that 'Her' true honorific name is the Mother Goddess of Depravity.

"Now that I think about it, my discovery of Mr. Door's cry for help might not have been a coincidence…"

Upon hearing this, Klein was alarmed. He instantly recalled the situations happening off-island. He had some sort of premonition about what Emperor Roselle was about to say.

Roselle laughed and sighed.

"The biggest problem in the first half of my life was that I was too confident. I always had the feeling that I could reload a save

file and redo things. I didn't pay enough attention to the details.

"Back then, Grimm was corrupted by the strange powers on this island. He returned here after dying and regained new life. Isn't this the influence of the Primordial Moon? After I finished all sorts of investigations and did the corresponding purifications, I felt that I was fine. But in fact, fate might've undergone a tiny change at that moment. This resulted in me encountering Mr. Door later, and was slowly guided to the moon by 'Him'…

"You can't blame Mr. Door. 'His' condition might be worse than mine."

Does the Emperor mean that he has been targeted by the Mother Goddess of Depravity the moment he discovered this primitive island? Klein sighed.

"At that time, who would've thought that the problem would be so serious?"

Before Sequence 2, understanding the cosmos and the Great Old Ones led to terrifying corruption. And without understanding it, one wouldn't be able to accurately determine how serious the problem or what kind of patchwork was needed subsequently when faced with certain situations. This made Roselle treat this primitive island as his secret base; thus not informing existences that had the right to understand the Outer Deities, Great Old Ones, and Cosmos.

"That's right." Roselle seemed to be very gratified that he had committed a mistake that almost anyone would make.

He then said, "In that ancient and secretive organization, there was almost no mention of the Great Old Ones or Outer Deities."

At that moment, Roselle paused for a moment before saying, “You should’ve read my diary. You should know what the ancient and hidden organization represents.”

Klein nodded.

“I know which organization it is referring to. I never expected that you wouldn’t dare mention the name of ‘His’ organization after having the level of a Sequence 0.”

“I have a nagging feeling that ‘He’ isn’t simple. ‘He’ might have an understanding of the Outer Deities that far exceeds our imagination, so it’s better to be more careful. After all, I’m not a complete Sequence 0 true god.” After Roselle said this simple sentence, his brows suddenly furrowed. “How much of my diary did you read?”

If the atmosphere wasn’t that heavy and sorrowful, Klein would definitely find it irresistible to reply with “the taste of a Demoness ain’t bad” as a way to tease his fellow Earthling.

Finally, he replied calmly, “Plenty.”

After saying the word, he casually added, “I even found a few Cards of Blasphemy.”

“Which ones?” Roselle blurted out.

Klein controlled the paper figurine’s expression from above the gray fog and said in a flat tone, “Black Emperor, Tyrant, Red Priest, and The Fool.”

“Phew…” Roselle exhaled as the faint crease on his brows eased. “Thankfully, it’s not the Demoness, The Moon, and the Mother card.”

You had to mention it yourself… Klein didn’t respond as he looked at the Emperor without a change in expression.

After Roselle said that, he realized something and hurriedly coughed.

“Well we’ve all watched live-streams, so you should know very well how normal it is to cross-dress…”

As he spoke, he coughed again and sighed.

“Which pathway are you from?”

“Seer,” Klein replied succinctly.

Roselle immediately fell silent. After a few seconds, he said, “Unfortunately, if everything is fine and dandy, you should be responsible for pulling out a large-screen television and a game console from the Historical Void. We can chat while playing. That’s a romantic dream of us men.”

Unfortunately, there’s no electricity. I have to rely on you to invent it… Klein didn’t voice out his thoughts. He maintained his tone and said, “I hope such a day will come.”

Then, he pulled the topic back on track.

“I’m very curious why the Card of Blasphemy you created can’t even be found by deities? Such a level of anti-divination and anti-prophecy is amazing.”

Roselle immediately chuckled.

“It’s because knowledge can bring power, and power can also bestow knowledge. This is the authority of a Knowledge Emperor.

“After I infused the potion formula of the twenty-two pathways with power, they naturally produced the convergence powers between Beyonder characteristics. They also gained anti-divination and anti-prophecy effects to a certain extent.

“And then…”

As he spoke, Roselle suddenly paused, as though he had sensed something amiss.

After one or two seconds, he said in an ethereal voice, “The creation of the Card of Blasphemy was a year before I held the Black Emperor ritual. Back then, I had already suffered the corruption of the Primordial Moon, and I didn’t have the corresponding realization most of the time.

“Why can the twenty-two cards not be found by deities?”

Upon hearing this question above the gray fog, Klein’s heart tightened as he felt his scalp tingle again.

Without waiting for his response from the paper figurine,

Roselle's voice suddenly raised, bringing with it an indescribable fear.

"Don't gather the twenty-two cards!

"Be careful of the Mother card!"

These two sentences echoed in the deep interior of the Black Emperor mausoleum for a long time.

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1. Something common in China. Instead of being "racist," they look down on people from poorer regions.

Chapter 1308: Goodbye

Above the gray fog, Klein's pupils instantly widened as he subconsciously looked down at the long mottled table in front of him.

There were four Cards of Blasphemy with different patterns on the back.

At that moment, he felt a little scared and relieved. He felt as though he had been wandering about on the edge of the abyss while blindfolded, but he never fell.

If he had done his best to gather all the Card of Blasphemy, or had obtained the Mother card, with the way how he liked to put the different cards in his body to obtain the corresponding levels and special characteristics, he might've already been corrupted by the Mother Goddess of Depravity, or be pregnant with something.

However, I'm not Roselle. Even if I have the Mother card, I probably wouldn't have done so. Furthermore, in order to prevent the deities from finding it, Cards of Blasphemy are extremely difficult to gather. It's almost impossible to gather all of them... From the looks of it, this is a casual arrangement made by the Mother Goddess of Depravity. If anyone were to unfortunately obtain the Mother card, they would become one of the latent dangers in this world... Klein retracted his gaze and continued using his stand-in Paper Figurine Substitutes to look at Roselle Gustav who was sitting on the black iron seat.

At that moment, Roselle raised his body slightly. His voice was sometimes low and sometimes high-pitched.

“Everything has godhood in them…

“The Oldest One is still alive, alive in everyone’s bodies!”

Klein frowned slightly. He didn’t know if the one speaking was Roselle or the crimson moon in his body.

Not only did he have a certain level of understanding regarding such secrets, he had also personally experienced it before. Thus, he wasn’t that horrified or panicked. He only recalled the teachings of the Aurora Order he had seen in the past:

They promoted the belief that the Creator was omnipresent and existed in every living being’s body. Therefore, all living beings had godhood. Once godhood reached a certain concentration, they could become an angel. And the current orthodox deities are nothing more than slightly stronger angels. To ordinary people, as long as one was able to grasp that the essence of life was a spiritual travel, and tempered one’s mind, strengthen one’s spirit, and find their own godhood, as well as fuse with more godhoods, one would be able to escape their mortal coils and become an angel.

Back then, I felt that a cult like the Aurora Order had a complete set of mysticism and religious canon, just like the orthodox Churches, but now, I can interpret the truth underlying these words… From a certain point of view, it’s true. The only problem is that after fusing with more godhoods, they might no longer be themselves… The True Creator actually placed the deepest secrets of this world into “His” teachings. Isn’t “He” afraid that a believer might suddenly have an epiphany and learn of the underground corruption, eventually becoming a vessel for the Oldest One’s revival? This Hanged Man really is a little crazy. “He” doesn’t have much rationality most of the time… Klein mumbled inwardly as he waited for Roselle to say more.

Two to three seconds later, Roselle, who had been in a cycle of slumber and the obtaining of new life, sat back on his iron-black throne. He panted and didn't say a word.

Klein then controlled the paper figurine to say, "Which of the words that you have just said should be trusted, and which ones should I be wary of?"

Roselle chortled.

"Consider the answer yourself."

"Heh, isn't that how you Seers like to speak?"

He didn't wait for Klein's reply as he continued, "When I created the Pale Death mask, I sensed something: The Death of the Fourth Epoch might not have completely perished. 'He' might've left a hidden trump card for being revived. It might involve the River of Eternal Darkness. Heh heh, Death will definitely not die so easily..."

With that said, Roselle looked at Klein, who stood at the foot of the platform.

"Indeed, only by choosing the Seer, Apprentice, or Marauder pathway can a transmigrator enter Sefirah Castle. By the time I figured out this factor, it was already way too late.

"I don't know if you want to become a Great Old One or not, nor do I know if this requires a ritual. I can only tell you that this is definitely more dangerous than becoming a deity—countless times more dangerous. Perhaps the existence who stored us and threw us back into the real world is waiting for you there.

“The only suggestion I can give you is to communicate with the Genie of the Magic Wishing Lamp before you make any attempts.”

Genie? Using the grudge between “Him” and the Celestial Worthy to obtain certain assistance? Klein nodded slightly and said, “Okay.”

After hearing his answer, Roselle sighed and said with a smile, “If you really can become a Great Old One, you can consider saving me. Only a Great Old One can resist a Great Old One.”

At this point, he fell silent for a moment before he slowed down his speech.

“If you can’t completely free me from the corruption of the Primordial Moon after becoming a Great Old One, then remember to wipe my existence off the face of the world. Destroy this mausoleum, support the creation of a new Black Emperor, and prevent me from ever being revived…”

The light inside the mausoleum seemed to dim a little. Klein fell silent for two seconds before saying, “I won’t forget that.”

Roselle fell silent. After a few seconds, he laughed self-deprecatingly.

“Of course, before that, you should try to save me a few more times.”

Such a sense of humor didn’t make Klein smile. Instead, it made his heart sink even more, making him unable to speak.

Roselle didn't continue the topic as he recalled.

"My wife passed away a long time ago. The mistresses I once had definitely had their own endings. Towards them, I feel very sorry. I've never truly loved them. I only coveted their looks and the pleasure they gave me…

"I don't have any illegitimate children. Towards such matters, a Beyonder is quite aware of that. As for the time before I became a Beyonder, I believe those ladies definitely coveted my looks and body to enjoy such pleasures. They won't leave any trouble for themselves…

"My eldest son, Ciel, should be dead for years. I don't know how many descendants he left behind. My second son, Bornova, would definitely be an angel now if nothing unexpected happens. I have complicated feelings for him. On the one hand, I'm very detached, disappointed, and resentful, but on the other hand, I would occasionally secretly care about him. I remember how adorable he was when he was just born…

"You've already met my eldest daughter, Bernadette. Isn't she beautiful? She was pretty from a young age, obedient, and smart. She knew how to be filial to her old father, protect her younger brother, and dote on her mother. Sometimes, she acted especially righteous and appeared a little silly. There were several times when I secretly cheated while playing chess or games with her, but she didn't realize it. Such a temper made it difficult for her to accept what I did later. Of course, now, I can just push the blame onto the Primordial Moon. It's all because of 'Her' corruption. I'm rather grateful for 'Her' on this point.

"I don't know what right I have to make a request. After all, I've never helped you before, nor do I have much of a relationship with you. It's just that we're from the same era and same place—the ties as a fellow Earthling."

Upon hearing that, Klein said in a deep voice, “Your diary gave me plenty of help. It allowed me to grasp a lot of high-level knowledge when I was weak, allowing me to avoid many dangers and know how to direct my efforts in a targeted manner.

“Also, those Cards of Blasphemy have shown their use at different stages.”

“Can you not mention the diary?” Roselle coughed lightly and said, “However, in the later stages, I was indeed consciously leaving a message to the next transmigrator. The only thing I couldn’t be sure of is which language you know.”

The Emperor slowly exhaled before saying, “My request is to help me look after Bernadette. When she needs help, provide her some help.

“Although she is about to become an important figure in the mysterious world, I still can’t feel at ease as a father.”

Without any hesitation, Klein got the paper figurine to answer directly.

“I’ll take care of her for you.”

“...Man, why does this sound a little awkward?” Roselle’s tone instantly turned odd. “By the way, I haven’t asked for your name. As for me, you should know very well that I’m Huang Tao.”

“Zhou Mingrui,” Klein answered frankly.

“Are you married? Do you have children? How old are you?” Roselle raised three questions in one go.

Emperor, why are you acting like a gossipy middle-aged woman from next door? Klein shook his head and gave a simple answer.

“No.”

Roselle immediately fell silent. After a moment, he said, “You and I are of the same generation. Bernadette should call you Uncle Zhou.

“Yes…”

As he spoke, Roselle’s tone suddenly became filled with pity.

“After coming to this era, I treated everything as a game in the beginning. I was having a great time playing, but I would occasionally recall my home, remembering the past where I cultivated most of my personality and hobbies.

“The longer I lived, the higher the frequency I felt this feeling. It’s like the fallen leaves will always want to return to the roots of a tree. However, at the very least, I have a daughter, a wife, and two sons. There are still many things in this world that I’m worried about, and some sense of belonging to a certain extent. As for you… I can feel your loneliness, the loneliness that comes from deep within your bones.”

Upon saying that, Roselle suddenly sighed.

“If only we were still living in that era. I’ll go to work punctually

every day and work overtime from time to time. Whenever I'm free, I'll visit my daughter's extracurricular lessons, pick her up, bring her home stuff my wife constantly reminds me about. Every weekend, we'll either head out for some fun or head to my parents' place to accompany them…

"When one day I'm exhausted from life, I'll use an excuse that you as my friend are treating me. As men, we can sit by the street and eat some skewers, drink some alcohol, brag, curse our superiors, reminisce about the days of our youth, and urge you to quickly find a girlfriend… When I wake up the next day, I'll be able to have the zeal to continue facing life again…"

Klein listened quietly without interrupting the Emperor's prattle.

Roselle's voice gradually lowered as he smiled.

"Goodbye, my friend.

"I hope we can really meet again one day."

His figure quickly turned illusory, as though he had disappeared from the world, leaving only a faint shadow hovering over the iron-black throne.

Roselle Gustav had returned to his eternal slumber.

Chapter 1309: Additional Lessons

After circling the primitive island three times, the Dawn finally made its way off into the distance which was perennially covered in storms.

Bernadette slowly retracted her gaze and fixed it on the Sage Frontlet that remained suspended in the air.

As a Clairvoyant, she clearly saw the opportunity to advance. She knew that she had completed the corresponding ritual, preventing a disaster that involved a higher order of power.

However, the price she paid was to personally seal her father, the father she had missed and sought for more than a hundred years.

“How ironic…” Bernadette looked at the vertical eye embedded with diamonds and sighed softly.

After leaving Intis, she had two big wishes. First, she wanted to investigate the truth behind the matter and see if she had misunderstood her father. Second, she wanted to follow her father’s footsteps and see if there was a possibility of reviving him.

Bernadette had already fulfilled her first wish. The truth was that she had indeed misunderstood her father. This curtailed her pain and conflicted feelings. Her hatred for her father had completely dissipated, but it also added to her guilt.

With this kind of guilt and yearning all this time, she tried her

best to fulfill her second wish, but the outcome wasn't pleasant.

If there hadn't been any hope from the beginning, she might not have had such a huge reaction. However, she had clearly seen the light and seen her father, but she had no choice but to personally place him into a state of slumber.

After a moment of silence, Bernadette's slightly unfocused eyes became clear again.

She no longer hesitated and no longer blamed herself. She no longer had all kinds of negative emotions. She firmly raised her right hand and drew out ancient words that shimmered with a stellar radiance in the void. She summoned the spirit world creature who was half-man, half-wind, and she retrieved the Sage supplementary ingredients from it.

As for the rest, as there was no need for them to be specially preserved, they were in the collection room of the Dawn.

Not long after, Bernadette used Pale Death to shatter the Sage Frontlet. She concocted the potion that could allow her to advance to Sequence 2.

Looking at the bubbling Sage potion with each bubble containing a transparent eye, Bernadette firmly raised her right hand and brought the glass bottle to her mouth.

She knew that what she needed at this moment wasn't sorrow, nor corny emotions, but determination and the will to forge forward. This was because if she wanted to help her father, Emperor Roselle, escape the corruption and completely revive, she needed a higher Sequence and greater strength.

Because of this, she was willing to bury the pain in the deepest part of her heart and not let it affect her mental state. It was only when there was no one around at night that she could retrieve it and savor it alone.

With the Sage potion entering her mouth, Bernadette's body turned illusory at a discernible pace.

She broke down into thick and complicated knowledge, changing into an existence that was a flux of information.

The entire Dawn, as well as the surrounding winds, storms, lightning, seawater, and waves, all lost their sense of reality. It was as though they had been restored to the most fundamental blocks of information.

For most of Sequence 3 Beyonders of the Mystery Pryer pathway, such a state was extremely dangerous. If one's willpower wasn't strong enough, their luck wasn't good enough, and they weren't prepared enough, the knowledge that they had transformed into would be infiltrated by all kinds of information within seconds. They would be washed away, assimilated, and thus quickly lose consciousness. They wouldn't be able to reassemble their bodies, turning into a very strange and difficult monster to deal with in mysticism.

A Knowledge Demon!

This was also known as an Information Creature.

Bernadette had relied on the Sage Frontlet and had previously transformed into a flux of information on several occasions. Although it was limited to two to three seconds and didn't last too long, it was still considered experience. At that moment, she tried her best to maintain her consciousness and establish a

connection with the information produced in the spirit world by preventing a high-level disaster.

The information had a clear imprint belonging to her, and it involved a very high level of power. It was exceptionally “solid” and couldn’t be dispersed by other information for short periods of time. It helped her to stabilize her consciousness and slowly gather the dissipating flux of information around her body.

During this process, Klein, who was above the gray fog, tapped the edge of the long mottled table with the help of the prayer light. He used a Miracle Invoker’s ability of changing the probability of certain developments and actions to a certain extent, and he bestowed Bernadette with a certain amount of good luck.

Time ticked by. There were several times when Bernadette wavered on the border of losing consciousness, but in the end, she managed to tide through it. She gathered all the information that belonged to her and began to reconstruct her body.

At that moment, she gradually felt the concern Admiral of Stars Cattleya had for her. She felt the members of the Element Dawn and her crew making their daily prayers.

This stabilized her condition better, allowing her to resist the ancient will that was slowly developing in her body.

At this moment, a series of secret information came from nowhere. Taking the opportunity while Bernadette was reforming her body, it attempted to fuse with her.

This was interference from the Hidden Sage!

As an embodiment of this world's knowledge and information, as a quasi-Sequence 0 existence of the Mystery Pryer pathway, the Hidden Sage had a certain influence on Beyonders of a lower Sequencer than "Him."

Without giving Bernadette the chance to use the pale-white mask, the "curtain" draped over Klein gently rose.

Space-time distorted around Bernadette, completely isolating her from the outside world. Even information couldn't be interchanged.

Grabbing this sudden moment of peace, Bernadette completely reassembled her body and used her own anchors to balance out the terrifying will that was surfacing in her body.

At that moment, she had truly become a "She," a Sequence 2 angel of the Mystery Pryer pathway—an important figure in the mysterious world that could be addressed as a secret existence.

Right on the heels of that, she saw the distorted space around her return to normal. She saw a series of hidden information surging towards her.

She stretched out her right hand and grabbed the information with ease, extracting the useful information contained within.

Just as Bernadette was about to return to reality from the spirit world, an orange light suddenly bloomed in front of her eyes.

The light instantly condensed into a fat elder with a short white beard.

The elder smiled and said, “Ma’am, I’m Orange Light Hilarion.”

Orange Light… Bernadette was puzzled. She didn’t understand why Orange Light Hilarion had suddenly appeared in front of her —they hadn’t interacted much before.

As the leader of the Element Dawn and a former Mysticologist, she wasn’t unfamiliar with the Seven Lights of the spirit world. She even knew how to pray to Seven Lights, as well as the ritual needed to receive the corresponding advice. She knew that the seven lustrous lights were a symbol of the spirit world, and they contained endless knowledge of different domains. They were definitely at the angel level.

Orange Light Hilarion added with a smile, “A great existence wants me to inform you of the knowledge regarding the Great Old Ones, the Outer Deities, and the Cosmos, so that you have a relatively accurate grasp of the state of this world and the corresponding corruption.”

“Which existence is it?” Bernadette asked, puzzled and cautious.

She had vaguely guessed the answer, but she still found it quite unbelievable. After all, the Seven Lights in the spirit world were also important figures in the mysterious world. Even if a Sequence 0 true god wouldn’t find it easy to get “Them” to do “Their” bidding.

Orange Light Hilarion chuckled and replied, “The greater ruler above the spirit world.”

The great ruler above the spirit world… Bernadette repeated the honorific name, and her thoughts raced.

Hilarion glanced at her and smiled.

"'He' also has another title:

"Mr. Fool."

...

Somewhere out at sea, the Future which was cruising on a safe sea route.

Cattleya suddenly jolted awake from her dream as her forehead was covered in cold sweat.

In the dream just now, she saw the Queen lying on the ground drenched in blood. Her chest was torn open, and a baby-like monster crawled out of it.

As a Mysticologist, a Mysticologist who had advanced with a drop of the Snake of Fate's blood, Cattleya believed that her dream wasn't without any reason. It was definitely a premonition.

It was obvious that the dream she had wasn't pleasant.

While feeling uneasy, Cattleya sat up and put on her cloak. She attempted to pray to Mr. Fool, hoping that this mighty existence would give her some hints or to protect the Queen.

Soon, a scene appeared before her eyes.

Queen Mystic Bernadette walked out of the spirit world and returned to Dawn, allowing the ship to gradually distance itself from the nameless island.

Cattleya immediately heaved a sigh of relief and sincerely thanked Mr. Fool.

After finishing her prayer, she opened the window of the captain's cabin in joy, causing starlight to condense into a long bridge that reached the deck.

She put on her heavy glasses and walked along the resplendent bridge of starlight to the deck where she proceeded to stroll leisurely in the quiet night.

When she arrived at the bow of the ship, Cattleya saw Frank Lee tinkering with bottles.

"What are you doing?" Cattleya subconsciously frowned.

Frank looked up and said with a bright smile, "My ideas encountered a setback so I can't proceed any further for now. I asked Nina to get me some soil from the bottom of the sea to study the microbes in it."

With that said, Frank said with a look of anticipation,

"When I have my next vacation, I'd like to go to the depths of the North Sea or the poles where it's a world of ice and snow. There might be many ancient microorganisms buried beneath the thick layer of ice there, from the Fourth Epoch, the Third Epoch, or even the Second and First Epoch. This will bring me plenty."

You won't have any vacations for the time being... Cattleya said inwardly.

...

Klein conjured a box and placed the four Cards of Blasphemy inside. After sealing them, he immediately returned to the real world and headed for the nearest Evernight cathedral.

He planned on informing the Evernight Goddess in the form of a prayer of the hidden dangers of the Card of Blasphemy, reminding "Her" to pay attention to such problems. He didn't want the Earth Mother, Lilith, to obtain the Mother card or The Moon Card.

Chapter 1310: Envoy

The prayer hall in the Evernight cathedral was as dark as before. Only the holes on the walls allowed some light to seep in, like stars in the night.

Klein sat in a corner that wasn't eye-catching. He took off his tall hat and began praying like a pious member of the congregation.

He simply mentioned how Roselle had revived in his last mausoleum, and focused on the corruption of the Primordial Moon. He deliberately emphasized that, in order to prevent the "crimson moon" within him from being born in the real world, Roselle had chosen to terminate the process of having his Black Emperor Uniqueness and three Sequence 1 characteristics return to him.

At the end of the prayer, Klein pointed out the hidden dangers of the Cards of Blasphemy, and he expressed his concerns about the whereabouts of the Mother card and The Moon Card.

In fact, Roselle only mentioned the need to be careful of the Mother card and didn't mention The Moon. However, Klein knew that the two pathways of Earth and Moon belonged to the Mother Goddess of Depravity. Therefore, to be cautious, he specially added The Moon Card.

This was also the main reason he was worried about Earth Mother Lilith.

Compared to most of the twenty-two pathways, the High-Sequence Beyonders of the Planter and Moon pathway had a huge advantage. That was that they didn't need to worry about

the Primordial One from awakening in their bodies. They didn't need to worry about dissociation from approaching the world underground. This was because the Beyonder characteristics they possessed didn't directly come from the Primordial One which led to no corresponding mental imprint. However, if they were to directly go underground and enter the Chaos Sea, no matter who it was, they would encounter corruption. It was just that the extent would be different.

This advantage was very likely due to the fact that the Sanguine Ancestor Lilith was more special than the other ancient gods. After all, "She" didn't need to divert a large part of "Her" energy to resist the will of the Primordial One awakening within her. And back then, the invisible barrier protecting this world was still sufficiently sturdy, separating the Mother Goddess of Depravity and the other Great Old Ones from Earth, making it difficult for "Them" to exert too much of an influence on the situation inside.

But with the passage of time, this advantage gradually became a problem.

As the underground corruption became weaker and weaker, the invisible barrier also became weaker and cracks began appearing. Under such circumstances, Earth Mother Lilith's situation became worse. This was because "She" was facing the intrusion of the Mother Goddess of Depravity that was ever increasing in potency and terror. In this aspect, the original Creator—the Oldest One—who was dead was definitely inferior to the living Mother Goddess of Depravity.

Considering how Outer Deities who had transcended Sequences had an influence on Beyonders from their own pathway, Klein felt that he couldn't afford negligence on such matters.

After he finished his prayer, he waited for nearly five minutes. After confirming that there was no response, he stood up, put on his wandering magician's tall hat, and walked out of the

cathedral that belonged to the Evernight.

To him, this was mainly a disclosure obligation. As for what the Evernight Goddess planned to do with it, or if “She” would remind him of certain matters, it was beyond his control.

In short, Klein could only temporarily believe that the Evernight Goddess knew the relative importance of matters.

…

Backlund, at the Harvest Church south of the Bridge.

The top-hatted Emlyn White got off his carriage and looked at the sun covered by the clouds and mist.

On the way to the entrance of the cathedral, he gently rotated the ring on his left hand, as if to flaunt his identity.

The ring was semi-translucent in color, as though it was made from light-red amber. There was a blood-red gem embedded on its tip—a reward Emlyn had received a long time ago—Lilith’s Ring.

After becoming a demigod, Emlyn could suppress the effect of bloodthirst from the ring to a certain extent. Every day, he only needed to drink three bottles of human blood to be immune to the corresponding negative effects. Therefore, in order to showcase his special identity as the Ancestor’s Blessed, he began wearing this ring permanently.

After entering the Harvest Church, Emlyn automatically removed

his top hat.

At this moment, Cosmi, Ernes, and the other Sanguine in Backlund, who were waiting for Bishop Utravsky, stood up one after another. Looking down at the aisle, they greeted softly, “Good morning, My Lord.”

Emlyn looked ahead and nodded indiscernibly.

“Is Mistral still not here yet?”

“Count Mistral set up a chapel at home,” Ernes simply explained.

Emlyn didn’t comment on this. He walked forward and casually said, “He will still have to come when Mass is held.”

He looked around before saying, “Where’s Bishop Utravsky?”

“The bishop is waiting for you behind. The Church’s envoy has arrived.” Ernes controlled his facial expression as he answered Emlyn’s question politely.

The Church’s envoy… Emlyn rotated the light-red ring on his left hand and walked to the back of the cathedral.

Soon, he saw Father Utravsky and the slightly curly black-haired envoy the Church with a tall nose and deep eyes.

“This is the archbishop, His Grace Loreto,” Father Utravsky introduced the envoy to Emlyn.

He stood by the window, blocking most of the light.

"Good morning, Your Grace," Emlyn replied with the etiquette of the Church of Earth.

Loreto smiled and spoke in rather awkward Loenese.

"There's no need to address me as Your Grace. Although you aren't an archbishop, you have the status of an archbishop. From today onwards, you will be a hierophant, a high-ranking deacon of the Church. You will be in charge of the Sanguine matters in Backlund."

Without giving Emlyn any time to digest this information, Loreto continued, "I came to Backlund under the Holy See's orders. I'll tell you everything that needs to be taken note of within the Church."

"Please speak," Emlyn suppressed his glee and said politely.

Loreto's expression immediately turned serious.

"First of all, the most important point is that, be it the clergymen of the Church or the believers of the Earth Mother, as long as you claim that you have obtained a revelation, they are individuals who have been enticed by demons—with no exceptions.

"If anyone reports something like this to you, or if you have obtained a revelation personally, please inform Bishop Utravsky as soon as possible and report it to the Church."

Father Utravsky didn't mention this before... This request sounds

very strange, as though there's some suspicion... Emlyn frowned as he looked at Father Utravsky who was standing by the window.

"The bishop never said anything about taking note of such matters..."

Before he finished his sentence, Emlyn suddenly realized that he came off as criticizing Bishop Utravsky, but he couldn't find any better explanation in his haste.

Almost at the same time, he understood what was odd about what Archbishop Loreto had said.

This was telling everyone that the Earth Mother you sensed isn't the real Earth Mother!

This is saying that a large number of the revelations us Sanguine received from the Ancestor are fake. It's from demons or evil gods... The look in Emlyn's eyes sank as he tried to maintain his composure.

At this moment, Loreto didn't mind and smiled.

"Bishop Utravsky didn't tell you because he didn't know either."

Father didn't know... In that instant, Emlyn actually felt a little sympathetic towards Bishop Utravsky. He felt that as a Feysacian, a hierophant who had changed faith in his later years, he had been ostracized by the other members of the Church of Earth.

Sensing the change in his gaze, Loreto added, “That’s because he’s a Blessed. He doesn’t need to care about the temptation of demons and evil gods.”

Bishop Utravsky nodded and said calmly, “The revelations of Earth Mother are in ‘Her’ Holy Bible, in those lines of teaching. Anything other than that is heresy.”

Emlyn was somewhat puzzled, but he couldn’t think of any question. He grunted and said to Loreto, “Then what is the second point that needs paying attention?”

Loreto made his expression turn serious.

“If you receive a revelation, don’t blindly believe it. Please immediately seek confirmation from Bishop Utravsky.”

“Why?” Emlyn was puzzled.

This was basically telling him that the only response he would receive was either from evil gods or demons.

Loreto deliberated over his words and explained in detail,

“In this world, there are many evil existences. ‘They’ will pretend to be deities, and bewitch the clergyman in an act of enticing believers.

“That’s because the two main pathways of the Church of Earth Mother are related to life. Therefore, the effects they receive are more severe than the other Churches. From time to time, there are people who will take the wrong path and attempt forbidden

life experiments; thus, slowly degenerating.

"In order to prevent such a development, we reorganized the Church a long time ago under the guidance of the Mother's will to establish the system of a Favored and Blessed."

Favored and Blessed… Emlyn's understanding of the Church of Earth was limited to the Holy Bible and part of the scriptures. He was momentarily at a loss.

He had never taken the initiative to ask Father Utravsky about the Church of Earth Mother.

Loreto glanced at Emlyn and nodded slightly.

"The Favored are clergymen who have won the Mother's favor and are from the two pathways of Earth and Moon. The Blessed refers to people who have obtained the Mother's blessing and are from other pathways.

"The latter is less affected by the demons and evil gods. It can help us verify the authenticity of the revelations.

"Under such circumstances, even if it's a decree issued by the Holy See, there has to be at least a second-in-command Favored. Otherwise, it can be regarded as null and void."

As he spoke, Loreto took out a document and unfolded it in front of Emlyn. Apart from what the archbishop had just said, it included the details of him accepting the mission and appointment as an envoy.

At the end of the document, there were a few names. The first was from the Holy See of the Church of Earth, Matriarch Roland, and the rest were all names that Emlyn didn't know. He barely recognized the last one to be Father Utravsky.

Father Utravsky's handwriting is really ugly… As Emlyn mumbled to himself, he began to have a strong sense of doubt regarding the Blessed and Favored system.

Why were the Blessed less enticed by evil gods or demons?

Why were they able to verify a revelation, but the Favored couldn't?

As his thoughts raced, Emlyn suddenly noticed a detail:

The Blessed aren't from the two pathways of Earth and Moon!

Therefore, the problem didn't lie in the Favored, but the two pathways themselves? Emlyn vaguely felt that his guess was the truth.

Chapter 1311: New Mission

Emlyn vaguely sensed that there might be some abnormalities in the two Beyonder pathways of Earth and Moon, but he didn't ask Archbishop Loreto about it directly.

He doesn't seem like he would answer... It's better to wait for the next Tarot Gathering to ask The World, The Hanged Man, and the others... Emlyn nodded indiscernibly, indicating that he already knew the difference between a Favored and a Blessed as he muttered to himself.

He didn't consider seeking Mr. Fool's answer, because he felt that there was no need since the corresponding problem wasn't too important. After all, the Sanguine's Dukes, Marquises, and Counts were still alive and well, and there hadn't been any particularly negative news regarding the Church of Earth Mother.

At the same time, his previous guess also made Emlyn connect these to the influence the Primordial Moon, an existence which was perhaps an evil god or a high-level Devil in disguise, had on the Moon pathway. "He" had once caused many Sanguine who had prayed to "Him" to lose control, turning into monsters that only knew how to mate and reproduce.

Emlyn suspected that this was one of the evil existences that sent the fake visions and revelations.

With no more questions from him, Loreto put away the document in his hand and thought for a moment before saying, "This is the problem that requires special attention.

“In addition, I hope that you can set up three to five Beyonder teams in Backlund. They should mainly be members of the Sanguine.”

Emlyn was always law-abiding. The only crime he did was steal blood at the hospital. He subconsciously raised his question, “Does the Church of Evernight and the Church of Storms have any objections?”

Loreto said with a benevolent smile, “This was a request from them.

“As most of the forces of the Church of Steam have withdrawn, there is a lack of official Beyonders in Loen.

“Although the Church of Evernight and the Church of Storms have also recruited a group of Machinery Hivemind members who don’t wish to leave Loen, and the lower-ranking clergymen, they are ultimately just a minority. Furthermore, they still need to handle the purge in Feysac and the independent colonies overseas. Therefore, they hope that they can provide some help.

“This is quite beneficial for our proselytizing in Loen. However, you have to remember that, here, we have to restrain ourselves. We can’t freely proselytize. Just be on the same level as the remnant Church of Steam. Of course, our believers won’t be able to catch up to the Church of Steam for a long period of time. This requires a generation, two generations, or even three generations of effort.”

Yes, maintaining the present scale and having a certain degree of development is enough… It’s too troublesome to proselytize… Emlyn heaved a sigh of relief and calmly replied, “Okay.”

…

In the Sonia Sea, City of Generosity, Bayam.

Alger wore a bishop's robe embroidered with symbols of lightning and waves. He wore a metal Storm Sacred Emblem and stood at the peak of the coastal mountain range, looking out at the other side of the forest.

There were very few trees there. The surrounding hills and short mountains had been flattened, revealing a hidden harbor.

It was a private harbor that belonged to the Resistance. It was definitely not comparable to Bayam's port, but it was of medium size, enough to sustain many people's lives.

A city with an unconstrained and crude style had been built near the harbor. The city wasn't huge, probably only one-fifth the size of Bayam or smaller.

In the center were two towers. One was a spire, the other steeple. They were all strangely silver, reflecting blinding light under the sun.

Surrounding the twin towers were many paved roads made of cement. They led to buildings that were mainly made of stone or were connected to open squares and training grounds. The green trees lining the sides of the street exuded a feeling of grandeur.

Alger knew that the city didn't only consist of residents from the City of Silver, but also people from Moon City.

Many of the latter were extremely deformed. They were temporarily unwilling to interact with Bayam, as well as the residents of the other cities on the island. They only purchased

their necessities through the people of the City of Silver.

It was said that they planned on building a city that belonged to them deep in the forest, and would only leave a path to the new City of Silver.

These are all believers of Mr. Fool. I'll have to slowly integrate them into the entirety of the Rorsted Archipelago... For now, I'll temporarily not disturb the deformed and allow the residents of the City of Silver to bring normal-looking Moon City residents to Bayam... Alger seriously considered his subsequent actions.

After settling down the residents of the City of Silver and Moon City, he had actually completed the mission that Mr. Fool had given him. However, he believed that he was still far from being able to exchange for Sea God's identity, authority, and status. Therefore, he did his best to deal with the problems left behind by the "great migration."

To be frank, Alger was most worried that Mr. Fool didn't give him anything to do. If that happened, he didn't know how long it would take for him to make enough contributions.

Accompanying the new City of Silver's establishment and the immense vibrancy it exuded, he acutely sensed danger.

There was more than one Sequence 4 demigod in the City of Silver and Moon City, and they were Mr. Fool's loyal believers. Perhaps, Mr. Fool would one day bestow the identity, status, authority, and power of Sea God to one of them!

There are two Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts in the City of Silver, a Sequence 3 saint, three Sequence 4 saints, and nearly ten Grade 1 Sealed Artifacts, as well as a few demigod Beyonder characteristics that can temporarily be used as Grade 1 Sealed Artifacts... There

are three demigods in Moon City, five Grade 1 Sealed Artifacts, and a large number of potion formulas... This... Alger only made a slight calculation before realizing that the two factions that came under Mr. Fool were a little terrifying.

All of them combined was equivalent to a quarter of the Church of Storms!

According to what Alger knew, the number of Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts each Church had numbered between five to eight. There were fewer than four Grounded Angels active at present. In this aspect, they were indeed much stronger than the combined Moon City and City of Silver.

However, the orthodox Churches had no advantage in numbers when it came to Grade 1 Sealed Artifacts and saints, especially the latter.

Due to an all-out war, with the brass increasing the number of saints by nurturing them, the Church of Storms only had around twenty saints.

The Church of the Sea God doesn't have a demigod yet, but it won't be long before a new Sea God will appear... As for the angels under Mr. Fool, there's The World, the Death Consul, and the angel of the Fate pathway... There are the saints from our Tarot Club... The more Alger thought about it, the more alarmed he became. He realized that he was a little slow in this aspect.

Perhaps it was because he couldn't extricate himself to take an objective look at things, and although he had always been amazed by such matters, he finally came to a clear realization today:

Unknowingly, Mr. Fool's faction had already developed to a level

that was comparable to an orthodox Church. Even if there was a certain gap, it was only due to the lack of accumulation that needed to span across years.

And it hadn't even been three years since Alger joined the Tarot Club!

If I hadn't experienced all these changes myself, I definitely wouldn't have believed it. Alger sighed inwardly as he fervently wished to do something for Mr. Fool so that he could quickly accumulate the contributions needed to transform into Sea God.

When that happened, he could truly cast his gaze towards the Book of Calamity and attempt to complete the request of the elven queen, Cohinem.

Retracting his gaze, Alger glanced at Bayam at the foot of the mountain. He saw that this city, which hadn't suffered any serious damage in the war, had once again lit up. It could also be called the most prosperous city in the Sonia Sea.

At that moment, the priests, bishops, and believers of the Church of the Lord of Storms were cooperating with the new government civil servants and the Church of Sea God to build schools and hospitals to the children in the slums and the natives with no financial capacity that would provide education, medical treatment, and assistance.

As Alger watched the people walking along the streets like ants and the colorful buildings that were different from the vast majority of Loen, the corners of his mouth curled up slightly before he wiped away his smile.

He narrowed his eyes, unsure what he was experiencing or enjoying.

At that moment, a grayish-white fog suddenly appeared in front of him.

Following that, he saw the ancient palace and blurry figure in the middle of the fog. He heard Mr. Fool's words:

"A mission. Monitor a man named Verdu Garcia."

Along with the revelation, plenty of miscellaneous information rained down and drilled into Alger's mind, allowing him to know the exact situation of Verdu Garcia.

He was a member of the Abraham family that had concealed his identity. He had recently left Desi County and had come to the Rorsted Archipelago.

Alger was thrilled. He bowed his head respectfully in response. "By your will."

...

Klein knew that Verdu Garcia Abraham had left the Northern Continent and was heading to the Rorsted Archipelago, as Dorian Gray had mentioned this when he prayed.

He knew very well that the person named Verdu yearned to save Mr. Door so that the King of Angels could return to the real world.

The reason why Klein had gotten Miss Magician to inform the Abraham family of one of the rituals that helped Mr. Door escape was because the trust between the two parties was insufficient.

If he were to hide it or lie by saying that an angel needed to be hunted for the ritual, the Abraham family would definitely suspect Fors and make her continue contacting Mr. Door and try to confirm it through other means.

Once they discovered anything, Klein would lose control of the Abraham family, preventing him from nipping the problem in the bud.

If it had been a few years ago, Klein wouldn't have been too worried about such problems. However, as the apocalypse approached, the infiltration of the Outer Deities would only increase. It was possible that a member of the Abraham family would come into contact with a corresponding item or believer and obtain the correct ritual.

Therefore, Klein believed that the ritual that was extremely difficult to complete could be used to effectively gain the trust of the Abrahams, allowing them to deepen their faith in Mr. Fool and become more devout. Then, he could monitor the extreme ones among the devout and grasp their trajectories, and interfere with them in time.

Chapter 1312: Fully Automatic Wishing Machine

Midseashire, Limon City.

Jasmine wrapped a scarf around her face and exited the apartment.

She had heard that the annual Limon Carnival had begun, so she wanted to visit it at the municipal square.

Because of the war last year, the carnival hadn't been held. This had greatly disappointed Jasmine. After that, she suffered the greatest trauma in her life. From then on, she hid at home and didn't dare to go out.

Perhaps it was because she had been confined at home for too long—one that was very cramped—Jasmine had been eager to go on the streets recently. She wanted to walk around just like she did in the past.

As she turned her gaze, she saw her reflection in the large glass window by the side of the street.

Her figure was pitch-black without any other color. Her long dress reached her ankles, and the veil of her hat covered half of her face. From the bottom of her eyes to her neck, there was a scarf wrapped several times around her neck. Both of her hands were wearing a pair of knitted gloves.

This was completely different from the cheerful and lively Jasmine in her memories.

In the previous war, a cannonball had destroyed her original home and resulted in a fire. She suffered burns to the face, causing her body to be covered in wounds.

If not for the fact that she was lucky enough, Jasmine would've died from the serious injuries. But even so, she felt like her life had ended from that very moment.

Her nose had been burnt away, leaving only two black holes. There were many traces left behind by the fire on her face, neck, and hands. If she were to walk in the dark, she would pass off for a devil perfectly.

Jasmine clearly remembered one thing: on the first night of moving to this apartment, she had washed up in the public bathroom before sleeping. Just as she walked out of the door, she saw a youth walk over. The youth had also seen her.

Under the crimson moonlight, the youth revealed an expression of extreme horror, as if he would jump up at any moment. He turned around and ran away.

Finally, he controlled himself and took a few steps to the side, not daring to look at Jasmine's face again.

This pierced through Jasmine's fragile heart. From that day onwards, she never left the house again. Even if she had to wash up, she would wait until it was late at night.

In this aspect, she was very grateful to her parents because they didn't say a word. They did their best to maintain their lives, relying on their original savings and the work they later found to barely support the family. They didn't need Jasmine to work outside for a salary.

After walking a distance, Jasmine saw the main venue of the carnival—Lemon City Municipal Square.

There was a sea of heads and all kinds of reveling emotions. The enthusiastic atmosphere made Jasmine subconsciously stop in her tracks.

She didn't dare approach, afraid that someone would notice that she was dressed strangely, afraid that she might accidentally drop her scarf.

After hesitating for a few seconds, she finally stopped. She found a clean spot by the street and sat down. She stared intently at the municipal square.

After an unknown period of time, Jasmine sensed someone beside her.

It was a young man in a long black robe and a tall hat. He was like a magician from a circus.

The municipal square is over there... Jasmine wanted to remind him, but after she quivered her lips a few times, she didn't part them.

She didn't dare to speak to anyone.

However, the young man took the initiative to walk over. He took off his hat and bowed slightly.

"Miss, do you know what this machine is for?"

Machine? Jasmine subconsciously looked up and dazedly followed the young man's gaze.

Under the streetlamp, a small wardrobe-like machine was sitting there at some point in time.

Its surface was a brass color with a few transparent glass, gears, and bearings embedded in it. The components were exposed, looking very crude.

Jasmine retracted her gaze and shook her head, indicating that she didn't know what the machine was.

At the same time, this also expressed her intention to reject conversing.

"It's called a 'Fully Automatic Wishing Machine,'" the young man introduced with a smile. "It's my invention. It can automatically fulfill the wish of someone who operates it. By the way, I forgot to introduce myself. My name is Merlin Hermes, a wandering magician."

Fully Automatic Wishing Machine... Jasmine realized that she could understand every single word but failed to understand the combined name.

"You can give it a try. As the first user to experience it, it's free," Klein, who had taken on the identity of Merlin Hermes, said with a smile.

Jasmine shook her head, refusing the conversation.

Klein didn't give up. He looked at her and said, "For example, you can make a wish to be restored with your original looks."

These words were like a sharp arrow that shot into Jasmine's heart. She stood up in shock and retreated hastily in an attempt to leave.

She suspected that he had already seen her current appearance.

"If you don't give it a try, how do you know that your wish won't come true? It's free," Klein said unhurriedly as he looked past her into the background.

Jasmine gradually slowed down and finally stopped.

If she could be restored with her original looks, even if she had to pay a huge sum of money, she would still be willing to do so.

However, she knew that the wish in her heart couldn't be granted by money.

I don't have to pay anything... It's a free try... What if it comes true... Jasmine's thoughts were in an upheaval, and she slowly turned around as if she was being enticed by a devil.

"Really?" she asked in a hoarse voice.

Klein pointed at the machine.

"I can retreat ten meters, and all you need to do is to turn the wrench on the machine.

“You don’t have to remove your hat and scarf.”

The last sentence moved Jasmine into action as she quickly nodded and said, “Okay.”

Not long after Merlin retreated a certain distance, Jasmine moved closer to the machine, gingerly grasping the wrench on the “door.”

She was actually very worried that this was part of a prank that involved pulling the wrench, such as being splashed by water. This was something that would happen every year during the carnival. She and her friends had often played such pranks on others, but compared to a wish that could be fulfilled, she felt that it was an acceptable risk.

Even if it was proven that having her wish granted was impossible, it could still be treated as her experience at the carnival.

“Remember to make your wish before you turn it,” Klein reminded her from not too far away.

Jasmine collected her thoughts and silently voiced her wish.

“I want to return to my former self before the burns.”

With that, she turned the wrench nervously and expectantly.

In the next second, the “door” to the Fully Automatic Wishing Machine opened. A normal wooden cane reached out and tapped Jasmine’s forehead.

What Jasmine didn't notice was a golden ring embedded with rubies that had appeared on her hand.

When the wooden cane retracted back into the Fully Automatic Wishing Machine, the golden ring with the rubies disappeared as well.

As the gears turned, Jasmine saw the machine's "door" slowly close.

That's it? she thought blankly.

She didn't experience the feeling of having her wish fulfilled, nor was she being pranked. Everything seemed so strange.

"Congratulations. Your wish has been granted." Klein walked back and clapped gently like a witness to a magical event.

My wish has been granted... How is this possible... Just as this thought flashed through her mind, she suddenly felt something beneath her scarf.

The spot where there were only two black holes left had been propped up!

Jasmine slowly raised her hand and touched her face, clearly sensing the presence of her nose.

And the quality of her breathing proved this point.

She suddenly turned around, her back facing Merlin Hermes. She

walked to a shop by the side of the street and cast her gaze at the glass window.

Then, she removed the scarf covering her face.

Eyes that weren't big, a nose that wasn't too well-defined, and her lips that weren't too full—the freckled face of a girl was reflected on the window.

Jasmine subconsciously raised her hand and covered her mouth. Her eyes glistened.

After a few seconds, she raised her arm and wiped her face with her sleeve. She turned to look at Merlin Hermes and said, "Are you a god?"

"I'm just a magician who likes to create miracles." Klein smiled as he pointed at the machine beside him. "The thing you should thank the most is that—the Fully Automatic Wishing Machine."

"Fully Automatic…" Jasmine's emotions stirred as she subconsciously repeated.

Klein nodded and said, "Yes, a Fully Automatic Wishing Machine that can operate without any external help.

"You can understand it as a gas meter. As long as you throw in a coin, you can get a wish granted like how you obtain gas.

"The specific steps are very simple. Throw one penny in and make your wish before turning the wrench.

“Remember, only three wishes can be fulfilled.”

While explaining, Klein inwardly mocked himself, *If I were to unfortunately die one day and become a Sealed Artifact, I hope it’s something similar to the Fully Automatic Wishing Machine.*

After leaving the capital of Midseashire, Constant City, Klein changed the method of granting other people’s wishes to prevent himself from being too bored.

One had to learn to seek joy in mundane work.

How miraculous… Jasmine couldn’t find the words to describe how she felt inside.

Her exhilarated emotions calmed down a little.

“Will it… I mean will this Fully Automatic Wishing Machine stay here forever?” Jasmine asked hesitantly.

Klein smiled and said, “No.”

“It could stay here for three days, or maybe not that long. Perhaps it would disappear when the sun rises.

“But it won’t disappear forever. Perhaps one day, you will see it at the corner of the street again.”

Jasmine’s mind was in a mess and she was unable to sort out her thoughts. All she could do was bow to the machine and say seriously, “Thank you, Mr. Fully Automatic Wishing Machine.”

Then, she bowed at Klein.

“Thank you, Mr. Hermes.”

As soon as she said that, Jasmine recalled the words Merlin Hermes had just said. Filled with anticipation, surprise, and embarrassment, she asked, “Three wishes can be granted?”

“Yes, but it won’t be free in the future. You will need to pay a penny,” Klein replied, unfazed by the question.

Chapter 1313: The Third Wish

Jasmine was excited, but she was still worried.

“What kind of price has to be paid?”

From her point of view, a prior free attempt didn’t mean that the subsequent wishes were without a price.

Klein adjusted his tall hat and smiled.

“The penny you paid is the price. The corresponding change that you have to bear after achieving your wish is also the price.”

Jasmine nodded without completely understanding him. Without any hesitation, she reached into her pocket and attempted to take out a few copper pennies for her wish.

However, her pocket was empty except for a handkerchief.

Having stayed home all this while, she hadn’t had any contact with money.

She had relied on walking to go from home to the municipal square instead of taking a trackless public carriage.

“I-I... Can I go home first?” Jasmine asked, both vexed and embarrassed.

“Of course, this is your freedom, but I can’t guarantee that the Fully Automatic Wishing Machine will always be waiting for you here,” Klein said with the tone of a magician. “Sometimes, it’s very willful.”

Jasmine tersely answered, thanked him, and turned around, jogging in the opposite direction of the municipal square.

The more she ran, the more relaxed her body became. She found herself in her formerly healthy state before she was burnt, transforming back into a teenage girl in her prime.

To her, this was a scene that would only appear in a dream.

Of course, as an ordinary person, she gradually felt exhausted after running for a while. She had no choice but to slow down and begin walking slowly.

The cool night breeze blew, revealing resplendent stars peeking through the clouds high up in the sky. The trees by the side of the street swayed gently and scattered the swaying shadows on the ground. All of this was so quiet and beautiful. Jasmine only felt her body and mind relax, and all her worries disappeared.

This was the first time she was in such a good mood ever since she was injured. Unknowingly, a smile appeared on her face.

After walking for about five minutes, she suddenly heard someone shout her name.

“Eh, Jasmine?”

Jasmine turned her head and saw a familiar face. It was her former neighbor, Mrs. Hamil.

"Good evening, Mrs. Hamil, I haven't seen you in a long time. Are you going to the carnival?" Jasmine, who wasn't wearing a scarf, said with a heartfelt smile.

Mrs. Hamil was a woman with a head of white hair. She carefully sized up Jasmine and said, "I haven't seen you since you moved away. I heard that you were injured in the previous blast?"

"Yes, but I've recovered." Jasmine nodded heavily.

She then asked, "How is Jolie now?"

Jolie was Mrs. Hamil's eldest daughter, and was her former playmate.

Mrs. Hamil's expression instantly wore a shade of gloom.

"The Feysacians did unspeakable things to her, and she ended up dying..."

Jasmine was taken aback, thinking back to her experience while feeling sad.

A Feysacian soldier had rushed into her house in an attempt to do unspeakable things to her, but he only gave her a kick and left when he saw her disfigured face.

“Poor Jolie.” Jasmine sincerely tapped her chest four times in a clockwise fashion, outlining the stars.

It was only after she heard what had happened to her friend that she realized that she might have been relatively lucky.

After bidding farewell to Mrs. Hamil, Jasmine walked back to her apartment.

When she got home, she felt much better and her mood was back to normal. She started to look forward to the expression her parents would have when they saw her appearance restored.

They probably wouldn’t keep the pain deep in their hearts and pretend that nothing has happened. They would definitely cry with joy and hug me… Jasmine took the key that was hanging around her neck like a necklace, and as she thought about it, she opened the door.

The room was dark. None of the candles or the gas wall lamps were lit.

On the bed outside, light and heavy snoring could be heard from her parents, forming a contrast with the bustling municipal square.

They’re asleep… Yes, they’ve been working hard… Jasmine gently closed the door and walked to her parents’ bed. With the crimson moonlight shining in through the window, she cast her gaze over.

Daddy has a lot of white hair, and his wrinkles have deepened… Mommy keeps frowning when she sleeps. Her face is flaking; it’s

dry, and coarse... Only then did Jasmine realize that she hadn't seriously looked at her parents' faces for a long time. She didn't know that they had aged so much.

Before the war, her father was an accountant with a pretty good income. They could afford to rent a terrace house and allow his wife to not work so as to focus on taking care of the family. But now, he could only work at textile factories and do all kinds of strenuous labor. Jasmine's mother had no choice but to leave her family and become a textile worker.

Daddy's health is getting worse and worse. He's always coughing, but he has passed the recent Civil Servant Unified Examination. When the interview results are announced, he will have a decent job... Mommy keeps complaining that her arm is getting worse... Jasmine looked at her parents intently and didn't wake them up.

She had already thought of her second wish.

Softening her footsteps, Jasmine entered the room inside and poured out the last few pennies from her piggy bank that she had previously almost emptied.

Then, she left the apartment and boarded a trackless public carriage.

She was afraid that the Fully Automatic Wishing Machine would be gone if she delayed any further.

At that moment, there were a lot of passengers on the public carriage. Most of them were heading to participate in the carnival. Jasmine looked around and saw that there were no seats, so she had no choice but to support herself as she stood on the aisle, squeezing with plenty of people.

Ten minutes later, she reached her stop and turned into that street.

When the brass-colored machine embedded with a few pieces of glass appeared before her eyes, Jasmine silently heaved a sigh of relief and quickly approached.

During this process, she surveyed her surroundings and didn't find the magician by the name of Merlin Hermes.

"It really is fully automatic. There's no need for him to be by my side?" Jasmine muttered in puzzlement.

She didn't waste any time. She took out a penny and placed it inside the Fully Automatic Wishing Machine.

"I wish for my parents to be healthy again. I hope that my family will become rich." Jasmine softly voiced her wish. She closed her eyes and waited for the miracle to happen.

In the next second, she heard the clanging sound as though a coin had rolled out from the Fully Automatic Wishing Machine.

Jasmine opened her eyes in shock and looked ahead, only to see that the penny she had just put into the machine had landed on a small tray around the coin slot.

This wish can't be fulfilled? Uh, a wish can't contain too much content? My wish was actually two wishes... With the experience of being cured of her burns, Jasmine didn't suspect that there was something wrong with the Fully Automatic Wishing Machine.

She thought seriously and stuffed the penny into the coin slot. Then, she lowered her head and made a wish softly.

“I hope my parents are healthy again.”

This time, she heard a soft knock sound out from the Fully Automatic Wishing Machine.

Tak!

Seeing that the copper coin remained inside the machine, Jasmine knew that her wish had been fulfilled. She couldn’t wait to go home and check on her parents’ situation.

Suppressing her excitement, she inserted another penny.

She had originally planned on making her family wealthy, but remembering that her father was basically going to become a civil servant in Limon City, and that her family income was guaranteed, she couldn’t help but have other thoughts about it.

When she was ten years old, she already knew that she wasn’t good-looking. It wasn’t that people around her would despise her and say that she wasn’t good-looking, but amongst her playmates, there were two rather beautiful girls. This allowed them to be accorded with greater treatment and experience the kindness of the world.

Such a comparison only served to make Jasmine inevitably dream of becoming prettier as she grew older. But reality proved that dreams could only be dreams.

However, this time, her dream could turn into reality, because she had a miraculous Fully Automatic Wishing Machine in front of her.

If I can make myself beautiful, I can find a good husband, and I can improve my family situation... Jasmine seemed to have heard the devil whispering in her ear. She closed her eyes uncontrollably and made a wish:

"I wish to become extremely, extremely, extremely beautiful."

She used "extremely" thrice to accentuate the beauty she wanted.

Just as she finished speaking, the "door" to the Fully Automatic Wishing Machine opened once again. A silver-white mask was pushed out and covered her face.

Jasmine quickly opened her eyes and happened to see the mask disappear.

At the same time, she felt something connect to her.

She turned around in anticipation and once again walked to the shop by the side of the street. Using the light from the gas lamps and the glass on the window, she saw her current appearance.

For a moment, Jasmine couldn't describe the exact changes in her facial features and outline. All she knew was that at this moment even she was mesmerized by her beauty.

Her nose had become sharper and her lips had become fuller. Her eyes became bigger and limpid. Her skin was as tender as

milk pudding. She only had slight similarities to her previous self.

"Is... Is this a miracle..." Jasmine couldn't help but let out a heartfelt sigh of amazement.

She looked at herself, intoxicated. It took her great effort to finally retract her gaze before bowing at the Fully Automatic Wishing Machine.

Following that, she walked towards the public carriage stop. On the way, eyes kept turning to look at her.

Bang!

A man, who was too focused on her, slammed into a gas lamp post.

Jasmine pursed her lips into a smile. Without a word, she boarded the trackless public carriage.

There were still many people on board, and all the seats were taken.

Just as Jasmine was trying her best to find a spot, several men lifted their buttocks and straightened their bodies. They looked at her and smiled.

"Miss, you can sit here."

Jasmine was momentarily stunned. She hadn't expected to

receive so much kindness.

She didn't decline and sat down. She smiled at the man who had given up his seat.

"Thank you."

The man's expression became extremely animated as he said humbly, "This is what a gentleman should do."

Jasmine still retained the habits from when she was previously cooped up at home, so she didn't say anything else. She quietly sat there until she reached the stop near her apartment. Then, she got off the carriage.

After a few steps, she suddenly felt that someone was looking at her. She quickly turned her head to look.

It was a drunkard. He was staring at Jasmine with an indescribably disgusting look.

Jasmine jumped in fright and briskly walked to her apartment. However, the men she met along the way revealed similar looks, as though they could turn into beasts at any moment.

At that moment, Jasmine felt as though she was walking in the wilderness.

Chapter 1314: Miracles Are Only For A Moment

Previously, Jasmine enjoyed the gazes from the men, but now, all that was left was anxiety and horror.

She hastened her footsteps again as though she was being chased by Feysacians.

Finally, before the men could get close to her, she rushed into the apartment and got rid of them.

Phew... The girl patted her chest and secretly decided to stay out less at night.

Only then did she realize that extraordinary beauty had its disadvantages.

After calming down, Jasmine went up the dimly-lit stairs to the third floor and returned home. She used the key she carried with her to open the door.

She carefully approached her parents' bed and used the moonlight to examine their faces.

Compared to when she left the house not too long ago, her parents' faces were rather ruddy. Their white hair and wrinkles had lessened significantly, and their snoring was almost non-existent.

Their health has really been restored... Jasmine couldn't help but smile, clearly relieved.

Sensing the commotion, her mother's eyelids twitched as she slowly opened her eyes.

Jasmine held her breath and restrained her smile, preparing to give her mother a surprise.

Her mother sat up and looked over, her expression suddenly becoming extremely terrified.

"Who are you?" asked the woman with a shrill voice as she shoved her husband forcefully.

Who am I? Jasmin was stunned by the question and didn't know how to answer the simple question.

At that moment, her father woke up as well. He looked at the beautiful girl in front of him with suspicion and vigilance.

"Get out! Otherwise, I'll call the police!" Jasmine's mother left the bed and picked up a candle stand beside her, using it as a weapon.

"We don't welcome burglars." Jasmine's father rather politely issued an order for Jasmine to leave.

He knew that he had to do his best not to pressure the burglar. Otherwise, it easily led to extreme responses from the other party.

If not for his wife and daughter, he wasn't too afraid of fighting the burglar. But now, his entire family was at stake.

Jasmine finally snapped out of her daze and hurriedly said, “Daddy, Mommy, I am…”

Before she could finish her sentence, her mother started to shove her repeatedly as she was pushed out of the room by her father.

No one cared about what she said. Under such circumstances, no one cared.

Thud!

The door to her apartment closed before her very eyes. It left her feeling lost and helpless.

She wanted to knock on the door and use the key she carried with her to prove her identity, but at that moment, she heard her mother shout to a patrolling police officer downstairs, “There’s a burglar, a burglar!”

Burglar… Daddy and Mommy don’t recognize me anymore… Will they think that I’ve murdered myself… Will the police believe the Fully Automatic Wishing Machine… Jasmine’s heart tightened, and she subconsciously decided to leave the apartment first to avoid the police. She would then find her father and mother to explain to them carefully at dawn and use their common memories to convince them.

Tap. Tap. Tap. She bowed her head and, under the watchful gazes of her neighbors, walked down the stairs and rushed out of the building.

She ran all the way to a nearby alley and avoided the approaching police officer from the main street. Gasping for air,

Jasmine stopped in her tracks. Tears uncontrollably rolled down her face and fell to the ground.

Suddenly, a hand reached over and covered her mouth, dragging her to a secluded corner of the alley.

“How much? I’ll pay however much it costs…” A voice filled with drunkenness rang in Jasmine’s ears. It was as if he had mistaken her for a prostitute and could no longer resist her allure.

Jasmine tried her best to struggle, alarmed, afraid, and desperate.

Just as she was about to break down, the drunkard released his hand.

“Miss, are you alright?” A hoarse male voice sounded.

Jasmine dashed away from the drunkard before turning around to see a police officer in a black-and-white checkered uniform.

“He… He…” As Jasmine spoke, she began to cry.

The policeman looked at her sympathetically and said, “We will take legal action on him. However, Miss, you’ll need to return to the police station with me to record your statement.”

Jasmine was in a state of extreme panic and extreme helplessness. She subconsciously nodded.

Not long after, she sat in the police station's testimony room nearby. Facing her was the same police officer and his colleague.

The policeman deliberated over his words and asked, "So you're telling me, he didn't ask you if you were a prostitute, and you didn't do anything that might come off as soliciting customers?"

He was worried that his words would hurt the beautiful girl in front of him.

Jasmine held a coffee cup and lowered her head to take a sip.

"Yes, I just reached the alley."

"Alright, let's end it here. Miss Jasmine, can you tell us where your house is? We will get someone to send you back." Another policeman tried to get in her good books.

Recalling his parents' reaction and the disgusting gazes, Jasmine couldn't help but shudder. She said in tears, "I had a quarrel with my parents and can't return home for the time being. Perhaps you can take me to the nearest hotel..."

At this point, she remembered that she was only left with a few pence. There was no way she could stay in a good hotel, and the cheap motels were practically dangerous to her.

The first policeman was taken aback.

"Okay."

On the way to the nearest hotel, the policeman hesitated several times before finally saying, “If, I mean if—you plan on becoming a street girl, you can come to me. There’s no need for you to go through that much effort…”

Upon hearing this, Jasmine felt on the brink of mental collapse. It was just different from when she first saw her face after the fire.

This made her feel extremely insecure and she remained silent.

Fortunately, the police officer didn’t force her and sent her to the entrance of the nearest hotel.

“There’s no need to go in with me. I’ll go by myself.” Jasmine rejected the policeman’s suggestion of sending her to her room.

After the police officer left, she quickly walked out of the hotel without completing the check-in procedures.

She wanted to go to the municipal square, to the place where the Fully Automatic Wishing Machine was to cancel her previous wish.

Such beauty was terrifying!

After taking a few steps, Jasmine removed the scarf around her shoulders and wrapped it around her face in layers, just like how she left her home that very night.

Back then, there were still burn scars on her face. Her missing nose and damaged lips made her look like a devil.

When she arrived at the municipal square on a trackless carriage, she entered the street once again and saw the brass Fully Automatic Wishing Machine.

Jasmine's heart immediately calmed down. She quickened her pace and arrived in front of the machine.

Then, she was at a loss. She didn't know how to cancel her last wish.

"Your first wish was a free trial, and it wasn't counted in the three wishes. So you have one more wish." Jasmine suddenly heard Mr. Merlin Hermes's voice.

She turned her head and saw that across the street, under the dim yellow light of the street lamp, the magician wearing a tall hat was looking calmly at her.

"Good, good." Jasmine hurriedly took out a copper penny and inserted it into the Fully Automatic Wishing Machine.

"I hope my previous wish is canceled," she said with her eyes closed as she gripped the wrench and spun it.

Tak!

She heard the dull thud once again.

When she opened her eyes, she rushed to a nearby shop. She stopped in front of the glass window and removed the scarf wrapped around her face.

She saw herself again. She was no longer a pretty girl.

Jasmine instantly relaxed, and instinctively turned her head to look at the Fully Automatic Wishing Machine, but found that it had disappeared along with Mr. Merlin Hermes.

“Praise the Lady. Thank you, Mr. Hermes.” Jasmine sincerely tapped her chest four times in a clockwise manner.

She used her last copper penny to head home on a trackless public carriage.

Along the way, no one gave up their seats to her.

When her figure vanished from the street, Klein appeared again, holding a silver mirror with ancient patterns.

“Great Master, why didn’t you add the line that ‘excessive greed will only turn something good into something bad’ or ‘wishes always have a price?’ This will make the whole matter seem even more philosophical. It will be elevated into a fable.” On the surface of the mirror, silver words appeared.

Klein smiled and said, “The biggest problem was that I couldn’t use normal methods to satisfy her ‘extremely, extremely, extremely beautiful’ wish. Lie can only adjust her looks to a certain extent.

“Therefore, I had no choice but to use one of the effects of a Sealed Artifact that originated from a Demoness to ‘Graft’ it onto her. That resulted in her stunning beauty and terrifying charm. This made the surrounding men unable to resist her.”

The Sealed Artifact belonged to Xio, a relic of Demoness Shermane.

Due to a problem with Xio's storage abilities, Shermane's Beyonder characteristic fused with the box containing it, becoming a Sealed Artifact with shockingly negative effects. This caused Xio's younger brother to look at the box strangely.

In order to resolve this problem, Xio made a wish for Mr. Fool to seal the item for her.

After saying that casually, Klein looked at the magic mirror.

"Arrodes, are you consoling me?"

"No, the main problem was that she's too greedy. If she only wanted to become beautiful and didn't add so many 'extremely's to the wish, then the result would've been pretty good." On the surface of the mirror, silver words quickly appeared.

"Indeed. That will be within the extent that can be achieved by Lie." Klein nodded and said to Arrodes, "Lie's adjustments can indeed be permanent, but it's a structure that is ultimately different from the original muscles, skin, and bone structure. After more than a decade, when she's gradually showing signs of age, the adjustments and the differences will slowly magnify, making her face appear rather strange and stiff. That can only be fixed periodically by becoming a Faceless."

Having said that, Klein smiled and shook his head.

"A lie is ultimately a lie."

Then, he walked towards the other end of the street and continued, “Besides, even if she really becomes beautiful, it’s still uncertain whether she will lead a better life in the future. It’s true that beauty allows her to obtain a lot of resources and allow her to marry a ‘prince.’ However, her personal upbringing, character, and knowledge are unlikely to support such a lifestyle.

“Yes, I can’t rule out the possibility that she’s good at studying, being capable of using all kinds of experience to fully enrich herself, and ultimately direct herself to possibly having a good life. However, that’s a whole other story.

“Heh heh, miracles are only for a moment, but fate is often a long-lasting event.”

In the conversation with Arrodes, Klein gradually vanished from the end of the street.

His understanding of Miracle Invoker had deepened again.

…

After returning to her family apartment, Jasmine didn’t attempt to open the door. She used a lot of courage to knock on the door.

The door opened and her mother appeared in front of her.

“Oh, you’re finally back.” Her mother first heaved a sigh of relief, then asked in an abnormally horrified manner, “Y-your face?”

Jasmine forced a smile and said, “I’ve been cured, by a mister who’s good at creating miracles.

“Mr. Fully Automatic Wishing Machine.”

Just as her parents suspected that their daughter had been influenced by demons, a few policemen in black-and-white checkered uniforms walked up the stairs and came over.

Leading the policemen was a lady. She had light blue eyes and a smile that quietened others.

“Miss Jasmine, we have some questions for you,” the lady said politely.

Chapter 1315: Summary Report

Jasmine felt that she should have been afraid, but she found it difficult to have much strong emotions facing the female police officer in front of her. She felt like her body and mind had unknowingly settled down after crying for a long time.

She looked at her parents who had a complicated expression and asked hesitantly, “Okay, what questions do you have?”

The female policeman with the rank of superintendent pointed at the door and said, “Let’s talk inside.”

She didn’t get Jasmine’s parents to leave. She only ordered the two police officers with her to guard by the door.

After closing the door, she pulled a crude round stool over and sat down without standing on ceremony, looking very relaxed.

This immediately made Jasmine and her parents less tense.

“You may call me Ma’am Grey.” The officer introduced herself and pointed at another chair and the bed. “Have a seat.”

When everyone in the room found their seats, she smiled at Jasmine and said, “I received a report saying that there were some incomprehensible things happening around you. For example, a male’s desire for committing sexual assault had far exceeded normal standards. This doesn’t mean that there are no bad people or criminals among them, but the ratio is too high, so high that it’s strange.”

At this point, she swept her gaze across Jasmine's face.

"From what I know, you were seriously injured during the fire and was permanently disfigured. But now, I can't tell any of that. What do you have to say about this?"

Jasmine's heart tensed up again. She didn't dare hide anything and said in a panic, "I went out tonight to the municipal square to attend the carnival. While I was passing by a particular street, I encountered a wandering magician who called himself Merlin Hermes. He said that he had invented a machine called 'the Fully Automatic Wishing Machine.' All I had to do was insert a penny, softly state my wish, and turn the wrench, then my wish would be granted.

"He said that I was the first user, so I could experience it for free once. Th-then, I was restored to my original state, having all my injuries healed.

"Officer, that's what happened. You must believe me."

With that, she glanced at Mrs. Grey and her assistant before looking at her parents, trying to get their approval.

However, her parents clearly said:

"*How is this possible?*

"*How can there be a machine that can automatically grant the wishes of others?*

"*How can there be something as good as granting a wish cost only*

a penny?

"Besides, the first user experienced it for free!"

Grey and her assistant didn't show any obvious expressions, making Jasmine unsure if they believed her or not.

"Continue." Seeing her pause, Grey nodded encouragingly.

Jasmine hurriedly mentioned how she returned home to get some coins before recounting in full how she wished for her parents to regain their health and how she wanted to become beautiful. Finally, she said, "I was indeed very beautiful. Even I couldn't move my eyes away. This made me experience a lot of kindness, but later on, the surrounding men started to frighten me...

"In addition, Daddy and Mommy didn't recognize me and chased me out of the house. I was scared, very scared. I returned to the machine and made a third wish. Yes, that Mr. Merlin Hermes said that the first wish was free, and wasn't part of the three wishes. In short, I returned to my original appearance and met you."

Upon hearing these words, Jasmine's parents instantly thought of the beautiful "burglar" from before.

Then, they realized that their bodies were indeed much healthier than before. Their vision had recovered and their arms had sufficient strength. Everything seemed different.

They began to believe Jasmine's description, but they felt even more terrified. It was as if they had encountered a demon,

exactly the same as those stories in folklore.

Grey nodded gently.

“I’ve seen many matters that are beyond your imagination, but this is the first time I’ve heard of something like a Fully Automatic Wishing Machine.

“Compared to a wishing lamp or wishing pool in folklore, this is too modern.”

After a pause, her expression turned serious.

“As an experienced law enforcer, I’ll give you three suggestions.

“First, don’t believe in such things again from now on. Under most circumstances, the easy granting of wishes brings about a huge disaster. There’s nothing wrong with describing it as the temptation of demons.”

Jasmine nodded heavily, indicating that she wouldn’t dare to do it again—that final experience still left her feeling afraid.

“Secondly, go to the cathedral as soon as possible and repent to the bishop. Get him to purify you.” Grey looked around and said, “Your entire family must go.”

Seeing that Jasmine and her parents were about to say that they already had this in mind, Grey turned to Jasmine.

“My department still lacks some staff. You can consider joining

us. This way, I can monitor your situation at any time and deal with any abnormalities in time. As for the salary, trust me, it's about the same as a civil servant."

The salary is about the same as a civil servant's... I can be protected... There's something that nice? Jasmine asked in disbelief, "What department is it?"

Grey smiled and said, "I'll give you an address. Come to my office tomorrow, and I'll fill you in on the details."

"...Alright." Jasmine was in a state of panic and unease. She would grab a life-saving straw the moment it appeared.

...

A week later, Jasmine officially joined the Nighthawks in Limon City and became a civilian staff member.

"Captain, the telegraph device has broken down," she said carefully as she knocked on Grey's door.

Grey put down the documents in her hand and rubbed her temples.

"Report this to the police station and let them handle it.

"Seriously, I could've gotten the help of the Machinery Hivemind in the past. It was done in a quick and effective way. Now, sigh..."

By the time Jasmine left, Grey picked up the documents and began to read them carefully.

This was a piece of information that the Nighthawks had gathered regarding the Fully Automatic Wishing Machine.

After Jasmine, this happened more than once!

After flipping through the documents, Grey spread out a piece of paper, picked up a fountain pen, and began writing the official document for the Constant archbishop and the Holy Cathedral:

“There have been many supernatural incidents in the city in the past week. It involves a special machine called ‘the Fully Automatic Wishing Machine.’ According to the intel, it was created by a wandering magician who calls himself Merlin Hermes, but we haven’t ruled out other possibilities. At least, I think that Merlin might be an illusion created by this machine, so as to lure people into making wishes…

“This machine is of a brass color embedded with opaque glass. Its surface has gears, bearings, rivets, metal pipes, and other components exposed on its surface. It seems to be a product of modern industrialization…

“Case 1: A young girl who was disfigured by a fire, had met the Fully Automatic Wishing Machine at the municipal square… Her first wish was to revert back to her original appearance, and it was granted normally… Her second wish was to restore her parents’ health, which was also granted normally… Her third wish was to become, extremely, extremely, extremely beautiful. Then, she no longer looked like herself, and she had an irresistible charm to the men around her…

“She claimed that she was the first user of Fully Automatic

Wishing Machine, which allowed her to have one free wish. With that, she canceled her third wish…

"Case 2: A retired soldier who participated in the war to defend Limon was left with serious mental damage. He met the Fully Automatic Wishing Machine by the river… His first wish was to restore his mental state to a state before the war, and it was granted normally… His second wish was to become a little more handsome so as to reach the standards of the male models on magazine covers. He also had it granted normally… His third wish was to obtain 100,000 pounds and become a tycoon. Then, he caught the fancy of the owner of the Limon United Steel Company who wished to marry him—a lady with a wealth of nearly 200,000 pounds…

"This retired soldier didn't wish to accept her with her having a weight of more than two hundred pounds and her shorter-than-average height. Furthermore, she's a violent middle-aged woman. He prepared to leave Limon and head south. If there comes a day when he doesn't want to work hard anymore, he can easily obtain the rights to a wealth of 100,000 pounds… In a sense, his wish was granted, but he's unwilling to accept it…

"Case 3: …

"Case 4: …

"Case 5: A public school teacher met the Fully Automatic Wishing Machine near a Storm cathedral… Her first wish was to make herself look better, and not be ostracized by her students because of her looks or be spurned by her colleagues. This was granted normally… Her second wish was to obtain a better position, which was also granted. As her teaching standards were high enough and she was no longer restricted by her looks, she quickly became the most popular teacher among the students and began taking on the duties as vice principal…

“Her third wish was to have a husband with impeccable looks, family background, personality, and ability. Finally, she got a doll who could speak, move, and have a certain level of intelligence. It had living characteristics and looked rather handsome. It was carved by the best master and could have any personality one wanted. It was very capable in every aspect. Other than not being human, it really had no flaws…

“Case 6: …

“…

“Summarizing these cases, we have obtained some preliminary guesses.

“The Fully Automatic Wishing Machine can appear anywhere in Limon. It’s extremely random, and there’s temporarily no discovered pattern for it…

“Most of the wishes that are made can be fulfilled normally. However, a small portion will be distorted, and the latter is basically concentrated on the third wish. Of course, it’s also possible that the person will let themselves loose by the time they make the third wish and thus, make excessive demands…

“The wishes it granted were mostly related to appearance, but it covered a wide scope. It was almost omnipotent…

“The frequency of its appearances is also irregular…

“This is a classic example of a mystical item that needs to be sealed. Furthermore, it clearly exceeds the grade of a Grade 2 Sealed Artifact. I hope the archbishop and high-ranking deacons

will personally deal with it, or give an effective sealing method…”

…

On the steam locomotive out of Limon, Klein observed his digestion of the Miracle Invoker potion.

Chapter 1316: An Unknown City

If I keep accumulating it bit by bit, it won't be long before I can respond to Moon City's prayers and cure their deformity, thus creating quite a miracle... In addition, I've also concluded the acting principles of a Miracle Invoker. It's only a matter of time before I digest it if I follow them. I might even finish within the year... Klein retracted his gaze from outside the window, raised his left arm, and controlled the monster puppet on his hand to entertain a child across him.

This made him look more like a wandering magician.

If he was willing, he could even use Life's Cane or the "Grafting" ability to imbue this sock puppet with living characteristics.

While entertaining the child, Klein's thoughts scattered as he considered where the marionette city needed to be "built" for the advancement ritual.

A marionette city needs sufficient interaction to develop a corresponding region in the spirit world. This means that it isn't enough to leave it in the Forsaken Land of the Gods. Ignoring the fact that it's sealed there, there's no way of directly connecting it to the spirit world. All I can do is rely on the little specialness it has. Even if there's no problem with it, it's difficult to create any interactivity with a place that lacks intelligent life...

If it's placed in the Northern and Southern Continent or the sea colonies, I have to be careful. Before the ritual is about to succeed, I definitely can't expose the fact that it's a marionette city. Otherwise, it will be affected, damaged, or even attacked by Zaratul, Amon, and my other enemies...

Yes, I have to give a sufficiently good reason for a marionette city to appear. Then, there won't be any abnormalities with the interaction between the traveling merchants and the surrounding humans. I have to make every marionette a living person. They have their past, present, and future. They follow their own trajectories of fate…

This means that a marionette city is extremely complicated. I need to split out many Worms of Spirit to deal with it. This also has the risk of losing control by doing so…

If they are husband and wife, they should act like husband and wife. When faced with something they are fond of, they should show joy. Perverts should be hated… This way, foreigners might hear embarrassing sounds while staying in the marionette city…

I'm still just an innocent child…

This is a large-scale reality show, or rather, a high-end version of "playing house." It has to be able to deceive the audience…

As Klein lampooned inwardly, he silently counted if he had enough marionettes.

Previously, he had gone to the Forsaken Land of the Gods several times and converted a large number of them. There were all kinds of monsters that might not have Beyonder characteristics. He also consciously controlled batches of rats, cockroaches, mosquitoes, and flies, hoping to make a more uncommon side of the city real enough.

I'm barely able to support a small city, so just a few more visits to the Forsaken Land of the Gods would do… Just as this thought flashed through Klein's mind, a scene suddenly appeared in front of him.

At the top of the Giant King's Court which was bathed in the light of dusk, the open door slowly and heavily closed.

This was like a pair of invisible hands closing the entrance to the Forsaken Land of the Gods.

This… Klein's eyes darkened as he vaguely guessed that this scene meant that the True Creator was about to seal off the Forsaken Land of the Gods again.

This was the prophetic power that came from his angel-level spiritual intuition and premonition for danger.

It was about to happen a few minutes or a few seconds later.

Did the True Creator capture Amon? Or has "He" already given up? "He" once again sealed off the Forsaken Land of the Gods. Does "He" not want others to enter again? Isn't this too petty? Klein mumbled inwardly, feeling a little disappointed.

Of course, he barely had enough marionettes. Even if he lacked them, he could make up for it at sea.

…

Backlund, Empress Borough.

Audrey had just changed her clothes and sent away her maidservants. Just as she was about to leave, she saw Susie walk in.

“What’s the matter? You should be out on your stroll at this time?” As an experienced Spectator, Audrey immediately sensed that something was amiss.

During this period of time, she had been busy making use of the influence she had in a few foundations to help the workers, farmers, and injured veterans with their hardships. She had allowed them to wait for a new job opportunity or for their plantation’s production in a new season. She had a lot less interaction with Susie than usual.

At the same time, Audrey was secretly guiding the workers of lower socioeconomic status from the various unions in Backlund to gather their strength together.

Her previous experiences made her understand that counting on the kindness of the upper class wasn’t reliable or long-lasting. A single person appeared puny and powerless in the face of the government, nobles, and powerful merchants. Only by summoning the combined strength of a large number of civilians could a balance be formed.

The Loen Kingdom had unions in different industries a long time ago, but the upper echelons of these associations were easily bribed. Instead, they became effective weapons against ordinary workers.

Susie glanced at Audrey with a rather normal expression, but her mouth seemed to be out of control. It vibrated the air and let out a deep male voice.

“Miss Audrey, I’m the president of the Psychology Alchemists, Eric Drake. I wish to meet you and discuss with you about becoming a councilor of the Psychology Alchemists. I’m at the nearby park.”

Having said that, Susie heaved a long sigh of relief and regained her original voice.

"Audrey, there's a strange guy looking for you. I... I can't remember what he looks like. H-he directly placed the words he wanted to say into my mind island!"

Audrey's pupils dilated slightly before immediately returning to normal. She calmly nodded and said, "Where is he at the park?"

As she spoke, Audrey secretly conjured a Virtual Persona and entered Susie's mind island through the sea of collective subconscious. She checked if it was still distorted by some external consciousness or knowledge.

"I don't remember... I was having my stroll," Susie said as she recalled.

Then, she wagged her tail slightly and said, "I don't think you should go. It's dangerous."

After confirming that Susie didn't have any latent problems with her Virtual Persona, Audrey exhaled and said, "It will be even more suspicious if I don't go. That way, danger will be unavoidable. It might even affect the rest of the people in the house."

Besides, this is also an opportunity. Just as Mr. Hanged Man said, since the end of the world is coming, all the hard work and attempts that will not bring disaster are meaningful... Audrey added inwardly before saying, "I will protect myself.

"Susie, did anything happen to you just now?"

Susie barked and said, “No.

“Audrey, are you really going?”

“Yes.” Audrey gave a clear answer.

“Then can you bring me along? Just like before, I’m just a dog in their eyes,” Susie mustered up her courage and said.

“No, there’s no need. I’ll be back very soon. Believe me, I’ll be blessed by a deity,” Audrey replied with a faint smile.

After comforting Susie, she used her Psychological Invisibility and left the luxurious villa like she usually did.

When she was far away, in a corner on the first floor, a servant who was cleaning suddenly bowed his head and softly said words that he had never learned before:

“The Fool that doesn’t belong to this era…”

…

In the ancient palace above the fog.

The figure sitting in The Fool’s seat naturally looked at the newly formed prayer light and realized that the believer was extremely unfamiliar.

It's identical to Miss Justice's home environment... I can suspect that it's a result of guidance created by a Virtual Persona's invasion of the mind island... Miss Justice used this method to avoid any surveillance and pray for blessings... The figure quickly came to a conclusion and transferred the corresponding situation to his true body.

A few seconds later, Klein entered Sefirah Castle and allowed the Worms of Spirit to burrow into his body.

Miss Justice is becoming more and more like a High-Sequence Spectator... Klein praised inwardly as he cast his gaze at the crimson star representing Justice.

...

In the park with a lake.

As soon as Audrey entered, she saw a large carriage drive over. The carriage driver was an ordinary middle-aged man wearing an old hat and a dark-colored jacket.

However, in Audrey's eyes, this carriage driver didn't exist because he didn't have a corresponding island of consciousness or mind.

In other words, the carriage driver was just an illusion, a fake, and the controller of the carriage was the horse itself.

A few seconds later, the large carriage stopped in front of Audrey. The door creaked open.

“Please come in.” A deep male voice came from inside.

Audrey lifted the ends of her skirt slightly and boarded the carriage. She saw a man sitting on a black wheelchair.

His pale yellow eyebrows were long and his hair was neatly combed back. There were some wrinkles on his forehead, and his face was abnormally pale.

“Mr. Derlau? Aren’t you already dead?” Audrey recognized the man in front of her and expressed her surprise perfectly.

“To a Spectator, death only represents the end of one’s identity. In other theatrical plays, I’m still alive,” the elderly gentleman who was sitting in a black wheelchair replied with a smile. “Apart from the former royal family’s medical consultant, the former chancellor of Backlund Medical School, I’m also King of the Black Throne Barros Hopkins at sea. I’m the famous hermit, Eric Drake, etc.

“Then how should I address you?” Audrey asked politely as she watched the door close automatically from the corner of her eye.

The old gentleman stroked the wheels on both sides of his wheelchair and said, “You can call me Mr. President, or you can continue calling me Mr. Derlau.”

He then pointed to the seat on the left side of the carriage.

“Have a seat. Let’s head somewhere first before discussing you becoming a councilor of the Psychology Alchemists.”

Audrey nodded slightly and calmly sat down.

Without hiding anything, she cast her gaze out of the window and was surprised to find that in the blink of an eye, the park had turned into an unfamiliar city, one that was shrouded in darkness.

The city was filled with extremely mysterious and beautiful buildings that gave off a dark feeling. There were gentlemen wearing top hats and trench coats, as well as women in complicated and dark dresses.

As Audrey swept her gaze, she saw a gentleman with short black hair beside a carriage, revealing sharp canine fangs in his mouth.

This was a werewolf.

Chapter 1317: "Pride"

"What is this place?" Audrey asked without much change in her expression, as though she was asking about the location of the ball tonight.

Pauli Derlau, who claimed to be the president of the Psychology Alchemists, cast his gaze out the window as well. He smiled and said, "This is the city in everyone's heart.

"It's present wherever there are people."

Audrey nodded in thought.

"In other words, you can enter this place from any corner of human society?"

Derlau stroked his wheelchair and said, "That's right."

He didn't explain further and instead pointed at the pedestrians outside the carriage.

"Everything here has a corresponding psychological symbol; they are called 'Bestial Desire.'"

Bestial Desire... Audrey repeated the word silently. As she maintained her dignified posture, she cast her gaze even further.

Among the pedestrians, there were werewolves, as well as

walking upright bears. There were cats with lazy expressions, and there was a strange man with a face of a spotted spider, a huge mouse with red eyes, a python with its tongue sticking out, and a canine creature that studied every creature that passed it by with eyes filled with the desire to mate...

They were either wearing a top hat and trench coat or an exquisite and complicated long dark dress, doing their best to imitate humans in every detail, but they were unable to truly resemble a human.

The carriage traveled through the darkness of the night, traveling between pedestrians and all kinds of Gothic buildings. Soon, they arrived at a cathedral in the middle of the city.

The cathedral was more than eighty meters tall, propped up thanks to the numerous black columns. Each pillar was embedded with a certain number of skulls. Some of them came from humans, while others came from different creatures. However, their empty eye sockets were tilted downwards, as though they were observing at every living creature that entered the cathedral.

Just like most buildings here, every detail in the cathedral could be said to be exquisite, but they formed the elements that leaned towards nightmare, horror, terror, and mystery.

After getting off the carriage, Audrey saw a grand but empty hall through the main door.

In the depths of the hall stood a huge cross. Curled around the cross was a grayish-white dragon statue.

Unlike ordinary cathedrals, there were no pews for believers to pray, nor were there places for candle stands. However, in front

of the dragon statue, there was a small long table. On both sides of the long table were five seats, and the seats at both ends were empty.

Pauli Derlau wheeled himself to the end of the long table where the seat of honor was. Then, he pointed to his left.

“Please take a seat.”

Audrey slowly followed behind him. She looked around and casually pulled out a chair before sitting down.

She wasn’t too close to the president of the Psychology Alchemists, nor was she too far away. She perfectly showed her vigilance and didn’t show any signs of guilt.

Pauli Derlau raised his hands and clasped them together before placing them on the surface of the long table.

“Miss Audrey, I have something to ask you.”

“Please speak.” Audrey turned her head slightly and responded with her green eyes.

Derlau nodded slightly and said, “I would like to know how you advanced to Sequence 4 Manipulator. Where did you get your potion formula and Beyonder characteristic?”

Audrey replied frankly, “It was from a deal.

“A client wished to receive the help of a Spectator demigod, and

had paid the Manipulator potion formula and Beyonder characteristic as an advance."

Derlau immediately laughed.

"That actually happened? These generous conditions resemble a father finding an excuse to give his daughter a present.

"Can you tell me exactly what kind of help you provided?"

"Kill another demigod. In this matter, control of one's mind was rather crucial." Audrey simply explained.

Her attitude was very calm, as if she was talking about the homework given to her by a teacher.

Derlau's long and fluffy eyebrows twitched as he said, "And you succeeded?"

"The results are obvious enough." Audrey gave an answer rather tactfully.

Derlau sized her up and realized that the noble girl on his left was a Manipulator who could kill other demigods.

Audrey read his thoughts and added, "I was just one of the participants."

Derlau nodded and said, "Do you know where the client's Manipulator potion formula and Beyonder characteristic came from?"

“He didn’t tell me straight with regards to this question.” Audrey gave an answer with a sentence she had long planned out.

“He? Can you tell me who he is?” Derlau asked after some deliberation.

Audrey had been guarding against the other party’s Virtual Persona from infiltrating her mind island. However, she had yet to notice anything abnormal since the beginning.

This made her suspect that the other party didn’t need to infiltrate her mind. All he needed to do was observe the fluctuations of the surrounding sea of collective subconscious to understand her true thoughts.

She didn’t make any attempts to hide and calmly replied,

“This concerns an agreement between us. I believe honoring one’s promise is a moral standard that the entire world approves of. And in mysticism, this comes into play at a deeper level.”

Having said that, Audrey took the initiative to say, “If you can’t really trust me because of my inability to mention this, I’m willing to accept this.

“I can only remain an ordinary member and use my contributions in exchange for the psychological research materials that are available to me.”

Derlau smiled when he heard that.

“Everyone has their own secrets. This is very normal. What I

need to assess is whether your secret will affect the safety of the entire Psychology Alchemists."

He looked deeply at Audrey and said, "Then can you tell me how you got to know such a client?"

"I remember that I once reported that, before joining the Psychology Alchemists, I'd already come into contact with some people in a mysticism circle and got to know a few Beyonders," Audrey said a truth that couldn't be any truer.

As for what the real logical order to the answer was, it was another matter.

Furthermore, the matter regarding Hvin Rambis's "disappearance" which stemmed from the investigation of Fors and Xio was something both parties had never talked about but had definitely acknowledged.

Derlau retracted his hands from the table and placed them by his chest.

"There's another thing I would like to ask: when was the last time you met Hvin Rambis?"

Audrey frowned slightly and said, "I remember that I've been asked before."

After Hvin Rambis's death, she didn't immediately cut off any contact with the Psychology Alchemists. She continued to maintain a certain connection with the upper echelons through Hilbert, Stephen, and Escalante. Only when the war reached Backlund did she realize that she couldn't contact the members

of the Psychology Alchemists cell for various reasons.

“I need to confirm it in person,” Derlau said calmly.

Audrey nodded gently and said, “The last time I met Hvin Rambis was in Viscount Glaint’s mansion. At that time, I hypnotized my two Beyonder friends I knew, as per his instructions, and asked them why they were investigating Viscount Stratford and who the mastermind behind this was.

At that time, Councillor Hvin Rambis was nearby, ensuring that nothing went wrong with the hypnotism. After he received the answer, he quickly left.

“After that day, I never saw him again.”

As she answered, Audrey was still guarding against the invasion of her mind island. However, it was calm there, and nothing happened.

This didn’t make Audrey feel relaxed. Instead, she became even more wary. She didn’t even dare to think about anything related to Mr. Fool and The World Gehrman Sparrow.

She was only certain of one thing: As long as she was exposed to danger, Mr. Fool would definitely provide her with protection.

“It’s identical to your previous answer.” Derlau nodded slowly.

He then looked into Audrey’s green eyes and said frankly, “I can’t use mysticism methods to trace the origins of the Beyonder characteristic in your body. This means that the person who

provided it has an unimaginable existence behind him."

Audrey nodded slightly but forcefully, expressing that she agreed with his assessment.

"I can't force you to not cooperate with other Beyonders or make deals. It's unrealistic. I just hope that you can promise not to reveal anything about the Psychology Alchemists to anyone. At the very least, when you wish to entrust certain missions to others, you have to package them and hide the secrets," Derlau said calmly as he retracted his gaze.

Audrey replied without hesitation, "I promise not to tell any living creature that isn't qualified to know about matters regarding the Psychology Alchemists."

She took the initiative to amplify the concept all the way to that of a living being to make up for any loopholes in her promise.

As soon as she finished speaking, she felt her thoughts surface from her mind island.

These thoughts intertwined, turning into an illusory net that seeped into Audrey's mind island, turning into her subconscious.

As this "restriction net" came from Audrey's spirituality, she would be incapable of removing it even if she became an angel. She would lose the intention of talking about the Psychology Alchemists when she faced non-members of the Psychology Alchemists or people who didn't qualify to know about them.

And she wouldn't realize this.

He didn't invade my spiritual island. Just my words alone made the promise turn something substantial... While Audrey was alarmed, her expression didn't show.

Of course, she didn't completely restrain herself, as being surprised by such means was an instinctive reaction from a Manipulator.

Based on this point, she suspected that either there was something wrong with this city that existed in the heart, or that Derlau, the Psychology Alchemists president, wasn't just at the level of a saint.

Seeing Audrey make her promise, Derlau pointed at the long table in satisfaction and said, "From now on, you are a councilor of the Psychology Alchemists.

"You can choose a persona mask as your codename."

As he spoke, seven grayish-white masks appeared on the long table. They were rather illusory and abnormally cold. Five of them were placed in front of the corresponding seats, as though they already had a master.

"The remaining two persona masks are Wrath and Pride," Derlau introduced. "They come from the Holy Bible of the Creator from the Third Epoch."

Audrey thought for a second before reaching out her hand to the mask that didn't contain any anger.

"I choose Pride."

Derlau looked at her and chuckled.

“That was the choice Hvin Rambis made back then.”

Chapter 1318: Seven Councilors

Audrey's right hand paused for a moment before returning to normal. She picked up the mask known as Pride.

"A 50% chance isn't low," she replied to Pauli Derlau simply.

This was to say that picking the mask that Hvin Rambis had worn before wasn't a surprising coincidence.

With that said, Audrey wore the cold gray mask on her face.

Almost instantly, she felt that she had an additional Virtual Persona that had appeared in her mind island.

This didn't stem from the outside world, but rather, a magnification of what she knew to the extremes.

"They received very little education. They have to make the right choice under my guidance.

"Not everyone has enough intelligence. On the contrary, most people are very stupid.

"Those workers are impulsive and irrational. They are easily enticed by tiny perks and have no foresight. Only with me thinking for them, guiding them, and making decisions for them can they be saved.

“They are worthy of pity, but they aren’t worth communicating with.

“…”

These thoughts echoed in Audrey’s mind, almost making her believe that this was the truth. After all, this was partial feedback she had received from her previous observation and experience. It wasn’t something that had been fabricated out of thin air.

With a sweep of her gaze, Audrey saw herself from the smooth surface of the long table.

On the cold gray mask, her eyes moved upwards, fixing it to her forehead as though she could only see things high above without a care about anything else. It was funny, strange, and secretly horrifying.

Audrey fell silent. A few seconds later, she said in a deep voice, “Is this Pride?”

If it wasn’t for the fact that she had long escaped her misconceptions through the exchange between Mr. World, Mr. Hanged Man, and Ma’am Hermit, she might’ve been truly affected by Pride’s persona.

As for what would happen after being affected, she couldn’t tell.

“You recovered much faster than I expected. It looks like you haven’t lost yourself in the experience of manipulating others,” Derlau said approvingly.

Audrey replied thoughtfully, “Mr. Hvin Rambis has always appeared a little proud…”

Derlau clasped his hands at his chest and said, “You could tell?”

“Only occasionally. Some details,” Audrey replied in two short sentences.

Derlaua sighed and shook his head with a smile.

“This mask’s influence on Hvin Rambis was worse than I expected. Besides, he usually put on a very good disguise.

“Under this premise, I don’t find it strange that he has gone missing. His arrogance will make it impossible for him to see the path beneath his feet. It will make him look down on Beyonders who are weaker than him, and this will often bring great danger.”

Audrey resisted the urge to recall Hvin Rambis’s death, and asked in deliberation, “These seven personalities can amplify the corresponding knowledge and emotions to help us realize our own problems, so that we can deal with them directly. At the same time, they will also bring some negative effects, and unknowingly change its wearer’s personality?”

Derlau nodded slightly.

“In the mind domain, it’s very difficult to obtain external help that’s pure and without danger. One has to have enough internal strength to avoid the corresponding negative effects.

“You have walked the right path for you to realize this.”

Audrey was just about to take the opportunity to discuss some questions about the mind domain when she suddenly saw a mask on the table disappear.

She subconsciously turned her head and looked at the entrance of the cathedral. She saw a figure walk in through the door.

This figure was wearing a three-piece formal wear suit, and he had a half top hat in his hand. He wore the mask that had disappeared earlier on.

The mouth on the mask was opened wide until it reached close to the ears. Its mouth remained open, as if it wanted to swallow everything that its eyes could see.

“This is one of the councilors of the Psychology Alchemists, Mr. Gluttony.” Derlau did the introductions.

Following that, the remaining councilors of the Psychology Alchemists arrived one after another. They were Mr. Lust, Ma’am Greed, Miss Sloth, and Mr. Envy.

As a senior Spectator, Audrey was the first to notice the difference in their masks:

Greed was similar to a Gluttony. His mouth reached his earlobes, but it wasn’t open. Furthermore, his eyes were closed.

Lust was similar to Pride, but its eyes were different from ordinary people. They had sunk to the middle of their noses, as

though they were looking at people from the bottom.

Envy's eyes, ears, nose, and mouth were slightly slanted, and had a gloomy temperament.

Sloth's eyes were tightly shut, and its mouth naturally drooped, giving off the feeling that the wearer was sleeping.

Seeing all the councilors present, Derlau smiled and said, "Let's wait for another friend. He will be the seventh councilor. Heh, eighth, I forgot to count myself."

Just as he said that, a figure entered the cathedral's main door.

This figure wore a shirt, vest, a black trench coat, and a half top hat. At a glance, he was a rather fashionable gentleman.

However, after some observations, Audrey realized that there was a huge rabbit under the human clothes. Its eyes were bright red and its fur was snow-white.

The rabbit walked inside, one step at a time, and stopped at the side of the long table. It happened to be beside Audrey.

"Unfortunately, you only have one choice." Derlau smiled as he pointed at the Wrath mask on the table.

The rabbit let out a male human voice:

"I've always been very gentle. It's a good opportunity for me to experience wrath."

As it spoke, it picked up the persona mask and wore it on its face.

The mask's eyes were wide and its mouth was wide open, as though an angry roar would shout out at any moment.

After Mr. Wrath sat down beside Audrey, Derlau clapped his hands and said, "I formally introduce the two councilors who will be joining our council.

"This is Miss Pride. This is Mr. Wrath. They are both demigods and have deep attainments in the domain of the mind.

"In addition, Miss Pride will be in charge of the greater Backlund area of the Loen Kingdom."

Upon saying that, Derlau looked at Audrey and said, "You might not be aware, but we are rooted in the masses of psychologists, psychiatrists, and the corresponding aficionados. Our strength is mainly concentrated in large cities and not small cities and villages. Therefore, every councilor is responsible for a city and the surrounding area."

Then, Derlau continued, "Mr. Wrath is in charge of the Lenburg capital, Azshara;

"Mr. Lust is in charge of the Intis capital, Trier;

"Ma'am Greed is in charge of the Feysac capital, St. Millom;

"Miss Sloth is in charge of the Feynapotter capital, Feynapotter City.

“Mr. Envy is in charge of the Intis Republic’s Tilisi City;

“Mr. Gluttony is in charge of the Loen Kingdom’s Constant City.”

After the introduction, Derlau added, “Our Psychology Alchemists’ mission is exploration, discovery, and research. We do not care about affecting the scope, member numbers, resources, etc. Therefore, we do not have any councilors in the Fog Sea, the Berserk Sea, the Sonia Sea, and the Southern Continent. Of course, there will often be members who go out to the sea to explore the ruins of the Southern Continent in search of ancient history. Heh heh, I forgot that I’m the King of the Black Throne on the Five Seas.”

St. Millom, *Constant*, *Tilisi*... *Nearly half of the councilors of the Psychology Alchemists are in the Midseashire region*... Audrey acutely sensed a problem.

She came from a noble family, and had received good education since she was young. She was no stranger to the geographical location of every city in the Northern Continent. She knew that Feysac’s St. Millom, Loen’s Constant, and Intis’s Tilisi were big coastal cities of Midseashire.

Although they couldn’t compare to the three major cities of Backlund, Trier, and Feynapotter City, each of them was quite large. Furthermore, there were many medium-sized cities around them. This made the Midseashire coast become the most vibrant economic zone in the Northern Continent, an area with the biggest population.

Under such circumstances, it wasn’t too surprising that the focus of the Psychology Alchemists was placed on Midseashire. Audrey generally didn’t think that the Psychology Alchemists weren’t too interested in expansion.

After the councilors got to know each other, Derlau turned his head and said to Audrey, “Miss Pride, due to the war, Backlund’s Psychology Alchemists suffered great losses. We have lost contact with many of the members. I will give you a specific list in the future. You will be in charge of confirming the whereabouts of the members and then organize them again.

“In this process, I suggest that you don’t use your real image and name to finish the tasks. Create a virtual identity to complete them. Hvin Rambis didn’t do well in this aspect. I think he’s a little too proud.”

Audrey nodded slightly and agreed.

Derlau retracted his gaze and said, “The second thing to discuss today is the whereabouts of the mind dragon in East Chester County of the Loen Kingdom.

“The dragon worshiping customs of the Hartlarkh village haven’t been weakened in the past two years. I suspect that the mind dragon is still influencing it in some way. Perhaps we can use it to find its whereabouts.

“Who is willing to handle this matter?”

After raising the question, he recalled that the newly joined Miss Pride and Mr. Wrath didn’t have enough knowledge of the corresponding situation. He simply explained the explorations the Psychology Alchemists had previously done, as well as the problems that his entire archaeological team members encountered.

Audrey had actually participated in some matters in the early stages. Now that she had a suitable reason to intervene, she couldn’t help but feel her heart palpitate.

It wasn't that she really wanted to hunt the mind dragon, but rather, she wanted to communicate with it and grasp more knowledge and secrets of the mind domain.

However, she wasn't in a hurry to raise her hand. As a councilor participating in the council for the first time, she would rather miss an opportunity than be eager to showcase herself.

"This is Loen's matter. It's not suitable for us to interfere." Mr. Lust surveyed the area and said, "Unless Miss Pride and Mr. Gluttony don't have the time for it."

Audrey waited for a few more seconds. Seeing that the Gluttony didn't say anything, she looked at Derlau and said, "I will try to investigate, but I need more detailed information."

Chapter 1319: Life-Preserving Incantation

Seeing that Audrey was willing to attempt the investigation mission, Derlau nodded and said, “I’ll give you the detailed information later, but I have to warn you that this matter is rather dangerous. You must not be careless.”

Upon saying that, Derlau paused for a moment and said, “If you encounter an accident, and you can’t solve it by relying on yourself. You can try to say a name. This will bring you salvation.”

“What name?” Audrey asked as she had a guess in mind.

Derlau’s expression immediately turned solemn.

“It comes from the Holy Bible of the Third Epoch’s Creator. It involves the highest mystery of the mind domain, and it has a close relationship with something of the Psychology Alchemists.

“It’s ‘Adam.’”

Adam... Audrey didn’t find it surprising at all, but she showed her puzzlement on the surface, as though she didn’t know what this name meant.

Derlau didn’t explain and instead said, “As a councilor, you should be in charge of a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact. However, you and Wrath have just joined the ranks, so there must be an observation period first. Besides, the former committee member of the Backlund region, Hvin Rambis, has lost a rather important Sealed Artifact. We are considering whether we should change

the usage method of Sealed Artifacts and allow usage only via an application.

"In other words, all the Sealed Artifacts will be kept in this mind city. You usually won't hold onto them, and can only use them temporarily after an application for particular incidents."

The woman in charge of Feysac's capital's St. Millom immediately shook her head.

"There is a very serious flaw in this method. That is that we are unable to deal with any sudden accidents. Be it enemies or monsters, once we encounter them, we will not have the time to apply and retrieve the Sealed Artifact.

"I believe that the current method is good enough. Everyone wields a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact to deal with accidents. When there's a need, we can apply for other items."

Derlau laughed and said, "This was indeed better in the past. But now, you don't have to worry.

"As long as you have the chance to resist an accident, then you can directly enter this mind city to avoid the enemy and obtain the item.

"If there's no chance, just as I said, reciting the name 'Adam' will do."

You said "Adam" twice. That entity is probably already watching. No, "He" might have been watching from the very beginning... Audrey's heart almost beat faster when she heard that.

“Then how do we enter without your invitation?” Mr. Envy asked as he nodded.

Derlau pointed at his face and said, “From this council meeting forth, you can take your persona mask out of this city.

“No matter where you are, as long as there are at least two humans around you, yes, other than you, you will be able to wear the corresponding persona mask and enter the city.

“And these seven masks are illusory. They are closely connected to what you know, and there’s no need to store them in a special way. With just a thought, you will be able to take them out of the sea of collective subconscious.”

At that moment, the man, who was wearing the Gluttony mask and exuded a feeling that he was lost in indulgence, thought for a while and said, “Will bringing the persona mask out of this city affect our mental state and true personality?”

“There will be some effects that need attention. But I believe that you are all experts in the mind domain. You have the ability to resolve problems in this aspect,” Derlau said frankly.

Audrey was a little worried that these seven persona masks had something to do with Adam, but she didn’t dare think about it in the mind city. She forced herself to rein in her thoughts and replied to what Derlau had said before, “I can accept the two safekeeping methods of the Grade 1 Sealed Artifact. I’ll patiently wait for the probationary period to end.”

“Miss, you aren’t proud,” Miss Sloth, who looked like she was sleeping, commented with a smile.

After discussing the mind dragon in East Chester County, the other five councilors began introducing things that were worth paying attention to in their respective areas as an exchange of information.

During this process, Mr. Gluttony, who seemed to be capable of eating an entire cow at any moment and wore ten rings, said, “The Constant region hasn’t been peaceful recently. There have been many miracles happening one after another.

“First, Constant City was rebuilt overnight. Second, Belltaine City’s citizens collectively lost their memories of a certain period of time. Third, a powerful archmage who grants the wishes of others for pleasure has been wandering the eastern shore of the Midseashire. He’s called Merlin Hermes. Related to this, there’s an item known as the ‘Fully Automatic Wishing Machine.’

“Other than that, I also noticed something strange. Many rats, cockroaches, and crows in Constant City have lost their souls, days after the city was miraculously restored.”

“Why were you able to sense this problem?” Mr. Lust looked up at Gluttony from the bottom.

Gluttony gulped and said, “I’ve been researching the mind problems of ordinary creatures recently. Rats, cockroaches, and crows are my experimental subjects.”

The councilors immediately started discussing the direction of this research before the meeting officially entered the third stage.

Their academic exchange enriched Audrey’s knowledge quite a bit. She listened very seriously and would occasionally share her thoughts and insights.

“Alright, this conference will end here.” After a while, Derlau clapped his hands.

Audrey subconsciously wanted to stand up and lead the other councilors into bowing and bidding farewell. However, she quickly came to her senses and continued sitting there, being the penultimate person to stand up.

Before leaving, she asked curiously, “Mr. President, does this city have a name?”

“Yes.” Derlau laughed. “The Garden of Eden.”

Garden of Eden… Audrey saw that the other councillors were walking towards the door and asked thoughtfully, “There are many cathedrals here. They should represent a faith. Uh, I wonder which existence the ‘residents’ here believe in?”

Derlau nodded and replied solemnly, “The omnipotent and omniscient Creator.”

…

Garden of Eden… The omnipotent and omniscient Creator… If this wasn’t created by Adam, I’ll write my name backward! Above the gray fog, inside the ancient palace, Klein looked at the crimson star representing Miss Justice and silently muttered to himself.

In addition, to recite “Adam” when faced with danger as a response would indicate a problem without concealing anything.

Ever since Miss Justice entered the Garden of Eden, the true

vision provided by Sefirah Castle had been suppressed. Klein could only use Audrey's point of view to observe the surroundings, just like how Queen Mystic Bernadette's fixed viewpoint back on the primitive island. To a certain extent, this also showed the status of the mind city, Garden of Eden.

Klein gently tapped the edge of the long mottled table and conjured a pen and paper to write his thoughts.

This wasn't something he couldn't analyze based on his own thinking. Instead, when facing an existence like Adam, he needed to repeatedly ponder and analyze the details. Thus, the words that formed on the paper helped him to read them back and forth so as to notice and make up any missing details.

"Basic premise; Adam has already advanced to Sequence 0 using the full-scale war from before. By becoming a true god, 'He' can be known as a Visionary.

"Miss Justice happened to become a Sequence 4 Manipulator after Hvin Rambis's death. She may be able to convince others, but she can't convince Adam.

"What does Adam want? Setting up a Sequence 4 saint doesn't match 'His' identity as a Visionary unless 'He' has another ploy up 'His' sleeves...

"His real target is the mind dragon, or is it me who's backing Miss Justice?

"Care and vigilance must be enhanced on this matter. We must not be careless.

“In the Garden of Eden, the cathedral that the Psychology Alchemists councilors were using is similar to Adam’s corpse cathedral. However, it’s only a little similar. The stone columns on its exterior are inlaid with several skulls. There is no corresponding layout inside, and the color is dark-black and very gloomy. What does this mean?

“What does that grayish-white dragon coiling around the huge cross symbolize? The first step in resurrecting the Creator has been successful?

“Uh, Adam is already a Visionary. If ‘His’ father or the original Creator returns, ‘He’ would be the first one to be unlucky. ‘He’ is willing to sacrifice ‘Himself’? This is the meaning of being ‘zealous’?

“That rabbit is suspected to be Hermes… However, as an angel of the Spectator pathway, it doesn’t make sense for ‘Him’ to not be able to remove Miss Messenger’s transformation curse after so long, especially since ‘He’ has a Visionary who can provide help… Hmm, did Hermes do it on purpose?

“Yes, the president of the Psychology Alchemists, Derlau, mentioned that to the Spectator, death only represented the end of one’s identity. He can still participate in other theatrical plays in other aspects as another identity…

“By combining them together, does this mean that once the Spectator pathway reaches Sequence 3 or Sequence 2, they can separate the identities they once held and make them become living people? And even if these identities were to die, it wouldn’t lead to the deaths of their real bodies?

“It does look like the preamble to becoming a Visionary…

“Hmm, the rabbit that Hermes turned into after being cursed was separated as an identity which later directly participated in the Psychology Alchemists? What does ‘He’ want to do? Back then, when the Twilight Hermit Order communicated, ‘He’ was sitting beside the Emperor…”

After Klein was done writing, he put down his fountain pen and carefully read the contents a few times, his heart clouded with mystery and puzzlement.

In the end, he could only decide to continue observing and be vigilant.

And at this moment, Audrey had already taken the carriage she used, exited the Garden of Eden, and returned to the park in Empress Borough with the man-made lake.

She wasn’t in a rush to pray to Mr. Fool, hoping that there would be a better way to seal the Pride mask. She returned to her luxurious villa as though nothing had happened.

Chapter 1320: Mind Mail

Susie was sitting by the door, waiting for Audrey to return.

At that moment, the golden retriever immediately went up to her as soon as she saw her approach. She even gave a rather talented showcase of her acting by barking and wagging her tail.

She didn't ask on the spot; instead, she kept accompanying Audrey back to her bedroom before asking in concern, "Is it over?"

Audrey tersely acknowledged, indicating that there was no problem.

"Is there anything I can help you with?" Susie pressed.

"Not yet." Audrey shook her head slightly.

Due to Susie's concern, she instinctively recalled her previous experience, but to her surprise, she realized that she couldn't recall the image and name of the Psychology Alchemists president. To recall even the information that she had learned from The World Gehrman Sparrow, she had to focus quite a bit.

To be frank, in front of Beyonders below the demigod level, she could do similar feats as a Manipulator. However, to influence a saint in the mind domain and make it impossible for them to sense it was almost impossible unless the other party was hypnotized, unconscious, or enslaved.

That gentleman's level is probably higher than I expected... Audrey controlled her emotions and calmly made a certain judgment.

She gave Susie a look and got the golden retriever to stand guard outside the door. In her mind, she outlined the character mask that represented Pride.

Just as she was thinking about this, she felt a slight fluctuation in the sea of collective subconscious around her.

With just a thought, Audrey reached out her left hand and grabbed it. She took out an abnormally cold, illusory grayish-white mask.

As long as I seriously think about it, will this Pride mask come to my side? Or should I say that it has already existed in my subconscious and has been following me? As Audrey carefully examined her mind island, she signaled with a thought that made the Pride mask vanish.

The ice-cold, illusory grayish-white mask quickly turned transparent and melted into the surrounding sea of collective subconscious.

Audrey still couldn't determine where this Pride mask had gone. Why did it appear in such a timely manner each time?

This made her increasingly wary. She decided to pray to Mr. Fool and make the wish of sealing the mask.

Just as she was thinking of doing a few more experiments to obtain more knowledge from Pride, she saw the sea of collective subconscious begin to resonate without using her Manipulator

Beyonder powers.

A beam of light came from afar as it grew larger and more obvious. Finally, it turned into an illusory letter.

This letter stopped in front of Audrey's mind island as though it was searching for a path to complete the "delivery."

Audrey naturally wouldn't let any foreign object enter her mind world. She hurriedly reached out her left hand and touched the illusory letter.

Seeing that her fingers were about to touch the surface of the letter, Audrey suddenly stopped.

Her experience and intelligence told her at the same time:

Don't touch anything in the mysticism world rashly. This was especially so for the mind domain. Otherwise, it would easily lead to corruption and produce mental problems!

With this in mind, Audrey produced a Virtual Persona and put on the black long-veiled glove, Hand of Horror.

After making the necessary preparations, she reached out to grab the illusory letter and watched as it peeled away its outer layer and flipped over one page at a time.

This was all the information related to the mind dragon in East Chester County.

To use the sea of collective subconscious to transmit information... The higher-ups of the Spectator pathway are truly amazing... As a Manipulator, Audrey had been trying her best to maintain her initial yearning towards the mysticism world. It was a pure and innocent pursuit of “dreams” and “magic.”

This was one of the ways to prevent herself from losing herself in the “Manipulating” experience of things, and not be assimilated by the sea of collective subconscious.

After flipping through all the information, Audrey let the illusory letter melt into the sea of collective subconscious.

She was still in no hurry to pray to Mr. Fool. According to her previous arrangements, she went out to be busy over other things.

At dusk, before the banquet at home began, she found some time to quickly make a prayer in her bedroom and make a wish.

In the next second, Audrey saw the grayish-white Pride appear from the sea of collective subconscious in front of her. The illusory feeling slowly vanished as a tiny amount of metallic luster flashed.

For some reason, this persona mask had a certain substantial feel to it as though it was bordering between illusory and realism.

This meant that it was isolated from Audrey’s mind island in a physical sense.

Of course, it also lost the ability to return to the sea of collective

subconscious.

Audrey held Pride and attempted to remove Lie that had turned into an emerald necklace, overlapping the two together.

Just as she had expected, the half-illusory, half-real Pride embedded itself into Lie, turning into a blob of patterns that roughly looked like a human face.

In the future, I'll use this method to carry it with me. I won't allow the persona mask to have any contact with my mind or body until I need to use it… Audrey's mind raced as she sincerely thanked Mr. Fool.

She then left for the banquet hall.

Along the way, she met her father, Earl Hall.

"Good news." Earl Hall laughed.

Audrey didn't hide her surprise.

"Alfred's coming back?"

This was her other brother.

"You actually guessed it?" Earl Hall said in surprise, "In the next half of the year, he will return to Backlund as a general."

Half a year... Susie is already a Dreamwalker... Audrey thought for a moment and asked, “Father, when are we returning to East Chester County?”

As the war had just ended and there were many things in the kingdom that needed to be done, the nobles didn’t return to their respective fiefs during New Year’s. They remained in Backlund all this time. It was already the end of February.

Earl Hall nodded and said, “About April.”

...

In the ancient palace above the fog.

Mind Mail... Be careful of viruses, don’t click on them without thought... As Klein sighed, he threw the curtain that represented the Attendant of Mysteries Beyonder characteristic back into the junk pile, allowing it to cover all the items there.

He had just fulfilled Miss Justice’s wish using the “Grafting” ability he named. He connected the illusory concept of the persona mask to an ordinary metal mask, and he gave the Worms of Spirit, who were on duty at Sefirah Castle, an order to recharge the powers from time to time to prolong the “Grafting” effect.

From the description of Mr. Gluttony from the Psychology Alchemists, Zaratul seems to have found Constant City. I have to be even more careful... Klein tapped the edge of the long mottled table with his finger, causing Worms of Spirit to appear from his body.

His figure vanished from Sefirah Castle.

...

Winter County, Amantha mountain range, Cathedral of Serenity.

Leonard obtained a document from the Pope.

This was the first thing he was responsible for after becoming a high-ranking deacon.

After returning to his room, Leonard leisurely leaned back and placed his feet on the desk. Then, he opened the document in his hand and began reading.

A wandering magician, Merlin Hermes, grants the wishes of others for pleasure... The newly rebuilt Constant City... Fully Automatic Wishing Machine... Sequence 4 of the Seer pathway is Bizarro Sorcerer, Sequence 3 is Scholar of Yore, and Sequence 2 is Miracle Invoker...

Leonard read until he suddenly fell silent.

After a few seconds, he suppressed his voice and asked, “Old Man, how many angels of the Seer pathway are active across the land?”

Pallez Zoroast scoffed.

“This is acting. There should only be one Miracle Invoker who still needs to act.

"You should know who I'm talking about."

Leonard looked at the information in his hand again and mumbled, "He's having quite a good time..."

He had already decided that the main purpose of this mission was to act as a Nightwatcher and digest his potion. He could also travel in passing. As for handling the matter, what mattered was to find a reasonable explanation.

After flipping through the thick documents in boredom, Leonard retracted his feet and stood up.

He was going to retrieve a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact that a high-ranking deacon like him could own.

To other saints of the Church of Evernight, this was quite a headache. This was because the negative effects of Sealed Artifacts weren't easily endured. It was even more so when one needed to carry them for a long period of time. However, if one chose a Holy Artifact that was more compatible with him, there would be a problem of powers overlapping.

As for Leonard, he didn't need to worry about this problem. As long as the Sealed Artifact he was interested in had a living characteristic, he could get Old Man's help. By parasitizing it with a Worm of Time, it significantly reduced the negative effects of the Sealed Artifact, making it as obedient as the Word of the Sea.

Therefore, the main thing to choose is its powers... Leonard whistled and walked out of the room.

...

Monday afternoon, in the ancient palace above the gray fog.

Dark red beams shot out, materializing into different figures.

Derrick hadn't needed to count his heartbeat for a long time. All he needed to do was take a look at the wall clock and calculate the time difference with Backlund to know how much longer before the Tarot Gathering happened. At that moment, he stood up with Miss Justice and the other members of the Tarot Club. He bowed to the end of the long bronze table and said, "Good afternoon, Mr. Fool."

After taking their seats and paying their respects, Emlyn glanced left and right and said, "I want to know if there's something special about the Planter and the Moon pathways compared to the other pathways?"

After raising the question, he didn't hide it and instead added frankly, "I recently learned that the internal system of the Church of Earth is different from other normal systems. It's split into two categories—Favored and Blessed..."

After Emlyn finished his simple description, Alger, Cattleya, Leonard, and company looked at each other, unable to provide a reasonable explanation.

Of course, every member present, including Derrick, could tell that the internal system of the Church of Earth was abnormal.

At this moment, they heard a soft sigh.

This sigh seemed to come from an era more ancient than ancient. It came from Mr. Fool, who sat at the end of the long mottled table.

Chapter 1321: The Six Special Pathways

The Fool Klein slowly surveyed the area. He didn't provide an explanation to everyone as they had expected. Instead, he reined in his sigh and asked with a smile, "Where do you think the twenty-two Beyonder pathways originate from?"

This was one of the three most important questions in mysticism, with no consensus for the answer. Every school of thought had its own theory; no one could convince anyone.

Cattleya deliberated for a moment before replying, "The essence of the world is knowledge, and the essence of knowledge is data. Humans are data, and the Beyonder characteristics of the twenty-two pathways are data. All things are a form of data, and this is how it was born."

She had offered the Moses Ascetic Order's theory, but that was not her own point of view.

"The seven Churches believe that the Beyonder characteristic originated from the original Creator. 'He' transformed into all things, including the deities, humans, sea, land, and Beyonder characteristics," Leonard briefly explained. "Of course, this is an explanation given to deacons and above. The official Beyonders below Sequence 6 don't need to know so much."

Then, he glanced at Emlyn and said, "The Life School of Thought believes that the world is split into three levels. The material world, the world of the spirit, and the world of absolute rationality. Beyonder characteristics are the projections of certain things from the world of absolute rationality into the material world and world of the spirit. Therefore, characteristics can't be destroyed. It only reassembles."

From the looks of it, the world of absolute rationality that the Life School of Thought promotes might be referring to the river of fate… The Fool Klein thought of Will Auceptin, but he remained silent and didn't interrupt the conversation between the members of the Tarot Club.

Emlyn returned a glance at The Star and said, "As one of the rulers of the Second Epoch, us Sanguine believe that Beyonder characteristics do come from the original Creator. Then, the various characteristics accumulated and produced the ancient gods. The ancient gods then created different races."

This was the Sanguine's explanation for the First Epoch, and Emlyn already had some doubts about it. After all, he had encountered many secrets thanks to the Tarot Club.

Alger nodded slightly.

"Although there are many explanations for the origins of a Beyonder characteristic, most of them point to the original Creator. The orthodox Churches, Aurora Order, and the City of Silver share such a belief."

"In other words, Beyonder characteristics originating from the original Creator is quite the prevalent understanding?" Audrey asked thoughtfully.

The Psychology Alchemists mainly studied the mind world and the sea of collective subconscious. They lacked complete theories regarding the origins of the Beyonder characteristics.

"Roughly." Alger didn't conceal his views.

At this moment, The Fool Klein sighed and said, “Not all of them.”

He didn’t proceed on to give a long story, but gave a rather vague answer.

Not all of them… Mr. Fool means that Beyonder characteristics indeed originate from the original Creator, but not all of them. A small number of them are special cases? Is this the reason for the specialness of the Planter and Moon pathway? Alger instantly thought of a lot and grasped the essence of the problem.

As it had nothing to do with her, Fors continued listening leisurely. At this moment, she asked curiously, “Honorable Mr. Fool, your meaning seems to be that most Beyonder characteristics originated from the original Creator, and the two pathways such as Planter and Moon are an exception. Then where did they come from?”

The Fool Klein said simply, “The Cosmos.”

Cosmos… Emlyn was alarmed when he heard that. He realized that the matter might be more serious than he had imagined.

The Tarot Club had already shared the danger of the underground corruption and the cosmos. All of the members knew that these two concepts led to corruption simply from understanding it.

When Audrey, Cattleya, and company looked at each other, The Fool Klein maintained his hint of a sigh and added, “Not just these two.”

He and the Seven Lights had always maintained their contact and had already confirmed that six of the Beyonders of the twenty-two Beyonder pathways belonged to Outer Deities.

"Honorable Mr. Fool, what other pathways come from the cosmos?" Audrey habitually raised her hand and asked curiously and warily.

The Fool Klein replied succinctly, "Prisoner, Criminal, Lawyer, and Arbiter."

The first two came from the Mother Tree of Desire, and the latter two, along with the Nation of Disorder, came from the Son of Chaos.

Chaos gave birth to order, and order came with its own shadow.

Arbiter... Fors turned her head in surprise and glanced at Xio.

She had just thought that this matter had nothing to do with her. She could only watch and not worry about it. Who knew that the trouble was right at her doorstep?

Xio frowned slightly and looked at the end of the long bronze table.

"Honorable Mr. Fool, I usually don't sense any abnormalities, nor have I received any divine epiphanies. Uh, other than those from you."

The Fool Klein smiled and said, "The Arbiter and Lawyer are relatively better."

According to his understanding, the influence the Son of Chaos had on both the Arbiter and the Lawyer pathway wasn't deep. It was incomparable to the Mother Goddess of Depravity's influence on the Moon and Planter pathways, and the Mother Tree of Desire's influence on the Criminal and Prisoner pathways. This Outer Deity had gone silent, as though "He" had disappeared.

Fors and Xio secretly heaved a sigh of relief. At the same time, they became more wary of the future.

With Mr. Fool not explaining further, Emlyn composed himself and said, "The uniqueness of the Planter and Moon pathway comes from the cosmos. The divine epiphanies I sensed are likely a form of corruption?"

Alger looked at Mr. Fool at the end of the long, mottled table. Seeing that "He" had no intention of speaking, he nodded and said, "Probably so."

This is a test for me... Emlyn sighed and said,

"I've already grasped the names of the High-Sequence potions of the Planter and Moon pathway. I'm somewhat puzzled about two of them."

After becoming a Sanguine Earl and a high-ranking deacon of the Church of Earth, he obtained the corresponding clearance to access plenty of information that he had never been able to.

Seeing the other members of the Tarot Club look over, The World Gehrman Sparrow raised his hand to pinch his chin. Emlyn thought and said, "The Moon pathway is as follows: Sequence 3—High Summoner; Sequence 2—Life-Giver; Sequence 1—Beauty Goddess. The Planter pathway is as follows: Sequence 3—

Pallbearer; Sequence 2—Desolate Matriarch; Sequence 1—Naturewalker.

"What I don't understand is that the names of the two potions—Beauty Goddess and Desolate Matriarch—have certain gender inclinations. What are your thoughts on this?"

"..." For a moment, no one from the Tarot Club spoke. They looked at each other and thought of a possibility.

A few seconds later, Audrey controlled her gaze and said in deliberation, "I remember that Sequence 7 of the Assassin pathway is called Witch. Assassins who consume this potion become Witches."

...This is a test for me... Emlyn's lips moved slightly, unable to say a word.

When he learned the name of the potions, he already had a certain premonition, but he wasn't willing to accept it. He hoped that he could obtain another explanation from the Tarot Club.

Don't worry. You have a low chance of becoming an angel. Even if you can, you won't have the chance to be a Beauty Goddess... Klein mumbled inwardly, but he didn't say any words of "comfort."

Everyone fell silent. Leonard coughed and took the initiative to say, "I'll share some matters."

He spoke at a moderate pace regarding Merlin Hermes, the rebuilding of Constant City overnight, and the Fully Automatic Wishing Machine.

As he spoke, he shot a glance at The World Klein.

The corners of Klein's mouth twitched as he made The World Gehrman Sparrow look ahead.

"I'll be leaving the eastern coast of Midseashire soon."

Eh... These were all done by Mr. World? Can he already create such miracles? As expected of an angel, a "Him"... Audrey recalled the information the Psychology Alchemists councilor, Mr. Gluttony, had shared. She was both surprised and impressed.

She didn't use her Spectator's powers to conceal her reaction. This was because everyone had expressed the same emotions, except for Mr. Star, who clearly knew about it.

Merlin Hermes... Wandering magician... Fors noted the name deep down and secretly decided to distance herself from this name whenever she heard it in the future.

This didn't mean that she was still afraid of Gehrman Sparrow, but she knew something:

It definitely wasn't safe around Gehrman Sparrow. Something would always be happening in some way or another.

Of course, an instinctive sense of fear was inevitable. It was just like how a seed of "fear" sown when one was young would remain even when one became an adult.

Granting wishes for pleasure... Fully Automatic Wishing Machine... Is this The World Gehrman Sparrow's "acting"? Alger

and Cattleya had similar thoughts simultaneously flashing through their minds. Then, they thought of something:

Ever since some time ago, Mr. Fool had made everyone pray to "Him" in the form of a wish before granting them.

"He" is helping The World digest the potion, or is it that "He" and The World are from the same pathway? After "He" awoke, "He" also exhibits similar characteristics? Little Sun said before that Mr. Fool's actions were a miracle, allowing the city's residents to directly move from the Forsaken Land of the Gods to outside Bayam City... With the fact that The World Gehrman Sparrow is still acting, this shouldn't be something he can do... Alger nodded indiscernibly as he made a guess about the pathway Mr. Fool was in.

About to leave the eastern coast of Midseashire? Then my investigation will be even easier. I can just come up with a simple conclusion. At most, I can just directly report that Gehrman Sparrow has become a Miracle Invoker and is acting... Anyway, the people who should know are already aware... Leonard mumbled silently and didn't ask further.

At this moment, The World Gehrman Sparrow looked around and asked, "What do you know about the King of the Black Throne, Barros Hopkins?"

Chapter 1322: Hold Off On Something Unresolvable

Upon hearing The World Gehrman Sparrow's question, the other members of the Tarot Club had three reactions:

"Who is that? I seem to have heard of him... He's one of the Four Kings?"

"Who is that? Why haven't I heard of him before..."

"Oh, I forgot to ask about the Psychology Alchemists. I was planning on using a more tactful method to seek some suggestions..."

The first reaction came from Alger, Cattleya, and Fors, who had lived at sea for a period of time. The second reaction came from Leonard, Emlyn, Xio, and Derrick. The third reaction belonged to Audrey alone.

Getting no answers, The World Gehrman Sparrow didn't ask further. His main goal was to use this as a reminder for Miss Justice to bring up the matter for discussion in a way that could bypass the promise she made.

Of course, if Miss Justice were to seek help from Mr. Fool, Klein would also use "Grafting" to temporarily connect the bindings formed from her subconscious to a paper figurine, providing her with a period of time that she could freely recount things.

This was also a high-level application of Paper Figurine Substitutes. With Klein's current level, he could easily do it within Sefirah Castle. If he were in the real world, he would have

to rely on the Worms of Spirit above the gray fog to control the "curtain" and provide responses.

At that moment, Audrey thought for a moment and said, "Do you still remember that I once pursued the whereabouts of a mind dragon and went to a place where they had customs of worshiping dragons?"

Alger, Cattleya, and company nodded. Only Leonard and Xio expressed their lack of knowledge of this matter.

As this wasn't an important matter, Fors didn't mention it when she first briefed Xio of the "general knowledge." After that, she was frightened by Angel of Imagination Adam, and rarely talked about the secrets shared by the Tarot Club in the real world.

Audrey deliberated for a moment before continuing, "It's been almost two years. A secret organization that doesn't trust me too much suddenly mentioned this matter and has entrusted me with further investigations. They said it's a form of observation. What motives do they have?"

She didn't think it was a coincidence.

Emlyn recovered and laughed.

"This should be a test."

To him, he was still very far from reaching Sequence 1 Beauty Goddess, and he had no intention of transferring to the Planter pathway. Therefore, he didn't need to worry about the corresponding problems for a long period of time. There was no need to worry too much about it.

Emlyn's ability to say the word "test" shows how much he has improved... Of course, this is also because the Sanguine has done too many similar things to him, having to trouble Mr. Hanged Man into telling him that "this is a test"... The Fool Klein was very satisfied with Emlyn's answer.

Of course, he didn't believe that the answer was correct. He only felt that Emlyn's ability to think up to this level was already pretty remarkable.

Audrey said disapprovingly, "I suspect that they already know that I'm problematic. They even know where my problem is and which faction is involved. There's no need to test me further."

After leaving the Garden of Eden, she had been thinking a lot. She remembered that Mr. World had once said that the Twilight Hermit Order wanted a war that would sweep the entire world.

Based on the current situation, this goal has been achieved in the past year.

In other words, the Twilight Hermit Order or Angel of Imagination Adam must've used this opportunity to gain quite a number of benefits and experience the corresponding growth.

And before that, Mr. Fool informed them that Adam was ever closer to the level of a deity.

Combining all this information, Audrey had a preliminary judgment that Angel of Imagination Adam had a high chance of already reaching the divine throne and becoming a Sequence 0 Visionary.

Even if “He” wasn’t there yet, “He” wasn’t too far!

If such a deity who wielded the mind domain cast “His” gaze over, Audrey didn’t believe that her secret could be hidden.

At present, she could only console herself that the leader of the Twilight Hermit Order, the mastermind behind the Psychology Alchemists wouldn’t place too much importance on a Sequence 4 Manipulator. On the one hand, she had made all sorts of preparations to deal with the possible “accidents.”

“Perhaps that organization is trying to figure how many members we have in the Tarot Club and what their identities are,” Emlyn replied with a smile as he continued on his train of thought.

Audrey thought for a moment and nodded.

“That possibility can’t be ruled out.”

As she said this, she shot a glance at the end of the long, mottled table and realized that Mr. Fool was only listening to her leisurely without giving her the correct answer.

This made her feel a lot more at ease. At the same time, she silently decided that she had to be more careful. She had to be able to resolve problems herself, having already reached Sequence 4.

In any Orthodox Church or secret organization, Sequence 4 was the strongest person in control of an area.

At this moment, Alger, who had heard their conversation, proposed a brand new possibility:

"If that secret organization really doesn't trust you, then it might be an excuse for them to do an observation. Their main goal is to cooperate with us, the Tarot Club, and Mr. Fool."

He didn't know why Miss Justice didn't mention the Psychology Alchemists directly. All he could do was carefully go along with her.

Hmm... This is equivalent to me becoming an ambassador of the Tarot Club to the Psychology Alchemists? Audrey nodded slightly and said, "That's also possible.

"Then what should I do next?"

Alger thought for a moment and said, "Stall for time."

Good idea... Fors and Emlyn both expressed their agreement.

After Alger gave the overall strategy, he added in detail, "Try to stall for time and find excuses not to go until the final moment.

"When you arrive there, start investigating from the periphery and use caution as an excuse to slow down your investigation.

"If you really can't delay any further, you can deliberately make mistakes in certain matters and create some commotion so that the mind dragon can detect it early and eliminate any traces.

“If that secret organization really has any additional motives, the longer you delay, the more they won’t be able to sit still. If they get impatient, they will expose the problem.”

Cattleya nodded.

“This is the most suitable response for now.”

“I understand. Thank you, everyone.” Audrey also felt that Mr. Hanged Man’s suggestion suited her thoughts.

However, she didn’t delay a certain matter. She immediately turned her head and looked at the end of the long, mottled table. She bowed and said, “Honorable Mr. Fool, has Angel of Imagination Adam advanced to Sequence 0?”

Not bad. To be able to be aware of this point… The Fool Klein leaned back in his chair and chuckled.

“Only with the apocalypse approaching did ‘He’ finally take that step.”

The level of the Garden of Eden had virtually confirmed that Adam was definitely a Visionary.

Angel of Imagination Adam has become a god? This news immediately reverberated in Derrick and company’s minds, leaving their minds in upheavals for a long time.

Indeed… Audrey pursed her lips and expressed her gratitude before asking, “What kind of payment do I need to make for this answer?”

The Fool Klein surveyed the area and said with a smile,

“There’s no need.

“It’s a reminder.”

After this topic ended, because most of the Tarot Club members were still immersed in the impact of Adam becoming a true god, no one spoke for a moment.

After a few seconds, Derrick looked around and probed, “The City of Silver has already plowed the surrounding fields and planted wheat and other crops, but the harvest will still take some time. I wish to know what we can do to earn gold pounds and purchase resources?”

After the initial aid, the Church of the Sea God and the government of the Rorsted Archipelago stopped providing free aid. After all, their financial strength was rather limited. In this situation, the City of Silver and Moon City each sold a batch of Beyonder characteristics and monster hides in exchange for a large amount of funds that could be used to purchase various resources.

However, with the entrance to the Forsaken Land of the Gods closed, they were unable to replenish Beyonder characteristics and monster hides. It was also impossible for the City of Silver and Moon City to give up their military strength either, selling large amounts of combat resources and wasting the opportunity of nurturing their descendants. Therefore, once all the gold pounds, gold, and jewelry were used up, they would undoubtedly fall into a predicament.

For this reason, the six-member council had been troubled over how to earn gold pounds from the outside world and how to

establish a stable financial system. This was a little beyond their capabilities.

The Beyonder characteristics that the City of Silver and Moon City had previously sold were mainly purchased by the Church of the Sea God and the Rorsted Archipelago government. They were used to establish official Beyonder factions under them. After all, the number of Beyonders needed to cause damage, and the number of Beyonders needed to stabilize an area was on completely different levels.

In addition, the entire Rorsted Archipelago only had Sea God Kalvetua and the demigod cardinal of the Church of the Lord of Storms. This was slightly insufficient for a new government, especially since the Church of Storms and the Church of Sea God weren't allies.

After hearing Little Sun's plea for help, the other members of the Tarot Club began to seriously consider what the City of Silver and Moon City residents could do.

Audrey thought for a moment and asked, "What are you best at?"

"Combat," Derrick replied without any hesitation.

Alger nodded slightly when he heard that.

"Although the world war has ended, law and order hasn't been restored in the colonies of the Southern Continent. It's still very chaotic there, and small-scale wars occur from time to time. You can try to form two to three mercenary teams and be hired by any faction."

Private military contractors... Klein gave an even more modern name to the suggestion.

"This is a good idea." Derrick's eyes lit up when he heard that.

Alger asked again, "Combat is a survival instinct. Other than this, do you still have anything you want to do?"

Derrick replied in embarrassment, "Many people wish to be chefs and brewers, as well as hope to work at candy factories..."

Chapter 1323: Development Plan

After hearing the City of Silver citizens' wishes, a thought suddenly surfaced in Klein's mind:

Why is everything related to food...

Alger thought for a moment and said to Derrick, "You can make people with such thoughts join the industry association in Bayam. Seek out suitable teachers through the association, and directly invite people with specialties in such fields to teach in the new City of Silver and provide generous salaries.

"Of course, the prerequisite is that you have to get the residents to grasp the language of the Rorsted Archipelago as soon as possible. On this basis, Loenese, ancient Feysac, and Dutanese have to be taught too."

After The Hanged Man finished speaking, The Hermit Cattleya gave her suggestion:

"Other than organizing the mercenary teams, you can also try to apply for civil jobs in the various cities of the Rorsted Archipelago to handle supernatural matters."

Although the Rorsted Archipelago government and the Church of the Sea God had obtained a batch of Beyonder characteristics and the corresponding potion formulas from the City of Silver and Moon City, they were unable to nurture enough Beyonders in a short period of time. Sequence 9 was relatively still alright. The chances of someone being selected for their good mental strength and physique to lose control from consuming the potion were actually very small. If one were to further advance,

acting might not necessarily be successful, and it also required time.

Under such circumstances, as long as the residents of the City of Silver became members of the official faction, they wouldn't be worried about losing their jobs in the future.

Of course, the Rorsted Archipelago's government would definitely control the number of applicants. The City of Silver wouldn't be able to completely resolve everyone's employment problems using this route.

Klein agreed with Ma'am Hermit's suggestion. Furthermore, he believed that there was a need for him to give a revelation to Danitz, allowing the Rorsted Archipelago government and the Church of Sea God to increase the number of official Beyonders to a certain range.

This wasn't to help the City of Silver's residents and the majority of the deformed people in Moon City find jobs, but to deal with the impending apocalypse, the deeper corruption of the Outer Deities, and the gradually increasing frequency of supernatural incidents.

At that moment, Cattleya glanced at Miss Justice and continued speaking to Derrick.

"You should now have a large amount of liquid funds. You can try to invest in the mines, spice plantations, farms, and purchase fertile land and forests with rich produce. They're all very cheap now. Yes, although the Church of the Lord of Storms can still influence the archipelago, and although the new government promises to protect the local businesses, there are still a large number of people from Loen, Feysac, and Intis who lack confidence. They wish to cash out and return to their countries as soon as possible."

That Oracle named Danitz recently bought a spice plantation… Derrick recalled what he had heard before and immediately felt enlightened.

Cattleya's suggestion gave others inspiration. Audrey immediately added, "When negotiating, it's best if you invite some professional lawyers. If not, you'll be fooled easily. Well, if you think there's a need, you can bring along a Psyche Analyst from the city.

"Also, you have a medium-sized port that can develop the corresponding economy…

"While the official Beyonders of the Rorsted Archipelago's government and the Church of the Sea God are lacking in generation knowledge, you can set paid classes designed for outsiders in the New City of Silver's Savant schools. Well, remove the knowledge that will easily clash with the orthodox Church…

"The railway connecting the new City of Silver and other cities must be built as soon as possible…"

Derrick was taken aback when he heard that. He hurriedly raised his hand and said, "Sorry, I need to memorize what was just said."

I forgot that he has no foundation in economics… Audrey reflected on herself, closed her mouth, and smiled as she signaled for Little Sun to seek help from Mr. Fool.

After Derrick conjured a pen and paper and wrote down the previous suggestions, Audrey, Emlyn, The Star Leonard, and the other members of the Tarot Club offered their ideas one after another. They also rebutted the suggestions that weren't mature or pragmatic enough.

This intense scene lasted for nearly half an hour before ending. Derrick looked at the adequately thick pieces of paper in front of him and couldn't help but smile.

He seemed to have seen the beautiful future of the City of Silver.

Sitting at the end of the long, mottled table, The Fool Klein sighed for some baffling reason as his heart felt a lot heavier.

If one didn't consider how the apocalypse was about a decade away, the discussion would've been pleasing regarding the promising future that awaited the City of Silver.

However, the arrival of the apocalypse wouldn't change because of the will of humans. Even saints and angels couldn't do it.

Looking away from the paper in front of him, Derrick deliberated and said, "We have already built the temple and cathedral meant for Mr. Fool. We wish to proselytize to various cities in the archipelago. What do we need to pay attention to?"

Alger frowned slightly and said, "Have you written a Holy Bible? Have you designed the Order of Mass and prayer details?"

"Yes." Derrick nodded heavily.

That was based on his knowledge of the miracles Mr. Fool had shown, combined with the religious scriptures left behind by the Creator. Furthermore, the City of Silver had also prayed to The Fool seeking "His" thoughts on the matter, "His" attitude was a tacit agreement.

“Has the internal system of the Church been set up?” Alger continued asking.

Derrick subconsciously looked at Mr. Fool, who was shrouded in layers of grayish-white fog, and turned around.

“Currently, it’s following the internal system of the other Churches. The Chief of our six-member council will hold the role of archbishop, and a number of enthusiastic citizens have been appointed as bishops and priests.”

The City of Silver didn’t set up an organization to deal with Beyonder matters within the Church, since most of them were Beyonders, and there were already the corresponding organizations in place previously.

Alger saw that Mr. Fool didn’t object nor agree. He controlled his desire to teach and nodded slightly.

“You can try that out first.”

He paused for a moment before saying, “However, there are two things to take note of. First, don’t badmouth the other Churches, lest there be conflict. Second, it’s to respect the current Oracle. In the absence of a leader appointed by Mr. Fool, the Oracle is the representative of a deity.”

Third, don’t engage in religious harassment during proselytizing… Besides, I have serious doubts about the eloquence of the bishops and priests of the City of Silver. I’ll need to get Danitz to find professionals to train them… The Fool Klein, who was listening quietly, muttered inwardly.

He didn't express his opinion on the Holy Bible written by the City of Silver, because it was a little awkward, but if he objected to certain descriptions, it would also damage The Fool's image.

With this in mind, Klein couldn't help but lampoon.

Perhaps one day, when Will Auceptin reads the Holy Bible of the Church of The Fool, he would blurt out in surprise: When did I become an angel under The Fool?

Then, Leonard's grandpa, the awakened Mr. Azik, and Miss Messenger, who has been trying hard to recover, will add, "What? Me too?"

After the conversation regarding the City of Silver and Moon City came to an end, Cattleya looked around in anticipation and said, "Which of you has a Sequence 3 Beyonder characteristic of the Mystery Pryer pathway?"

She had already digested the Mysticologist potion for quite some time, but she had only obtained the potion formula from the Moses Ascetic Order. She was still far from obtaining the Beyonder characteristic or the main ingredients.

Although she was one of the ten key members of the Moses Ascetic Order, the corresponding resources became more valuable the higher the Sequence. Even an ancient organization wouldn't squander them freely. Furthermore, Cattleya came from the Dawn and was less affected by the Hidden Sage, so she wasn't that trusted in the Moses Ascetic Order.

To Cattleya, who had already digested the potion a long time ago using the Snake of Fate's blood to advance to a Mysticologist, Sequence 3 should've been a relatively easier stage. However, she was bottlenecked by the ingredients. It might not even be

possible for her to obtain one for years or even more than a decade.

Hence, she had no choice but to seek help at the Tarot Club.

Derrick recalled the demigod characteristics that the City of Silver had and slowly shook his head.

At that moment, The World Gehrman Sparrow said with a hoarse chuckle, “I suggest you ask Queen Mystic directly.”

Bernadette had already become a Sequence 2 angel. If she had an additional Clairvoyant Beyonder characteristic in her, she could attempt to separate it.

Of course, Klein couldn’t be certain that the Sage potion that Queen Mystic consumed contained the previous Sequence 3 and Sequence 4 characteristics.

Ask the Queen? Cattleya got some clues from The World’s answer and suspected that something had happened to the Queen.

“Okay.” She controlled the urge to ask.

Klein continued controlling The World and said to Ma’am Hermit, “I have a long-term mission: Help me collect information regarding the Hidden Sage’s sudden coming back to life.

“You can raise the corresponding remuneration now. Or you can wait until there’s a need in the future.”

Klein was still puzzled over this matter. Although it could be described as a Uniqueness suddenly coming to life, it should've happened a long time ago if it was possible.

Cattleya thought for a moment and said, "That wouldn't be an issue."

After another round of exchanges, the Tarot Gathering ended and the members returned to the real world.

In the captain's cabin of the Future, Cattleya nudged the heavy glasses on her nose bridge and thought about how to write the letter to the Queen.

During this process, she strolled to the window and saw Frank Lee promoting the alcohol-free volcano beer brewed by sea microorganisms to the crew.

He really has the drive... Just as Cattleya sighed, she suddenly frowned.

At the Tarot Club just now, Mr. Fool mentioned that the Planter and The Moon are two rather special pathways. They come from the cosmos, and they are prone to corruption. The divine epiphanies they receive are questionable.

Frank is a Beyonder of the Planter pathway...

Besides, he once complained that the Church of Earth Mother didn't understand the true will of the merciful mother... Cattleya's eyes that were blocked by the heavy lens narrowed slightly.

Chapter 1324: Handling

After staring at the deck below, Cattleya left the captain's cabin and walked to the cabin's entrance. She waited until Frank Lee carried a bucket of alcohol-free beer over.

"Captain, do you want a cup?" Frank raised the large bucket of beer with one hand.

Cattleya shook her head firmly and asked in a seemingly casual manner, "Is this the will of the benevolent mother?"

"No," Frank said rather seriously. "I just feel that drinking liquor that has been altered by a modified sedative isn't good for the body. I hope that they'll be able to accept this drink that has no alcohol inside, other than the smell of alcohol. Of course, this is only a preliminary result and it doesn't involve liquor. After all, it can't use distillation to enhance its taste."

Cattleya was momentarily at a loss for words as she nudged the heavy glasses on her nose bridge. After two seconds of silence, she said, "Do you hear the benevolent mother's voice or divine epiphanies?"

"No." Frank didn't think much of it as he shook his head.

Phew... Cattleya secretly heaved a sigh of relief.

At that moment, Frank casually added, "The benevolent mother's will is in the ears of the wheat, in the milk of cows, in the growth of mushrooms, and in every corner of nature. One can feel it without the need to experience the divine epiphany."

Cattleya's gaze immediately shot towards Frank's eyes. She didn't find any signs of madness, only pureness.

Without another word, she nodded slightly and walked forward. She crossed Frank Lee and arrived on the deck.

After taking in the sea's vista for a few minutes, Cattleya returned to the captain's cabin. She unfolded a letter and wrote:

"I wonder what's your take regarding Frank's actions? He claims that he doesn't obtain any divine epiphanies, and believes that the benevolent mother's will is hidden in every nook and cranny of nature."

This was a letter to Gehrman Sparrow. Cattleya believed that just by adding such a question, he would be able to understand what she was implying.

After folding the letter, she took out a gold coin and began to summon the terrifying messenger.

...

Ma'am Hermit wrote me a letter immediately after the Tarot Gathering ended... It shouldn't be related to the Hidden Sage. It can't be that fast... Klein was on a cruise ship, traveling on the Tussock River.

Wearing a black robe, he took the letter from Miss Messenger's mouth and opened it. He finished reading all the content with a glance.

This... Klein frowned slightly.

Perhaps it was because Frank had shown enough danger and "madness" in his usual behavior that he had actually neglected the possibility of this Druid being affected by the Mother Goddess of Depravity.

Frank had once been placed on trial by the Church of Earth Mother for a forbidden experiment, and then he was placed on a wanted list... If Earth Mother hadn't been corrupted, and the Church of Earth's operations were rather normal, then it means that they believe that Frank is problematic... However, if there's concrete evidence, Frank, who went to the court, probably wouldn't have lived... Klein's mind raced as he attempted to find clues based on his understanding of Frank.

There's no problem with the relevant actions. The prayer posture and his usual prayer gestures are different. It's just like how when the Beyonders of the Church of Evernight pray, they won't draw four stars on their chests at times. At most, they'll just go through the final motions...

Apart from this small problem, there's something wrong with Frank in every aspect. He's like a child raised by the Mother Goddess of Depravity... As these thoughts flashed through his mind, Klein had two contradictory guesses.

Either Frank's corruption was very hidden, making it impossible for the Church of Earth Mother's tribunal to be certain, or he wasn't affected by the Mother Goddess of Depravity at all. It was purely because he had a mental problem that made him look like a Blessed of an evil god.

Regardless of which guess it was, Klein believed that the subsequent development wouldn't be good.

He remembered very clearly that Frank's mushroom experiment had a breakthrough because he had been given an assistant who believed in the Primordial Moon. And the Primordial Moon was one of the manifestations of the Mother Goddess of Depravity.

That also meant that from that moment forth, regardless of whether Frank had any problems in the past, he could very well have entered the eyes of the Mother Goddess of Depravity.

This wasn't a good thing.

Of course, I can't eliminate the possibility that Frank is excessively crazy, causing the Mother Goddess of Depravity to just look away... Klein mumbled in amusement, hoping to make the best out of it.

This was nearly impossible. The horror and strength of a foreign god wasn't something a demigod could understand.

Klein even suspected that if it wasn't for the overly intense response that would destroy the anchors of the deities, allowing "Them" to attack each other in a frenzy, resulting in the Beyonder characteristics to gather and awaken the Oldest One, the Outer Deities might've already destroyed the sun and destroyed the ecosystem of the world. They weren't able to do anything to the Oldest One's barrier, but they were free to do anything to the star outside the barrier.

Sometimes, Klein wondered if the astronomically observed sun was real or not. Perhaps it was just the Eternal Blazing Sun that hung "Himself" there.

So far, there shouldn't be any major problems with the mushrooms that Frank invented. I've already dealt with them above the gray fog... Furthermore, the residents of the City of

Silver and Moon City didn't show any abnormalities. Yes, after they left the Forsaken Land of the Gods, they abandoned farming mushrooms because they lacked monster corpses and had sufficient food... The more Klein thought about it, the more fearful he felt towards it.

If it wasn't for the fact that the Mother Goddess of Depravity's powers that could penetrate the original barrier was still extremely limited, Klein suspected that the Cards of Blasphemy and mushrooms would've left him corrupted. Sefirah Castle would have unknowingly changed owners.

These were things that had been placed above the gray fog for a long time and didn't undergo any special sealing.

Compared to the flamboyant Mother Tree of Desire, the usually low-key Mother Goddess of Depravity was far more terrifying!

Mr. Door and the Emperor were silently corrupted by "Her."

As expected of an existence that stands atop the Outer Deities despite losing two Beyonder pathways and a sefirah... Klein sighed inwardly. He took out a pen and paper and prepared to write a reply to Cattleya.

At that moment, he realized that Miss Messenger had been waiting by his side the entire time without returning to the spirit world. The eight eyes of the four heads stared at him unblinkingly.

"What do you think of Frank?" Klein hesitated before asking, "I mean, other than his nickname."

The four heads in Reinette Tinekerr's hand spoke one after another:

"He only..." "Appears like..." "An adopted son of..." "An Outer Deity..."

In other words, Frank wasn't affected by the Mother Goddess of Depravity previously. He was simply crazy... Klein heaved a long sigh of relief.

He then asked, "What about now?"

As Frank Lee summoned Reinette Tinekerr every time he wrote a letter to Gehrman Sparrow, Klein believed that Miss Messenger, who had a very high status, had a relatively clear and accurate grasp of the state of the Mushroom King.

"I..." "Don't..." "Know..." "Either..." Reinette Tinekerr's four heads answered one after another.

Following that, "She" added, "His body..." "Temporarily..." "Hasn't been..." "Corrupted..."

Does that mean that you can't tell if his psyche is affected? That's right, other than his low level, Frank's usual actions resemble more of an evil god than me... Klein lampooned as he took out a gold coin and flicked it.

With this medium, he quickly entered a dream divination state.

At the same time, he was prepared to activate Sefirah Castle to cut off the Outer Deities from watching.

Scenes flashed past as Klein saw several futures.

Yes, the greatest threat right now is that Primordial Moon believer. I have to separate him from Frank, or things will become extremely troublesome and dangerous... If Frank doesn't come into contact with anything related to the Mother Goddess of Depravity in the future and doesn't advance to a demigod, there shouldn't be any problems... If only one of these two conditions is satisfied, the chance of an accident happening will increase greatly. If both are satisfied at the same time, I can't see the developments at all... Klein snapped awake as he interpreted the results of the divination.

Perhaps because Frank's level was too low, and he wasn't too affected by it, Klein's divination happened smoothly without encountering any danger.

Phew... He silently exhaled and caught the gold coin.

Then, he realized that Miss Messenger's eight red eyes were focused on the gold coin in his palm.

Klein twitched his eyebrows, expressing his doubts.

"It..." "Has..." Sefirah Castle's..." "Aura..." Reinette Tinekerr's four blonde, red-eyed heads shook up and down.

This is one of the five gold coins I often use for divination. It has already been tainted by the aura of Sefirah Castle? This way, it can be considered a mystical item to a certain extent. However, the effect will be drained over time... Klein carefully looked at the gold coin in his hand and made a rough judgment based on his spiritual intuition.

This gold coin could increase the accuracy of divination and enhance a user's ability to resist any interference.

To Klein, this was a pleasant surprise. He decided to use the actual gold coin rather than its historical projection.

Retrieving the gold coin, Klein wrote a reply to Ma'am Hermit and handed it to her through Reinette Tinekerr.

...

After giving Gehrman Sparrow's messenger another gold coin, Cattleya unfolded the letter and quickly scanned it.

After reading it, she felt her shoulders weigh down a little.

Without any delay, Cattleya took out another piece of paper and wrote:

"Your Majesty,

"I dreamed of you finding that primitive island and successfully returning...

"The situation of that descendant of the Emperor is getting worse. If he continues staying on the Future, I suspect he'll go crazy. If you don't mind, I want to send him over to you."

"What we need to take note of is that, although he claims to no longer believe in the Primordial Moon, no one has ever confirmed that.

“...

“My greatest worry now is that it’s difficult to obtain the main ingredient of a Clairvoyant... If you have returned, I wish to find a time to return the Magic Wishing Lamp to you...”

Chapter 1325: More than Half a Year Later

City of Generosity, Bayam, in a rented apartment lit up with gas lamps.

Verdu Abraham, who was wearing a pair of gold-rimmed glasses, held a thick stack of information. He was reading seriously under the dim light, drawing a symbol and recording what he deemed useful information from time to time.

He left Loen and came to the Rorsted Archipelago mainly to avoid being watched by Dorian and his other family members, and focus on studying mysticism. He wanted to find an effective way to save Ancestor Bethel Abraham, or rather, reduce the difficulty of the known ritual.

However, he hadn't made any headway after half a year. It was as though he had no other choice other than hunting a Bizarro Sorcerer, a Parasite, and a Secrets Sorcerer.

This made Verdu rather depressed, but he was clear about how dangerous a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact was. Even if he was willing to sacrifice himself, he was unable to truly control it. He was unable to guarantee the final outcome.

And the most important thing was that he couldn't find any Bizarro Sorcerers or Parasites. They were all saints that were hard to track, with styles that were known for being strange and bizarre.

Phew... Verdu put down the stack of documents in his hand and muttered silently, *Don't tell me I can only place my hopes on The Fool like Dorian and the others?*

Upon thinking of The Fool, Verdu couldn't help but frown. This was because there were more and more half-giants promoting The Fool's faith in Bayam City, so much so that even he, who rarely went out, heard of it.

This made him suspect if he had arrived near the headquarters of the Church of The Fool.

If it wasn't for the mysterious knowledge that was spread in secret in the Rorsted Archipelago was far beyond Verdu's expectations—many of them were things that the Abraham family didn't know of, and were extremely useful—he would've left Bayam last month and headed for the Southern Continent.

I can't stay here any longer. I need to buy ship tickets to East Balam as soon as possible... Just as Verdu made a decision, he began to waver. *Dorian and The Fool probably wouldn't expect me to hide in the area that's under their headquarters' jurisdiction. Emperor Roselle once said that the most dangerous place is the safest place...*

After some hesitation, Verdu put down the documents and switched off the lights. With the moonlight from the window, he walked towards the bedroom.

At the corner of the balcony in his room, a figure suddenly jumped out of the darkness and jumped over the railings.

The figure was like a feather, light and weightless. It landed from a height ten meters above the ground, without making a single sound.

Right on the heels of that, the figure moved through the shadows to the vicinity of the Church of the Sea God and went up the bell tower.

Then, “he” took out a pen and paper and wrote the report on tonight’s surveillance before stuffing it into a crack.

After the figure left, a howling wind suddenly sounded above the bell tower about fifteen minutes later.

The report was pulled out from the crack by an invisible hand. As it swept through the wind, it rose and fell into the distance like a bat spreading its wings in the dark night.

Not long after, the report plummeted like it had been bound to a rock, landing on a hand that extended out in a hidden corner of the garden.

This hand belonged to the cardinal of the Church of Storms, Alger Wilson.

He then unfolded the report and began to read it in the darkness. He was completely unaffected by the lack of light.

Even in the dark sea, Alger could see everything around him clearly.

Verdu is becoming more resolute in his intention of leaving Bayam... Alger nodded indiscernibly as he came to a conclusion.

Over the past half a year, he had been monitoring this member of the Abraham family according to Mr. Fool’s instructions, but he hadn’t noticed anything abnormal about him.

After Verdu left the Rorsted Archipelago, his mission would be completed.

However, Alger didn't wish for it to end just like that. He believed that he hadn't made enough contributions. All he did was simply monitor a Sequence 7 Beyonder without any special characteristics.

The Hermit had already obtained a Sequence 3 Beyonder characteristic from Queen Mystic, and had gathered the corresponding supplementary ingredients and was busy preparing the ritual. This made Alger deeply stressed. Of course, he had also done many things according to Mr. Fool's intentions, but even he felt that there was a huge difference from doing those tasks, with the identity, status, and strength of Sea God.

For a moment, Alger wanted to use all sorts of methods to force Verdu Abraham to expose himself, but in the end, he gave up on the idea. This was because he couldn't be sure of Mr. Fool's attitude towards the target.

Previously, when the City of Silver and Moon City sold Beyonder characteristics and potion formulas, Alger had purchased some from the Tarot Club. He had used it to secretly nurture a team of Beyonders who were loyal to him. This was how he had people monitoring Verdu.

Currently, this less-than-ten-member team was mostly at Sequence 9, while only a small number of them had been promoted to Sequence 8.

As for where Alger had obtained the money for purchasing Beyonder characteristics and potion formulas, the answer was very simple:

As a cardinal of the Church diocese, Alger could easily "save" a sum of money for himself. And during that period of time, the minerals, farms, spice plantations, and factories in the Rorsted Archipelago were sold at below intrinsic value. As long as one

had the funds to buy them, they could earn a lot after a short period of time.

More importantly, the Church of Storms's headquarters was quite interested in the Beyonder characteristics and potion formulas sold by the City of Silver and Moon City. They provided a large sum of money for their purchase. The go-between was without a doubt the cardinal of the Rorsted diocese, Alger Wilson. It was understandable that some losses were inevitable during such situations.

Reining in his thoughts, Alger decided to sell some mysticism knowledge in Bayam's Beyonder circles through his Shadow Guards. He wanted to bait Verdu Abraham and keep him in the vicinity for as long as possible.

The main reason is that the City of Silver's preaching has frightened that gentleman... Alger shook his head and muttered inwardly.

He then destroyed the report in his hand and walked back into the cathedral.

...

The sky had just lit up, and a young man walked out of the hotel, leisurely enjoying the scenery of Bayam's morning.

He had just bought the "Teana" beverage that was packaged with the fruit's shell when he suddenly felt a huge shadow appear beside him.

The youth turned his head and looked up bit by bit only to find a

2.5-meter-tall half-giant walking over.

“Excuse me sir, do you have a moment to talk about our lord and savior, Mr. Fool.” The half-giant bent his back and tried his best to make his smile appear amiable.

The youth drank a mouthful of Teana and pointed to the side. He smiled and nodded.

“Sure, but not here.”

He then walked to a place where they wouldn’t be in the way. The seemingly oppressive half-giant followed warmly.

“Go ahead.” The youth didn’t hide his curiosity at all.

The muscular half-giant’s expression turned solemn.

“My Lord claims to be The Fool. In the past, the present, and also in the future, ‘He’ is the great ruler who dominates the spirit world. ‘He’ is also the King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck. ‘He’ is also the landmark when every living being seeks eternal life.

“My Lord lives above the real world and the spirit world. ‘His’ benevolence spreads across Heaven and the land. There are a total of six angels under ‘Him’...

“The Angel of Mercury is the embodiment of fate, my Lord’s most cherished angel. The Angel of Death has followed my Lord for the longest period of time and is the consul of the Underworld. The Angel of Redemption is my Lord’s bugle, the messenger of ‘His’

revelations. The Angel of Life is the crystallization of wisdom itself. 'She' is the indestructible spirituality that resides in everyone's body."

Upon hearing that, the youth laughed.

"Your Lord is really impressive. He actually has so many angels to serve him."

"Not only that," the half-giant replied gently. "There's also the Angel of Retribution beside the Lord's throne. 'He' is the Lord's lightning, the Lord's rage, and the Lord's palm. It's all the judge of the fallen and the ones who aren't chaste.

"In contrast to the Angel of Retribution is the Angel of Time, "He" is a 'king' of ancient times. "He" eventually submitted to my Lord and now strikes the bell of Heaven."

"Impressive, impressive." The youth sincerely sighed.

Upon hearing such a response, the half-giant couldn't help but smile. Then, he described the various miracles that Mr. Fool had performed as succinctly as possible. Finally, he said, "It's already been fifteen minutes. I won't waste your time. If you're interested, you can go to The Fool's cathedral on 16th Phillips Street. This is the biggest cathedral in Bayam City. Heh heh, the rest are still in planning."

The young man nodded.

"I'll pay a visit if I'm free."

After watching the half-giant turn and leave, the youth took out a crystal monocle from his pocket and wore it on his right eye.

...

The half-giant walked straight back to a restaurant and changed into a chef's attire.

"Baldur, you went proselytizing again?" the restaurant owner asked with a smile.

When the industry association recommended this half-giant to learn culinary skills from his restaurant, he had been rather reluctant. He always felt that the other party could kill him with just a swing of his arm, and he didn't seem like someone with any culinary talent.

However, he was now very pleased with Baldur. Not only was he humble, obedient, and willing to take hardship, he had quite the intimidating demeanor. This scared off the gangsters who had placed their sights on the restaurant.

The only problem was that he would go out every morning to proselytize The Fool.

Of course, the restaurant owner couldn't say anything since it wasn't working hours, so he didn't mind.

Baldur smiled honestly and walked into the kitchen. He said to his good friend, Bonn, who had come from Moon City to seek refuge with him.

“I can teach you how to roast fish today.”

Bonn looked rather normal, but his eyes appeared awkward with one looking up and the other looking down. He was one of the citizens from Moon City who wasn’t very deformed, and he had the courage to interact with the people outside. He nodded.

“I have to pray in a moment. Mr. Fool sent a revelation to get all the residents of Moon City to pray to ‘Him’ at nine in the morning. We are to wish that we are no longer deformed.”

Chapter 1326: Successful "Mass"

Regarding the matter of praying to Mr. Fool, Baldur raised both hands and feet in agreement. He didn't have any intention of pressing Bonn.

He prayed for more than a minute after waking up in the morning and before sleeping at night. He would thank Mr. Fool for bringing the pure sunlight, delicious food, and a life of no despair.

"Alright, I'll prepare the ingredients for today first." Baldur smiled as he nodded at Bonn.

A few minutes later, he brought many bags of ingredients into the kitchen, as if he was carrying a few rolls of curtains.

At this moment, Bonn found a chair and sat down. He sincerely prayed to Mr. Fool.

"The great ruler who controls the spirit world, The Fool that doesn't belong to this era, I wish to be blessed by you. I hope that you can fulfill my wish of escaping from my deformity..."

In the cathedral on Philips Street, in several areas in Bayam, in the New City of Silver, and the New Moon City that was located in a forest, prayers echoed softly simultaneously.

The extremely self-conscious Xin, Rus, and company vaguely guessed that Mr. Fool was planning on granting such a wish. As they prayed, their bodies trembled, unable to control themselves.

They yearned to be like normal people.

They were also looking forward to the bustling and lively Bayam. They yearned for the grilled fish made from a secret recipe, the candy factories, and delicacies from all over the world. They yearned for a life to drink, chat, sing, and dance.

In the ancient palace above the gray fog, The Fool Klein, who was sitting at the end of the long bronze table, saw bits of pure light light up one after another, forming a majestic sea of stars in front of him.

The prayers overlapped and echoed inside Sefirah Castle as ripples appeared.

Klein closed his eyes and took it in for a few seconds. He raised his right hand and bent his middle finger, rapping the edge of the long mottled table.

An invisible force spread out like waves on the surface of water. It surged into every prayer point of light and landed on the residents of Moon City.

Xin suddenly felt something and raised her hand to touch the middle of her face.

The next second, she felt her nose.

Almost instinctively, Xin stroked that position several times from top to bottom before she believed she had grown a nose and was no longer deformed.

She instantly closed her eyes, bent down, and pressed her forehead to the ground. She couldn't help but praise Mr. Fool.

The praises around her grew louder and louder, becoming more and more uniform.

Rus's eyes separated; Bonn's eyes became symmetrical; and in Moon City, every deformed person, or those who were ugly because of the traits they inherited, had broken through their original restrictions and their bodies were transforming towards a state of normalcy.

At this moment, be it in New Moon City, the New City of Silver, or Bayam, they heard the bell of the cathedral ring.

Gong!

The ethereal gong of the bell reverberated in the hearts of everyone in Moon City. It rang in the ears of every person who heard it, as though it could cleanse their souls and bring them the most genuine feelings towards life.

The tears that Xin, Rus, and company held back finally flowed out. They felt their minds and bodies turn tranquil, no longer having a speck of dust tainting them.

They subconsciously raised their heads and cast their gaze towards the source of the gong. They discovered that it came from beyond New Moon City, an unknown distance away from where they were.

A miracle... A thought suddenly popped into the minds of the Moon City citizens.

In the new City of Silver that was connected to them, Waite Chirmont and company cast their gazes into the distance and cast their gaze towards Bayam.

The gong came from there.

“Praise Mr. Fool!” They mumbled at the same time as they pressed their right palm to their left chest.

In Bayam City, Bonn adjusted his postures with Baldur who had tears streaming down his face. They faced Philips Street and towards the cathedral that belonged to Mr. Fool. They listened attentively and gratefully to the holy chimes from Heaven.

However, above the gray fog, The Fool Klein was somewhat astonished and confused.

The sudden chiming of the bells wasn’t within his plans.

He then turned his gaze to The Fool’s cathedral at 16 Phillips Street.

Almost at the same time, he used the prayer lights to see the tall bell tower that was attached to the cathedral. He saw a young man wearing a pointed hat and a classic black robe standing at the top of the bell tower.

This youth was holding a black bell hammer and was striking the bell repeatedly.

As if sensing the gaze from above, the youth stopped. He lifted his head slightly and adjusted the crystal monocle on his right

eye.

At the same time, his smile widened.

"..." Klein nearly cursed.

At this moment, his eyes glazed over almost in an unconcealed manner. He didn't understand why Angel of Time Amon would suddenly appear and seriously strike the bell of his cathedral.

Klein was actually mentally prepared for Amon's and Zaratul's possible arrival. This was because there were just too many people in the City of Silver and Moon City. There was no way they could secretly integrate with the outside world.

In other words, the City of Silver and Moon City would definitely be known to the various Churches and secret organizations. Under such circumstances, be it public or private proselytizing, it wouldn't affect any future development. Therefore, Klein silently agreed to the City of Silver's attempts to proselytize the faith of The Fool. This was preparation for him to have more anchors for his advancement to Sequence 1.

Due to this premise, he was prepared for Zaratul, Amon, and other hidden enemies to come to Bayam. He even hoped that they would do so.

Here, Klein, who had the status and level of a King of Angels in Sefirah Castle, was able to fully display his home ground advantage. As for the City of Silver, it also had Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts. It could completely resist Amon and take down Zaratul.

Compared to his main body suddenly encountering a prepared

enemy elsewhere, or the discovery of his marionette city, this was undoubtedly a better choice.

However, Amon's current actions confused Klein. He didn't understand what the God of Deceit wanted to achieve.

...

16 Phillips Street, inside The Fool's cathedral.

The archbishop-on-duty, the City of Silver's six-member council's Elder, Derrick Berg, also looked up in astonishment at the stained glass.

Rays of sunlight shone inside, allowing Derrick to read one scene after another.

As the black bell hammer fell, the tremors of the bell gradually stopped.

I didn't arrange for someone to strike the bell... Derrick frowned.

As a member of the City of Silver, as a demigod in the Sun domain, he had a sharp intuition and knew that something must've gone wrong.

However, the strange ringing of the bell didn't bring any accidents. Besides the ringing, everything seemed normal.

As Derrick observed the surroundings with the help of his Unshadowed Beyonder powers, he quickly considered whether

the bell had any symbolic significance in mysticism.

After eliminating the possibilities, he suddenly recalled the Holy Bible of The Fool made up by the City of Silver.

There was content related to the striking of bells!

It was used to describe the relationship between Angel of Time Amon and Mr. Fool to confirm “His” true status.

Towards that sentence, Derrick was still against it because he knew that Blasphemer Amon wasn’t Mr. Fool’s Blessed. Their relationship wasn’t even harmonious, and was actually hostile.

However, the lies he made previously had convinced the other members of the City of Silver’s six-member council. They believed that Angel of Time Amon was the first entity appointed by Mr. Fool to cast down the light for the people of the Forsaken Land of the Gods. It was because “He” had Parasitized Derrick, which had resulted in the subsequent changes, all the way until hope descended.

Derrick had wanted to explain, but he was embarrassed. That would only bring up too many lies, making him lose his image with the other Elders of the six-member council and citizens of the City of Silver. It was just like Miss Justice had said before, a social death.

Finally, he chose to delay any actions, hoping that Mr. Fool would take a look at the Holy Bible. If there was anything inappropriate with the descriptions, “He” would definitely send a divine revelation to change the views.

To his surprise, Mr. Fool didn't say anything and silently agreed with the contents of the Holy Bible.

Could it be that Amon is striking the bell? Derrick was momentarily dazed as he found it too unbelievable.

He hurriedly lowered his head and began praying, reporting this matter to Mr. Fool.

...

Above the gray fog, inside Sefirah Castle.

Before Klein could eliminate Amon, the other party suddenly turned transparent and transformed into a beam of light before vanishing from the bell tower.

What does this fellow want? If "His" father is the Emperor and not the ancient sun god, then I can reasonably suspect that "He" is striking a death knell for me... As Klein checked if there were any Amons lurking in the bodies of the City of Silver and Moon City citizens, he analyzed Amon's motives without any clue in mind.

Just as he was about to use divination to seek clues, Derrick completed his prayer.

...Holy Bible, Holy Bible? The corners of Klein's mouth twitched as he summoned from the junk pile the Holy Bible that the City of Silver had sacrificed to him.

Previously, he had only flipped through a few pages, but he was too embarrassed to continue reading it. He took on a position of

burying his head in the sand.

Of course, he wasn't careless in this aspect. He was still extremely cautious. He used divination inside Sefirah Castle to confirm that the Holy Bible wouldn't bring him any harm.

With this premise, he allowed the City of Silver to use this Holy Bible.

He slowly took a deep breath and reached out his right hand. He flipped the scriptures page by page.

His facial muscles began to twitch, and the corner of his lips uncontrollably parted.

Klein flipped faster and faster. Finally, he saw the last page.

Pa!

Klein suddenly closed the book and threw it back onto the junk pile.

After this miracle in Moon City, yes, the potion has mostly been digested. The marionette city will have to step onto the stage of history... Klein observed his condition without expression and nodded indiscernibly.

Ever since he had gained preliminary control of Sefirah Castle, he could receive digestion feedback from the real world.

Chapter 1327: Three Plans

As for the marionette town, Klein had been thinking about how to build it a long time ago. He had already come up with three plans:

If he eliminated any interference from external factors, his best choice would be somewhere in a certain country of the Northern Continent. He would allow his marionette town to rise up overnight. Furthermore, he would connect it to the surrounding cities through railways, rivers, and roads.

This way, the marionette town would have large numbers of outsiders arriving on a daily basis, and it would create a very strong interaction with the surrounding areas. On the one hand, a town without a city nearby would definitely purchase grain, salt, cloth, ores, sugar, and other daily necessities. On the other hand, it would also produce its own products, which could be sold to neighboring cities, towns, and villages. Under such a situation, merchants, workers, tourists, and other groups would go back and forth frequently. At the same time, they would interact more with the marionette town's residents.

Under the influence of all kinds of interactions between the parties, it wouldn't be long before the town of marionettes could produce a corresponding region in the spirit world. Once the lives of the residents became more detailed and real, Klein could consume the potion to advance to Sequence 1 Attendant of Mysteries.

This would take less than three months.

But the problem was that this approach couldn't be kept confidential.

In the present era, to have a town suddenly pop up was something that couldn't be hidden from people. Soon, there would be civil servants, the police, and reporters coming to investigate. And after that, the interactions between the parties would also make more and more people know and understand the city. This was a problem that couldn't be resolved through illusions unless the town of marionettes didn't interact with the surrounding cities, towns, and villages and had relatively minor interactions. However, that wouldn't meet the requirements of the ritual.

When news of the marionette town spread, Klein would undoubtedly be targeted by Zaratul, Amon's true body, and his other enemies. When the time came, the destruction caused by others would definitely be easier than him protecting it. He could only migrate his marionette town elsewhere. This would cause the interactions generated in the early stages to be for naught, just like what the Dark Demonic Wolf had experienced.

Therefore, Klein had only listed down such a plan, so he basically wouldn't choose it. Unless a certain Visionary was willing to provide help, making all the living beings in the Northern and Southern Continents naturally believe that there was indeed a town there, one that hadn't suddenly appeared.

Considering the influence of various external factors and his Beyonder powers, Klein's best choice was to establish the town on an uninhabited island that deviated from the safe sea route and was sufficiently well-hidden. He would then use Sefirah Castle to give it anti-divination and anti-prophecy properties.

At the same time, Klein would use the "curtain" to "Graft" some roads, rivers, and railways to somewhere outside the marionette town, making it a stop for random groups of people during their journeys.

This couldn't be kept completely confidential, but once the

“strange phenomenon” spread and attracted Zaratul’s and Amon’s attention, Klein could easily remove the original “Grafting” randomly and switch the “entrance.”

Under such a strategy, the movement was limited to the entrance, not the marionette town itself. The effects of various interactions in the spirit world could be preserved without being interrupted. The ritual could steadily proceed as planned.

Of course, there was a big problem with this plan. It was that the interaction would be limited and couldn’t influence matters at a daily level in all its aspects. In addition, the frequency and intensity of the interaction wouldn’t be too high.

If he chose this plan, it meant that Klein had to spend more than half a year or even a year on the ritual.

If he wanted to be safe, forcing every marionette’s fate to have a beginning and an end, the ritual would take at least fifty years. However, there was also a way to get around the limitations—once the rest of the ritual’s requirements were met, he could deliver a meteorite strike, an earthquake, or a volcano eruption to the town, causing all the marionettes’ fates to come to an end in the real world. It was something that happened in real life and was rather reasonable.

In this radical and conservative proposal, Klein had another solution.

It was to replicate a city and make the marionette correspond to the residents of the city and be mapped one-to-one. For evil Miracle Invokers, they could wipe out the original city and use their marionettes to replace its inhabitants. Those who had a kind heart would hide the city and ensure a supply of goods. The reason as to why one didn’t convert the target city into marionettes was that it already had a corresponding region in

the spirit world. Without being a newly born one, it didn't meet the requirements of the ritual.

With the "curtain" formed by the Attendant of Mysteries Beyonder characteristic, Klein could make a better choice: "Graft" a city at a particular stage to his marionette town.

This meant that his town of marionettes had become the dark side of the city. In the corresponding period of time, outsiders would encounter marionettes and not real people. Once that period of time passed, they would leave the town of marionettes and return to the real world to deal with real people.

During the process, Klein would send his marionettes to act as an outsider and maintain interactions with the corresponding real person, allowing the real outsiders to return to the real world without any gaps.

In other words, there were two different lives playing out in the same city at the same time, but no one could notice that. Occasionally, some people would think that some details weren't right, but would find it inexplicable and might just ignore it.

This was rather in line with the characteristic of an Attendant of Mysteries, and it had a certain level of concealment.

Of course, this plan also had its problem. It was to simulate the fate of a marionette to a very high level—almost as similar as a human's. Without its own independence, it would cause the ritual's effects to fail.

Klein tapped the edge of the long mottled table with his fingers and was in a dilemma over the second and third plan.

After a few minutes, he did as his heart willed—cowardice—and chose the second plan. He would rather spend more time than affect the fates of the innocent.

Back then, Zaratul and Antigonus likely chose the third plan… Klein sighed and prepared to return to the real world.

At this moment, he looked at the junk pile and considered whether he should send a revelation to change the descriptions in the City of Silver's Holy Bible.

To a deity, the Holy Bible wasn't anything too important. Its best use was for its convenience to spread its teachings and increase the number of anchors.

Klein had long come to a conclusion from The Revelation of Evernight, The Book of Storms, and the contents of the various orthodox Churches' Holy Bibles.

Most of the content elevated the orthodox deity, making random claims of grandeur and expressed mercy and pity.

In ancient times, the impression the believers had of the deities would indeed have a negative impact on the deities. But now, with the use of symbols instead of statues, this latent problem no longer existed. At the very least, the Evernight Goddess, the Lord of Storms, and other deities openly declared that they were parts of the Creator's original body. They weren't worried that it would exacerbate the awakening of the Oldest One.

In other words, if there really was a problem with this aspect, Klein believed that the Evernight Goddess would definitely have changed the corresponding description. "She" would've changed the description of being one of the eyes of the Creator to a child spawned by "Him." It too enjoyed a very high status.

At the same time, the believers' acknowledgment of certain matters wouldn't have any burden on the deities themselves in a mysticism sense. Otherwise, Amon would've secretly helped Klein, or rather, prepare a batch of believers for the former Sefirah Castle to lure them into forming the belief that the Angel of Time was the manifestation of the Lord of the Mysteries. With the aid of an instinctual response that met the requirements, "He" could establish enough connections with Sefirah Castle and open a "back door."

To a deity, the Holy Bible only had two important components other than for spreading the faith:

Firstly, it was a description of the authority and honorific name of the deities themselves. If there were any mistakes, it would lead to the prayers of the believers pointing to an unknown target. Not only would it be dangerous to the believers, but it would also cause the deities to lose their anchors. Secondly, any descriptions that involved the other Churches would easily attract conflict.

As for the angels and saints, the deities actually didn't pay them too much mind. The ones that cared were the angels and saints themselves because they needed to obtain a certain level of anchors through this.

Therefore, the Holy Bibles' descriptions of angels and saints were detailed enough. They had authority and honorific names, making it easier for different believers to choose and be immersed. In addition, this wasn't enough to form a stable anchor, because it was under the faith of a deity.

In order to resolve this problem, the orthodox Churches would define certain cathedrals to different guardian angels and guardian saints and clearly differentiate them.

Due to this knowledge, Klein didn't pay much attention to the Holy Bible. After he finished reading the description about his authority and honorific name, he stopped continuing out of embarrassment. He only used divination to confirm that the contents wouldn't result in a conflict with the orthodox Churches.

After some thought, he gave up the idea of directly sending the revelation to change the Holy Bible and decided to use a gentler method.

During the Tarot Club's exchange, he could use The World Gehrman Sparrow to guide The Sun into adjusting his understanding of the situation, turning the parts involving the Angel of Time to Pallez Zoroast, allowing the corresponding content to be fixed without causing any suspicion in the City of Silver.

...

Bayam, Verdu Abraham had obtained quite a bit of mysticism knowledge in a few Beyonder circles.

He lit up the gas wall lamp and carefully read it in the night.

Towards the end, he suddenly read a piece of news that he had never understood before:

Bansy Harbor is a place filled with mysticism powers. Its connection with the spirit world and the astral world is beyond imagination... Even with the Church of Storms directly destroying the harbor, it still can't completely eliminate the abnormality of its existence...

Many mysticism researchers are purchasing items related to Bansy at a high price...

Bansy... Verdu muttered to himself silently, suddenly having a strong interest in the harbor.

He began considering if he should buy some items from Bansy and do a thorough study of them. After all, the spirit world was related to "Teleportation." The astral world and the cosmos involved "Wandering," and might involve Mr. Door Bethel Abraham's method of escaping.

Perhaps, if I have the chance, I could go to Bansy to take a look... Verdu nodded indiscernibly.

Chapter 1328: The Preparations Needed

The initial preparations for building a marionette town were rather boring and tedious. At the very least, Klein believed so.

In the ancient palace, Klein sat on the high-back chair belonging to The Fool, holding a fountain pen. There were ordinary pieces of paper with the name, age, and the fate of every marionette. As he made the Worms of Spirit emerge from his body, they formed avatars beside him.

Some Kleins sat on the ground, while others occupied the twenty-one seats other than The Fool's. Some conjured beds and lay on them...

Then, they summoned different books from the junk pile and started reading them seriously.

The books included but were not limited to:

"How to Brew Wine"

"Train Dispatching"

"Desert Making Compendium"

"A Clergyman Prepares"

"Gas Wall Lamps, Gas Meters, and All Kinds of Family Machinery

Repair”

“DESI-licacy”

“Harbor Management”

“Foundations of Law”

“Ladies Aesthetic” magazines…

These were specialist knowledge that different marionettes needed to grasp. Only by doing so would they be able to act their roles well, allowing him to be realistic in every aspect. Even if they were to engage in a deep conversation with outsiders, they wouldn’t expose any problems.

It wouldn’t be difficult for Klein if he just needed to simply memorize the knowledge, but he had to truly grasp and apply it. Furthermore, he couldn’t confuse his characters. He couldn’t let a burly and strong switchman with a low income be talking about the wonders of a particular particular skincare product, or which silk cloth was flawed.

If such a situation were to happen in novels, plays, and operas, it might create a strange attraction, but putting it in the real world was clearly uncanny and not beneficial to the advancement of the ritual.

To avoid such a problem, Klein could only work harder in the early stages. He hoped that every character in a marionette town would be real, whole, and appropriate.

Fortunately, there weren't many people in a city who needed to deeply understand the corresponding specialist knowledge. Most of the residents were half-illiterate, or really illiterate. They relied on experience to live their lives that they repeated via motions. For these characters, the knowledge that Klein needed to grasp was relatively little, just like workers who had gone through simple training—or even without any training—to be sent to the assembly line.

After an unknown period of time, Klein put down his fountain pen and rubbed his temples, letting out a long sigh of relief.

He had finally written down the information about nearly five thousand residents in the marionette town, and his corresponding knowledge preparation was almost complete.

This is like a super large-scale movie directed by a director, and with me being the scriptwriter. Same for the lighting engineer, the makeup artist, and all the actors… For this ritual, I'm really on the verge of losing control. If I'm not careful, my personality will dissociate and I'll fall into the abyss of madness… Luckily, I have a professional psychologist…

Yes, I have to pay attention to a problem in the town's operations. Although I'm a gentleman with manners, most of the residents in town have low socioeconomic status. Be it speaking or acting, they're more inclined towards being vulgar… I can't make a mistake during the acting and become set back by my psychological barriers… Klein sighed silently as the avatars around him disintegrated into Worms of Spirit before he got them to burrow into his body.

Of course, this wasn't all. There was also one "Klein," who maintained his previous state, preparing to be on Sefirah Castle duty.

In the next second, Klein returned to the real world and took out Creeping Hunger from the Historical Void.

Then, he "Teleported" to an island that was located in the Berserk Sea but one that clearly deviated from the safe sea route.

This was the "stage" he had chosen before.

This place was isolated from the storms all year round. There were no signs of human activity, only a large forest and animals that lived off the forest.

Klein looked around and chose an open area. He pressed his right hand to his left chest and prayed sincerely, "I wish that there's a city suitable for five thousand people here."

Just as he said that, Klein raised his right hand and snapped his fingers.

Suddenly, this open area became extremely flat. The surrounding forest also "receded" greatly, providing large amounts of wood, stones, and soil.

Almost at the same time, buildings rose up from the ground. They took form with stone and wood. The highest wasn't more than four stories high. The style was closer to the Loen Kingdom's Desi Bay.

In just the blink of an eye, residential buildings, a library, a police station, a telegraph office, a city hall, a small hospital, a candy factory, a water plant, a gas company, a steam locomotive station, parallel train tracks, and plantations outside the city took form. The streets were also paved with cement or stone

bricks.

Towards the end, on the square in the middle of the town, a pointed-tip cathedral emerged from the ground and stood proudly.

This was a cathedral belonging to the Evernight Goddess, as it was in line with the background setting of the city.

“I hope this island has a deep-sea harbor.” Klein didn’t stop as he made a second wish.

Pa!

He snapped his fingers again, fulfilling his wish.

About three kilometers away from the town, a small-scale harbor quickly took shape. There were two docks, five warehouses, a port hotel, a simple restaurant, a police station branch, a bar, a lighthouse, and a naval base…

“I wish for the harbor and town to have convenient transportation.” Klein made a third wish.

He raised his right hand and snapped his fingers.

A concrete road and a cargo rail instantly appeared between the town and the harbor.

According to Klein’s plan, a portion of the harbor was prepared for visitors by sea. The town was mainly for outsiders from the

Northern and Southern Continent.

As he looked at the empty city with admiration, Klein pressed his top hat and “Teleported” to the municipal square. He walked step by step into the cathedral named Saint Arianna Cathedral.

The cathedral’s door was open, and it was dark inside.

After an unknown period of time, three figures appeared at the door. They were a 30-year-old gentleman in a formal suit with a tie, an ordinary-looking and gentle-looking woman, and a child who was dressed like an adult.

The woman took a few steps with difficulty before stretching her neck. Then, she smiled and reached out her hands to hold the gentleman’s arm.

The gentleman had a faint smile on his face. As he allowed the lady to lean on him, he reached out his right hand and held the boy.

The little boy was skipping about, appearing very lively.

Their actions were a little rough at first, but the more they walked, the smoother they became as they walked through the square.

After they left, more and more people walked out of Saint Arianna Cathedral. They consisted of the police, repair workers, gas company employees, restaurant chefs, white-haired old men, and simply-dressed farmers...

In the next hour, people constantly came out of the Evernight cathedral. They either turned to different streets and went to different places, entering different houses, stopping at the square, or enjoying the pigeon-less scenery.

During this process, the number of people that came out had exceeded the limits of the cathedral's capacity, but there seemed to be no end to the people, as though the interior was connected to another city.

After another fifteen minutes, the entrance of Saint Arianna Cathedral finally fell silent. However, there were rats, cockroaches, moths, ants, flies, and mosquitoes creeping outwards.

Finally, a colorful window at the top of the cathedral opened. White pigeons flew out and landed in the middle of the square.

The people who had stayed there came to life completely. Some teased the pigeons, others looked for hawkers, while some played a seven-string guitar, and others smiled as they conversed with their friends.

A man wearing a top hat and a trench coat and carrying a cane left the municipal square. He came to the other side of the town and stopped in front of a wooden board.

He took out his tools and wrote the name of the town on the wooden board:

"Yharnam."

After some thought, the man "wiped" away "Yharnam" and

wrote another name:

“Utopia.”

…

Backlund, inside the Hall family’s luxurious villa.

“Alfred has already boarded the cruise ship back to the Northern Continent?” Audrey didn’t hide her surprise.

It was September 1352.

In the past half a year, Audrey didn’t spend too much effort to make her father give up the thought of returning to East Chester County for the first half of the year. This was because there was a pressing need to rebuild Backlund and Constant City. The kingdom’s political scene also needed a new balance. Earl Hall had too many things to handle and wasn’t in the mood for a vacation.

Therefore, whenever Earl Hall was put in a difficult spot, she just needed to take the initiative to say that she was willing to remain in Backlund and return to East Chester County in the next six months to have things develop as she wanted and receive praise for.

As for the Psychology Alchemists, they didn’t rush her either. Up to now, the Psychology Alchemists’ council meeting had been held three times. It was mainly to communicate their research results and the various information of the areas under their jurisdiction. Only Ma’am Greed had asked about the clues to the mind dragon twice.

To be frank, if Mr. Fool hadn't reminded Audrey to take note of the rabbit, Wrath, and the easily forgettable president, she would definitely find the conference interesting. Mr. Rabbit had plenty of ideas, but she remained as vigilant as ever.

"Yes, the liner has already left the harbor." Earl Hall smiled and nodded. "When Alfred arrives in Backlund and completes the necessary social intercourse, we will return to East Chester County for fox-hunting."

Autumn was the best time to hunt foxes.

Audrey tersely acknowledged.

"Alright."

...

As a major general in the army, Alfred didn't follow the naval fleet to Desi Bay. Instead, he led his adjutants and squires and boarded a steam-powered sailboat hybrid for Pritz Harbor.

After traveling for nearly two days, they encountered a storm in the Berserk Sea.

As the ship shook violently, the sailors on the observatory saw some light through their telescopes.

It came from a lighthouse.

Author's Note: I wrote in detail three plans in the previous chapter because I felt that the third plan was most impactful, but it's impossible for Klein to undertake it with his character, so I had to unfortunately give it up. I specially wrote it out for all of you to have a sense of what's the most bizarre and mysterious method.

Chapter 1329: A Night Without Any Abnormalities

The liner passed through the storm and approached the lighthouse.

A small-scale harbor entered the sights of the captain, sailors, and passengers through the gloomy rain.

A short while later, a man in his thirties, who was wearing a blue uniform and holding onto a black umbrella and a glass lantern, appeared at the dock. He used rather uncommon actions to guide the liner to moor.

As the man watched the gangway lower, he opened his mouth and shouted, “Hey matey, where d’ya come from?”

After most of his voice was swallowed by the wind, his voice successfully reached the liner’s interior and entered Alfred’s ears.

“Do you know what this place is?” Alfred looked carefully at his adjutant and squire.

He wasn’t wearing a general’s ceremonial attire. Wearing a black trench coat that was commonly seen in Backlund, his dazzling blond hair drooped down casually, and his blue eyes looked like a deep lake in a forest.

The adjutant, who had neatly combed his hair to the back, first shook his head to indicate his uncertainty before he explained, “The storm from before made me lose my bearings.”

At this moment, the captain held an umbrella and came to the shipboard. He answered the man, “We left East Balam two days ago and unfortunately encountered a storm.

“What harbor is this?”

The man’s eyes darted around for a moment. Without giving a direct answer, he shouted, “Wait a moment, will ya?”

He then turned around, holding the umbrella and the lantern as he ran towards the buildings near the dock.

This reaction was beyond the expectations of Alfred and the other passengers, but it wasn’t strange for the experienced ship captain, first mate, and others—they had encountered many abnormalities at the ports along the Berserk Sea. This made them patiently wait for subsequent developments.

Five to six minutes later, the man led a lady over.

The woman didn’t have an umbrella and was wearing a hooded raincoat smeared with Donningsman Tree Sap.

As the two of them approached the liner, under the watch of the armed sailors, they climbed up the gangway to the deck.

At such a distance, most of the passengers finally saw what the two of them looked like.

The man had brown hair and brown eyes. His skin was rough, and it was obvious that he was of a lower socioeconomic status and had suffered the elements. The woman was in her twenties,

and her eyes were limpid green. She had long, flaxen hair. A few wet strands clung to her face, making her appear pure and charming.

This was a rather pretty lady with a wild temperament.

“Hi there, this is Utopia Harbor,” the man impatiently introduced, “I’m Theodore, the interim port cap’n.”

As he spoke, he laughed, as though he was happy that he had invented such an amazing position.

Of course, the ship captain knew what a so-called “interim port captain” meant. He didn’t take it to heart about this sudden happiness of a small fry.

He frowned slightly and said, “Utopia Harbor? Why haven’t I heard of it?”

Theodore looked at him and said, “What ye said is quite common.

“Heh, if it weren’t for that landlubber hurricane, ye might never come here!”

Without waiting for him to say anything else, the lady rushed forward and said, “Utopia isn’t on the safe sea route. Usually, only people who understand these waters and know of this place will come here for supplies.”

So the main clientèle of this harbor are pirates? How could the ship captain not be able to tell what she meant? And in times

like this, tacitly acknowledging things without exposing them provided protection to both sides.

He tersely acknowledged and said, “And you are?”

“My name is Tracey.” The lady smiled. “I’m the owner of the harbor hotel, and also its receptionist and attendant.”

She surveyed the area and said, “It’s quite a heavy storm, and the ship will be bumpy. It’s not a wise choice to stay in there to rest. The hotel will provide you with stable beds, warm water, clean food, warm blankets, and an environment that will remind you of home. It’s only ten pence a night. I’m referring to the price of a single room.

“Other than that, you guys can still drink at the nearby bar and enjoy our warm hospitality.”

Clearly, this lady was here to solicit for business.

The captain was rather alert and didn’t respond directly. He nodded and said, “I can’t decide on behalf of the passengers. They are free to choose for themselves. Of course, as captain, I will stay here with my crew.”

Tracey maintained her smile and said, “I’ll wait at the hotel for guests who are willing to disembark.”

She seemed to have received a certain amount of education. She wasn’t as hot and spirited as the women at other ports who spewed vulgarities with every sentence.

Tracey turned around and was about to return when Theodore approached her and said with a sullen expression, “You have to thank me for telling you the news immediately.”

As he spoke, his right hand pressed against Tracey’s butt before he pinched hard.

Pa!

Tracey swatted away his hand and chided, “You’re a jerk who should be f*cked by a donkey!”

She took a few steps forward and left the liner by the gangway.

Theodore shook his hands and cursed with a smile, “B*tch!”

This scene suddenly moved many passengers on board.

To them, the biggest flaw on the ship was that it was boring, and there was a bar at the harbor.

This meant that they could meet cheap street girls who were unlike those from the Northern or Southern Continent. There were local street girls with their unique local charm.

If one was lucky or willing to spend a lot of money, one of them might even be able to sleep with that spirited beauty with an attitude!

Instantly, many passengers packed their luggage and prepared to head to the harbor hotel.

Upon seeing this, Alfred's adjutant asked, "General, are we getting off the ship?"

Alfred shook his head slowly.

"We don't know anything about this place. We have to be careful. Staying on the ship is the best choice."

The adjutant had no objections to this. He asked worriedly, "What about those who have already alighted?"

"That's their choice." Alfred looked out of the window expressionlessly. "If an accident happens, we can only keep more people safe. If it's not serious, then we will be able to resolve it easily."

With that said, he turned to look at his adjutant and squire.

"We'll take turns to keep watch tonight to prevent any accidents."

Alfred, who had interacted with the Numinous Episcopate, the Rose School of Thought, and other organizations in the Southern Continent, had an instinctive sense of vigilance towards unfamiliar places.

After he exchanged his opinion with the ship captain, Alfred got into bed, listening to the strong winds hitting the glass windows and the torrential rain pattering the deck. He was about to doze off.

At this moment, he heard a tender and sad melody coming from

the direction of the harbor.

It seemed to come from a flute, intermittent like a human whimpering through the storm.

Alfred was instantly immersed in the music. It was as though he had returned to Backlund, which always appeared in his dreams. He returned to a state that was a mixture of his happy childhood days, the vexing times of his youth, and other emotions.

He shook his head violently and shook off the feeling. He realized that it wasn't a psychological effect, but a normal person's reaction.

Alfred rolled out of bed and walked to the window. Using his Sheriff Beyonder powers, he confirmed that the music he had heard had come from the cheap hotel.

It's not from the guests onboard the ship. Their goal is very clear. They wouldn't be in the mood to play such a melody... There are tourists in Utopia to begin with, or could it be that owner and part-time attendant named Tracey? If it were her, she would be a lady with a story... Alfred sighed and retracted his gaze. He stopped pondering over the matter.

Although he was curious, he had no intention of getting off the ship.

Soon, the sound of the flute stopped. The harbor hotel regained its silence and nothing unexpected happened.

Just like that, time passed, and as the storm stopped, the sky

gradually brightened.

At eight in the morning, the liner passengers returned one after another. Every one of them had weak steps and looked haggard.

Upon seeing this, the sailors immediately laughed and said, “The chicks here seem pretty good!”

The passengers shook their heads at the same time and looked regretful.

One of them rubbed his temples and said, “The Lanti Proof here isn’t bad. It’s cheaper than other places. I wasn’t careful and had a little too much to drink and ended up falling asleep. I don’t even know if anything happened with that babe. Sigh, I woke up to realize that the ship was about to leave, and I don’t even remember what I did after getting drunk. Praise the Lady. ‘She’ let me lie in bed and not sleep in the rain.”

The other passengers chimed in to express their similar experiences.

Of course, everyone had different details. For example, some passengers praised the breakfast dessert in the cheap hotel.

The sailors were regretful that they didn’t manage to drink the cheap and good Lanti Proof. They started teasing the passengers.

“Perhaps the one who spent the night with you wasn’t the chicks here but the burly man like Theodore. Since all of you were drunk, there’s no way to know what happened!”

“Haha, try touching your assholes!”

Amidst the lively atmosphere, the sailors withdrew the gangway and raised the sails, allowing the liner to set off slowly.

Alfred finally relaxed after they passed through a dark sea and returned to the familiar safe sea route. He smiled at his adjutant and squire and said, “You can mark this place on our map, mentioning that the liquor and desserts here aren’t too bad. Yes, the girls have their own traits.”

After a few more days of traveling, the passenger finally arrived at Desi Bay’s Eskelson Harbor, after traveling along a winding safe sea route.

Alfred, who had the demeanor of a noble, and his socialite instincts, paid a visit to the brass of a nearby military base and shared a good dinner with them.

When he returned to one of his father’s vacation villas, he was surprised to find the squire whom he had sent away to gather for information.

“What’s wrong?” Alfred put away his disorganized thoughts.

The squire lowered his voice and said, “General, all the official maps in the kingdom have no indication of Utopia Harbor.”

Chapter 1330: Moving in

Alfred felt the room temperature plummet when he heard his squire.

An indescribable chill invaded his body, freezing his blood and bone marrow.

When the liner stopped at Utopia Port, he had expected the worst situation to happen—Utopia was the headquarters of some cult, and that everyone there was a dangerous lunatic.

But now, the truth was even worse.

Perhaps Utopia never existed!

At that moment, Alfred was unusually thankful that he was no longer the noble scion he was when he left Backlund. He had accumulated a great deal of experience and had thus, not really entered Utopia Harbor.

Under the gaze of the adjutant and squire, the major general paced back and forth with a solemn expression. He calmly instructed, “Draft up a telegram and report to MI9 about what happened in Utopia.

“At the same time, request the local official Beyonders to immediately take action and contact the captain to list down all the people who entered Utopia Harbor. If necessary, pay each of them a visit and confirm if there are any problems.”

“Yes sir!” his adjutant immediately stood at attention and saluted.

After the adjutant walked out of the study, Alfred said to a squire, “Bring up the typewriter from downstairs. I want to write a detailed report.”

His plan was to first use a telegram to report the key information to the brass and not delay the initial actions necessary. Then, he would reveal more details with a confidential document and provide more information for the military brass to make a decision.

…

Wendel walked into a second-class carriage with one hand on his top hat and the other carrying a suitcase.

He wasn’t even thirty years old. His sideburns were deep-black and his brown eyes were calm. He didn’t have any unique features that anyone could remember, but he exuded comfortable vibes.

A few months ago, he was still a Feynapotter intelligence officer who was active in Desi Bay, and had contributed greatly. Now that he was a Sequence 7 Beyonder, he was part of MI9’s internal affairs department.

Today, his goal was to send a confidential document to Backlund and personally hand it into the hands of MI9’s director.

After sitting down, Wendel bought a newspaper from the paperboy and leisurely read through it.

This was just a superficial act; in reality, he began to use his Beyonder powers to illustrate portraits of the passengers around him, remembering all their characteristics, making meticulous and perfect preparations for any accidents that might happen later.

Choo!

The steam locomotive was chugging forward as the scenery outside sped past the windows.

A few hours later, Wendel cast his gaze out of the window with some anxiety. The sky was already filled with dark clouds, and a storm was about to descend.

This meant that the steam locomotive would stop at a station ahead of time to tide through the storm. It might only continue its journey the next morning, and not reach its designated location.

In Wendel's opinion, this would undoubtedly lead to more risks due to a deviation in his expectations.

However, it was beyond him. He couldn't change the weather like the Sea God, who was promoted by the Rorsted Archipelago's new government.

The only thing he could do was pray to the Lord of Storms.

Reality proved that praying was useless most of the time. By the time the sky turned dark, the station in front of them had already sent a light signal to get the train to slow down and stop.

Choo!

The steam engine whistled again, and the train slowed down. Finally, it stopped at an unfamiliar platform.

In the next second, near the steam-powered train's head, the mechanical door opened. The train conductor stood at the entrance and shouted to the staff on the platform, "What happened up ahead?"

"Heavy rain. Visibility is zero!" the white-sideburned employee answered loudly.

Just as he finished speaking, a muffled thunder sounded, causing everyone to tremble as they sensed the incoming storm.

"Damn it!" the train conductor cursed. "Which station is this?"

As it wasn't a normal stop, he didn't really know which station he was at. After all, the schedule he was in charge of didn't stop at every station in the past.

"Utopia! It's a small station! You can arrange the rest yourself!" the staff shouted and ran towards the other end of the platform with the glass lantern in hand. "I have to give the train behind a signal!"

The train conductor had no doubts about the staff's attitude because this was a normal dispatch process. Otherwise, an accident between two steam locomotives would happen.

He could even be certain that the other staff members of the

Utopia Station had already sent a telegram to the other stations to warn them.

Of course, they must've received a telegram to learn of the area ahead being enveloped by a heavy storm.

"Utopia..." Wendel repeated the name in a low voice, not finding any useful information in his mind.

Of course, he didn't think too much of it. This was because there were many unknown steam locomotive stations in the entire Loen Kingdom. This was a manifestation of the country's overall strength.

The train conductor looked at the dark sky and muttered a few words before using the newest megaphone to speak to the passengers on board.

"A storm is coming. The train will stop at Utopia station until eight in the morning tomorrow."

He estimated the storm to continue the entire night.

"You can stay in the carriage, or you can exit on your own accord to head into the city to look for an inn. Tomorrow, simply show your ticket stub to board the carriage again. Remember to be on time." The train conductor gave the passengers two choices.

Wendel looked at the passengers inside the second-class carriage and pondered for a few seconds before carrying his suitcase and walking out of the train.

It wasn't that he couldn't handle the harsh environment that wasn't conducive for good sleep. When he was an intelligence officer, he had been through plenty of hardship. He was only relying on his professionalism that the sealed carriages, which were limited in space for passenger movement, weren't as safe as a single room in an inn.

Of course, he could also stay up all night, but this would definitely affect his condition tomorrow. Clearly, he still had a long journey tomorrow.

After exiting Utopia Station, Wendel got on a rental carriage by the side of the road and said to the carriage driver, "To the municipal square."

In the Loen Kingdom, there would definitely be a cathedral and a hotel near the municipal square.

"Sir, are you planning on going to the hotel?" the carriage driver asked as he made the horse turn around, seemingly capable of getting along well with anyone.

"Yes." As a Sequence 7 Beyonder, Wendel didn't hide it.

In his opinion, as long as he lived in the city center while overseas, he could easily find a group of helpers with his status, and his strength was enough to support him in completing this task.

"The best hotel in Utopia is Red Boots. Are we going there?" the coach driver asked in a suggestive tone that all men knew.

If he didn't have a mission, Wendel wouldn't mind pleasuring

himself. However, he could only shake his head without any hesitation.

"I want a quiet hotel."

"Alright..." the coachman replied disappointedly. "Let's go to the Irises Hotel. No one will disturb you there."

As the carriage advanced, Wendel cast his gaze outside the window to observe the situation outside.

Perhaps it was because the storm was about to arrive, the people on the road were all in a rush. Even the paperboys looked down.

A very small city... Wendel came to a preliminary conclusion from the lack of a track carriage.

He only saw one trackless carriage. This meant that most of the areas in Utopia could be reached on foot in an adequate amount of time.

Just as he had expected, in less than ten minutes, the rental carriage stopped at the entrance of the Irises Hotel.

Wendel paid the fare and rushed into the hotel before the rain fell.

He heard pattering sounds behind him just as he entered.

After checking in and putting down his luggage, Wendel rested for a while. He kept the confidential document close to him and

went to the restaurant on the first floor to enjoy dinner.

He cautiously didn't have any alcoholic beverages and asked for a cup of "Fizzling Ice Tea," which was supposedly a local specialty, and a fried pork chop drenched in apple juice.

As a former intelligence officer of high society, Wendel didn't have much expectations for dinner this time, but he was surprised by the meal.

The pork chop was fried in a succulent and juicy manner that gave off a strong fragrance. The apple juice that was poured on it had a slightly acerbic texture that washed away most of the cloyed taste. The Fizzling Ice Tea was refreshing and especially delicious...

When he foot the bull, Wendel nodded at the medium-build waiter and said,

"Please send my compliments to the chef for giving me the pleasure of this wonderful dinner."

The ordinary-looking waiter smiled and replied, "That wouldn't be an issue.

"In all of Utopia City, our chefs are the best."

Wendel didn't chit-chat and quickly returned to his room to make some arrangements to prevent others from sneaking in.

Then, he fell asleep without any hesitation.

He used a relatively safe period of time, which any possible enemies would find unsuitable for taking action, to sleep and pass the time late into the night.

After an unknown period of time, Wendel was suddenly woken up by an intense argument.

He snapped open his pocket watch to take a look and realized that it wasn't even midnight.

It's from next door... A woman's voice... A man's voice... Wendel sat up and listened carefully.

Initially, he suspected that it was a man and woman flirting, but later, he realized that it was too intense. Some of the items were even thrown onto the wall.

A quarrel turning into a fight? Just as Wendel mumbled, he heard the shouting, cursing, and screaming of a woman.

Beating a woman? As a Loen gentleman, although Wendel believed in the Lord of Storms and discriminated against women, it didn't stop him from thinking that men shouldn't be violent towards women.

After two seconds of consideration, he decided to knock on the door and remind his "neighbors" to take note.

At that moment, a tragic cry rang out.

This was obviously from a man!

Thud! Something heavy fell to the floor.

Wendel's brows twitched as he sharply caught the scent of a criminal case.

He stood up, put on his coat, and went to the room next door. He bent his fingers and knocked twice.

A few seconds later, the door creaked open, and a beautiful woman with long, wavy hair appeared in front of Wendel.

Her hair was in a mess, and her face was ghastly pale. Her light-green clothes were stained with blood, and she was holding a dagger that was dripping with blood.

The lady in her early twenties stammered for a while before speaking in a dreamy tone, "I killed someone..."

Chapter 1331: Pleasure in Helping Others

Wendel wasn't unfamiliar with murder at all. When he heard that, he wasn't afraid at all. Instead, he calmly allowed his gaze to wander past the woman at the door and into the room's interior.

He immediately saw a man lying on the ground. His chest was blood-red.

"Are you sure he's dead?" Wendel asked calmly.

The young lady in her twenties was at a loss at first. Then, she answered with uncertainty, "Maybe... I don't know..."

"If there's still hope, we need to send him to the hospital immediately." Wendel's tone was like he was speaking to a patient's family, not a murderer.

The lady holding the blood dagger subconsciously turned her body and made way.

Wendel took a few steps forward and approached the victim.

He didn't need to squat down. He swept his gaze and made a judgment based on various signs.

"He is indeed dead."

The woman in her twenties with messy, flaxen-colored hair didn't show any obvious change in expression. She looked down at her toes and said, "Call the police."

"How do I address you?" Wendel had already heard hurried footsteps coming from the stairs.

It was obvious that the attendant or hotel owner came up to check on the commotion after hearing the screams.

"Tracey..." the pure lady with an attitude answered softly.

She then sank into her own world and didn't say another word.

Wendel was just about to say something when the owner of the hotel who had helped him check in previously had already rushed through the door.

"Goddess!" the elderly man shouted after seeing the situation in the room.

Wendel pressed down with his right hand, gesturing for him to calm down before saying, "Call the police immediately. I'll stay here and watch."

His temperament and words exuded a sense of confidence that convinced others. The owner of the hotel didn't waste any time and immediately turned around and ran downstairs.

As for Wendel, when he first came over to check on the situation, it was just a habit as a gentleman. In fact, he didn't have the intention to get involved in it. After all, he was still shouldering

the mission. However, Miss Tracey's dazed, detached, and cold attitude induced a sense of pity in him. This was a normal reaction for a man.

He surveyed the area as though he was conversing with the air.

"Killing someone doesn't imply a harsh punishment. It can be categorized into many kinds of situations."

Tracey slowly raised her head and cast her gaze at the gentleman.

There was an indescribable luster in her lifeless eyes.

Wendel glanced at her bruised face.

"He hit you?"

"Yes." The man seemed to have some sort of authority, making Tracey, who wanted to remain silent, finally answer.

Wendel looked down at the dagger that was no longer dripping blood.

"Was it you who brought it here, or him?"

Tracey's response was a little slow as she replied, "Him."

Wendel nodded slightly and said, "Exercising your right to self-

defense is in line with the law. I can testify to the police that you had an intense argument before it happened and that there was a fight. Clearly, men naturally possess an advantage in this aspect. I'm not discriminating against women, but it's something explained by science and experience."

He paused and asked, "What is the relationship between the two of you? What happened?"

Tracey's eyes darted about and she recovered a little from that deep, reclusive state.

She seemed to be answering a policeman's question as she said with a look of hope and sorrow, "I am, heh, I am his mistress."

Upon saying this, a self-deprecating smile appeared on Tracey's face.

"I used to be an ugly woman who blindly chased after money. Not long after I left the grammar school, I became his mistress under his enticement.

"He gave me a hotel and let me stay there. I wait for his arrival or for him to summon me every week.

"I lost interest in this lifestyle, feeling increasingly suppressed as my inferiority complex grew. I wanted to return everything to him and get rid of him completely, but he wasn't agreeable. He threatened me using all sorts of methods and refused to let me leave him. The recent times we met all ended in fights.

"Just now, he said that there was only one way to leave him, and that was death. Then, he beat me up and took out a dagger. Y-

you know what happened after that…”

Mistress… Wendel cast a regretful and pitiful glance at Tracey’s face and said, “The traces at the scene have also confirmed the development of the situation.”

He had originally thought that Tracey and the deceased were husband and wife, but to his surprise, their relationship was worse than he had imagined.

Tracey nodded blankly and said,

“Thank you.”

She didn’t say another word. She only broke the silence when the police arrived. She raised her hands and accepted the handcuffs.

Wendel looked at her staggered pace and said to the police, “Bring her to check on her injuries first and treat them to avoid any accidents.”

The police officers didn’t know why they had to listen to instructions from a witness. In short, they led Tracey and Wendel to a small hospital in the city without any objections under the heavy rain.

As Tracey was a woman, Wendel and two police officers waited in the corridor of the hospital without entering the room.

As time passed, Wendel saw a pregnant woman being sent to the delivery room in a hurry. There seemed to be some problems and they needed help with the labor process.

After a while, he heard the sound of a baby crying, an announcement of a new life coming to this world. At this moment, Tracey happened to come out.

"Do you feel it? Life's beauty," Wendel said to Tracey solemnly.

As Tracey listened to the baby's cries amidst the howling wind and rain, her expression was clearly touched.

Her face had already been wiped clean, making her look very clean and simple.

After a few seconds, Tracey returned to her senses and nodded at Wendel before saying, "Thank you."

This time, she was no longer as numb, blank, and reclusive.

Wendel secretly heaved a sigh of relief and followed her to the police station to record a statement.

After doing what was necessary, Wendel walked to the street side and prepared to take a rental carriage back to the Irises Hotel.

However, in the middle of the stormy night, there were no pedestrians or carriages on the road.

"This is the disadvantage of a small city. It's not convenient enough," Wendel muttered. He opened the umbrella he had brought with him and made his way back to the Irises Hotel.

As a former Sheriff, he had the memory, in the mystical sense, of the route he had taken before. He wasn't worried about getting lost in the small city.

At this moment, the storm had already reduced significantly. However, the strong winds continued to sweep past Wendel, causing rain to fall on him.

This caused Wendel to raise his right hand and block his chest.

That confidential document was hidden on the inside of the clothing.

Wendel had previously kept the document close to him even when he was sleeping, not allowing it to be separated from him. For this reason, he had already developed a habit. As long as he had the corresponding self-reminders, he wouldn't turn over once he fell asleep.

After walking for about fifteen minutes in the small town of Utopia, Wendel saw the Irises Hotel. At that moment, his top hat and clothes were drenched due to the strong winds.

This made him a little worried, worried that the confidential document would be damaged by the water.

Strictly speaking, I have already violated the rules of the mission, but how could I not help a lady like her? This is what a gentleman should do... Wendel was slightly vexed, but he didn't regret it at all.

After entering the room, he immediately removed his jacket and took out the document, placing it on the table.

The envelope containing the document was already visibly soaked. There were quite a few places that seemed to tear with a little force.

Wendel immediately rang the bell and called for an attendant to ask for a gas stove, hoping to raise the temperature in the room and accelerate the air-drying process of the sealed document.

In the process of waiting, he realized that the silence expected from the middle of the night wasn't there. It was as if the screams and the police's arrival had caused the tenants and nearby residents to wake up without being able to fall asleep.

The howling winds lessened significantly, and Wendel could hear children crying, married couples arguing, the sound of a wooden violin being played, intermittent sobbing, the footsteps on the stairs, and the occasional sounds of discussion that were sometimes suppressed and sometimes raised without realizing it.

He didn't feel anything about this lively scene. He just felt that they were noisy that prevented him from calming down.

After a while, the attendant brought over a coal stove.

Wendel relaxed and asked casually, "Do you know that Miss Tracey?"

The thin attendant shook his head.

"No."

He then added, “I heard that she’s a local, but I’ve been living outside in the plantations outside the city before this year.”

“What do you know about her?” Wendel asked subconsciously.

“She comes to our hotel three to five times a month, with the dead man.” The waiter suddenly sighed. “She’s not happy at all.”

Wendel was silent for a few seconds before dismissing the attendant and returning to his desk.

Seconds ticked by as the envelope outside the confidential document gradually dried up.

At this moment, the inside and outside of the hotel had become relatively quiet. Only the sound of rain falling and the sound of the windows being rattled by the winds could be heard.

Wendel was full of spirit as he recalled everything that had happened. He sighed for Miss Tracey’s life and flipped the envelope.

At this moment, he realized that some damage had appeared on the bottom part of the envelope, revealing the piece of paper inside.

Wendel frowned, knowing that he was about to be punished.

Of course, the punishment wouldn’t be too heavy as if the document to be distributed was confidential enough, he wouldn’t be the only one to dispatch it.

Wendel had originally planned on maintaining the present state and showing the damaged situation during the handover. However, when he swept his gaze, he saw a word on the document through the hole:

“Utopia.”

Wendel’s nerves tightened, and he felt as if the sound of the wind and rain outside had suddenly stopped.

Chapter 1332: Shocked in the Middle of the Night

Why is the confidential document that I'm dispatching mentioning Utopia?

What's so special about this place?

...

Many thoughts flashed through Wendel's mind as he heard a buzzing sound.

At this moment, he felt as though he was going to fall sick from overexertion.

Wendel quickly forced himself to calm down. He carefully recalled all the experiences he had encountered after coming to Utopia, and he discovered that there were no problems with every detail. They were all things that he might encounter in daily life.

The only thing that made him uneasy was that his arrival was too coincidental.

It was common for the steam locomotive to stop at the last minute due to a storm, but to stop somewhere related to the confidential document in his hand couldn't be explained away with coincidence.

Wendel stared at the confidential document on the table with a solemn expression. He hesitated as to whether he should open

them and read them carefully.

Perhaps it's just a passing mention of "Utopia." My actions will severely violate internal affairs. Perhaps this is the report of a certain intelligence agent secretly investigating Utopia. The contents will decide whether I survive to a certain extent, or die... After struggling for a while, Wendel looked out the window at the dark night sky and reached for the document.

Only by being alive could one consider the punishment!

Having made up his mind, Wendel swiftly removed the envelope outside and flipped through the typed files inside.

As he read, his hand trembled slightly. He felt a chill run down his back. Even the burning furnace didn't help.

No matter which angle he read it from, the confidential report in his hands indicated that there was something wrong with Utopia—the entire town.

This might be a city that didn't exist in the real world!

Wendel felt his mouth go dry, as though he had heard the footsteps of Death slowly approaching him with a sickle.

Instinctively, he wanted to get up, but in the end, he controlled himself and didn't react rashly.

This was because he could feel pairs of eyes staring at him in the darkness outside, the room upstairs, and the corridor outside.

What should I do? Up till now, nothing abnormal happened... This means that if I didn't know anything, it's possible that I'd be safe and welcome daybreak... I've read through a lot of information, and if I rashly show that I already know about the strange environment around me, it would only cause danger to erupt ahead of time... However, I can't just not do anything and leave my fate to luck... Wendel recalled all the dangers he had experienced before and quickly made up his mind.

He was prepared to immediately return to the steam locomotive, and stay far away from Utopia to a certain extent.

At least, most of the people there were normal, while the city was full of danger.

Of course, Wendel couldn't just run back like that. He had to act normal, as though he had left the hotel in the middle of the night to return to the steam locomotive station.

Amidst his thoughts, Wendel put away his confidential report and stood up calmly. He put on his coat and put on his top hat.

Then, with his luggage in one hand and an umbrella in the other, he calmly walked to the door and turned the doorknob.

At this moment, the corridor was dark, with only a few gas lamps on both sides of the corridor giving off light that wasn't bright enough. It added signs of human life to the silent environment in which he could hear a pin drop.

When Wendel entered the corridor, the wooden floor beneath his feet made a slight creaking sound. It was so clear in the silent night that it traveled far into the distance.

With a slight frown, Wendel intentionally took a normal step forward and approached the staircase in the middle of the corridor.

He walked without any worries and had no intention of acting furtively.

As he saw the stairs getting closer, he suddenly heard a squeaking sound behind him.

“Sir, where are you going?” A slightly hoarse and intermittent male voice sounded in Wendel’s ears.

Wendel’s body stiffened. He slowly turned back and saw the wooden door to the service room open. An attendant came out and stood in the shadows of the door.

He quickly smiled and said calmly, “I have an important item on the steam locomotive. I’m afraid that someone would take it away, so I have no choice but to return now.”

At this point, he softly grumbled, “A murder happened at the hotel. I don’t want to stay here anymore. I can’t sleep at all.”

“I’m very sorry.” The attendant bowed slightly and responded.

“I won’t spread the news.” Wendel nodded with a promise and then walked back up the stairs.

Perhaps it was due to the dim lighting in the night, he walked very carefully. Every step was like walking on the edge of a precipice.

One step, two steps, three steps... Wendel, who had been on guard towards the attendant behind him, finally returned to the first floor.

At that moment, not a single person was present in the hotel lobby. All the items were hidden in the darkness, and the faint light from the outside cast a blurry silhouette, just like monsters eager to devour people.

Wendel looked ahead and walked through the dark lobby before reaching the door.

Just as he pushed open the door and went out, he suddenly heard some rustling sounds behind him. It was as if there were rats moving around, or it was as if someone was approaching him with light footsteps.

The back of Wendel's head went numb, but he held back his impulse to make a dash for it. He raised his head normally and looked up at the sky which had already stopped raining.

Then, he inhaled the cold, fresh air and made his way to the steam locomotive station.

He quickened his pace, looking like he was afraid of the night and eager to end this journey.

As he walked, Wendel saw a signboard from the corner of his eye.

"Utopia telegraph office."

The telegraph office... Perhaps I can try sneaking in and send an emergency telegram to the Backlund headquarters and Eskelson military base. That way, I can look forward to the rescue from demigods... If I'm really trapped here and unable to leave, this will be the only way to save myself... Wendel thought for a moment before taking a few steps diagonally, arriving at the entrance of the Utopia telegraph office.

He wasn't in a hurry to find a place to sneak in. Instead, he focused his attention and listened to the movements inside.

Following that, he heard intermittent sounds of heavy breathing.

This made Wendel occasionally feel that there was no one inside, and at times, he felt that there was more than one person inside.

Suddenly, the sound of breathing stopped.

All of Wendel's hair stood on end.

His intuition told him that a figure was standing quietly behind the door of the telegraph office!

Without any hesitation, Wendel immediately gave up the thought of sending a telegram. He walked past the door and continued proceeding forward.

For the rest of the journey, even a gust of wind left Wendel trembling in fear. He was afraid of encountering an unknown danger.

Time passed slowly as Wendel experienced the torment. Finally, he reached the entrance of the steam locomotive station and saw that the door was tightly shut. He couldn't enter.

This wasn't a problem for Wendel. He first passed the umbrella to his left hand that was carrying his luggage, then went to the side and found a wall. With a press of his palm, he rose into the air and easily flipped over.

After landing his feet firmly on the ground, Wendel heaved a sigh of relief and began walking towards the platform at an unhurried pace.

At that moment, an inaudible sound of footsteps could be heard behind him.

"What are you doing here?" A deep and hoarse voice rang out.

Wendel's toes tightened as cold sweat broke out on his back.

He didn't hesitate. As he prepared to get violent, he made his body turn slowly and stiffly.

The first thing that entered his eyes was a classic glass lantern, followed by the staff member from before.

Wendel exhaled and grumbled, "It's not appropriate for you to appear in such an environment on such a night.

"As a gentleman, you have to avoid scaring others."

“I’m not a gentleman,” the staff member replied in an unfriendly manner.

Wendell pointed to the corner of the platform.

“I’m going to the bathroom.”

He had already observed the platform’s environment and layout of the platform earlier in the day.

“Then, why are you here?” the worker asked.

“I’m lost,” Wendel answered simply.

Following that, he ignored the staff and walked towards the bathroom.

Behind him, the staff member watched silently without saying a word.

This gave Wendel a lot of mental stress, but he maintained his gait very well.

In the bathroom, under the illumination of the wall lamps, Wendel took nearly a minute to relieve the tension in his body and successfully peed.

After returning to the steam locomotive, Wendel finally found a sense of security as he looked at the passengers lying on their beds.

In the next few hours, he didn't sleep at all and was on guard against any accidents.

Just as Wendel's grasp of the passage of time slowed down, the sky gradually brightened and dispersed the darkness.

In the next two hours, the travelers who had gone to Utopia returned one after another. Some bought a bottle of local red wine. Some looked haggard. They looked like they had been beaten up or were hungover.

Wendel was very wary of them, but he couldn't discover anything unusual in the details.

Choo!

Finally, the whistle sounded as the steam locomotive slowly began to move.

Amidst the chugging sounds, the train left Utopia Station.

After that, they went through another dark, gloomy weather. Fortunately, no thunderstorm descended, and the sun quickly pierced through the clouds and illuminated the ground.

For Wendel, all of this was normal. It had been like this since he arrived at Utopia last night. If not for the confidential report which was hidden near his chest, he definitely wouldn't have believed that there was any problem with Utopia.

When the steam locomotive reached the next stop, one that everyone was familiar with, Wendel finally relaxed. He felt as if

his brain ached with a throb, as though he had been drained of his energy.

At this moment, he quickly recalled his experience in Utopia.

As he recalled, Wendel suddenly sat up straight.

He had used the excuse of going to the bathroom last night, but he was carrying his luggage and an umbrella. He didn't look like a passenger who had just come down from a steam train.

The station worker didn't realize this, or rather, he had already discovered it, but he did not expose him for some unknown reason!

Chapter 1333: Warning Using His Experience As Example

All of a sudden, the muscles on Wendel's back began to tense up as if he were about to explode.

He was shocked and doubtful as several guesses flashed through his mind.

The residents of Utopia are monsters in human skin. They usually look normal, but once they encounter blind spots in logic, they would show a side that is different from an ordinary person, ignoring the points that are obviously problematic?

Or perhaps that staff realized that I was lying and was unwilling to deal with me, so he pretended not to see me and let me go? But why?

Yes, carrying my luggage to the bathroom can be explained away as me being afraid of losing my luggage, but the entire platform is sheltered. There's no need to take the umbrella. Besides, the rain had already stopped...

Wendel instinctively turned his gaze out of the window, only to see the sunlight shining on the platform he was at. One by one, passengers waited in order behind the safety line, completely different from the dark and gloomy vibes that Utopia gave off.

Phew... He exhaled and suddenly relaxed.

This isn't Utopia... I've already left... Wendel murmured to

himself as he wiped away the cold sweat that had seeped out from his forehead.

When he recalled his oversight earlier, it was as if he had fallen into a nightmare that he couldn't wake up from no matter how hard he tried.

After a while, Wendel stood up and decided to smoke at the platform to ease his mood.

The tobacco comforted him greatly, allowing him to recall his past experiences in Utopia.

During this process, he gained inspiration from his encounter:

Maybe it's because I sincerely helped Tracey, so that staff member intentionally ignored my problematic actions and let me go?

Compared to the entire population of Utopia being monsters hiding underneath human skin, Wendel was more willing to accept this explanation.

At this moment, from the corner of his eye, he saw the conductor talking to a group of people in a corner.

Wendel took a few steps forward, trying to hear what they were saying.

With the help of his hearing that transcended the normal limits of hearing, he vaguely heard the conversation from a distance that wouldn't incur suspicion.

“Last night, the station… Utopia…”

“Doesn’t exist… in the kingdom…”

“Please keep it a secret…”

Wendel’s brows twitched slightly. Based on the description of the document near his chest, he roughly understood what the train conductor was talking about.

They were saying that the kingdom didn’t have a station known as Utopia at all, and last night, the steam locomotive had gone “missing”!

At that moment, a strong sense of horror surged through Wendel’s heart again. He felt that it was his greatest blessing to be able to leave Utopia alive.

…

Alfred spent nearly a week before returning to Backlund from Eskelson Harbor.

This was because he had visited the family of his deceased comrades, his old friends, the elders who had returned to their fief for vacation, and some of his family’s business partners along the way.

“This is even more tiring than participating in battle,” Alfred grumbled to his father, Earl Hall.

Earl Hall smiled and pointed at the staircase.

“Return to your room and get some rest. We’ll talk in the study later.”

He was quite satisfied with the mental state and progress of his second son.

Alfred surveyed the area and asked with a smile, “Where’s the most dazzling jewel of Backlund?”

He paused for a moment before adding, “What about Hibbert?”

Earl Hall laughed and said, “Audrey went to her foundation and will only return in the afternoon. She kept complaining that you couldn’t provide her with a definite schedule, preventing her from knowing when you would arrive.

“Hibbert is now a cabinet secretary. He’s very busy.”

Alfred nodded and returned to his room to take a shower. He changed into a shirt, vest, and formal suit.

“I prefer East Balam’s casualness.” He looked into the mirror and smiled at his adjutant.

“This outfit makes you look more like a noble,” his adjutant said as he handed him the document in his hand. “General, this is from MI9.”

“MI9?” Alfred thoughtfully destroyed the seal on the envelope.

“There’s a result regarding the investigation of Utopia that quickly?”

Before he could finish his sentence, he pulled out the document and flipped through it.

During this process, Alfredo flipped through the pages slower and slower. In the end, he read it again from the first page.

The main content of this investigation was divided into two parts:

The first was regarding the MI9 member who had dispatched Alfred’s report. He had accidentally entered Utopia and witnessed a murder case. He managed to forcefully escape in the middle of the night and return to the steam locomotive. The second was that the railways in Desi Bay which led to Backlund didn’t have a stop named Utopia Station along the way, nor was there a harbor known as Utopia in the Berserk Sea. The subsequent investigators didn’t find any traces.

The two cases didn’t exceed the limits of Alfred’s imagination. What surprised him was the criminal involved in the murder.

Her name was Tracey. She was the owner of a hotel. She had received middle-class education and graduated from grammar school. After that, she became a mistress of a businessman. Recently, she was trying to free herself from this identity.

This was identical to the owner of the harbor hotel, Tracey, that Alfred had met. Every detail matched.

As a result, Alfred determined that the culprit behind the murder

was Tracey, the beautiful woman who had received a certain degree of education, who was able to produce sad music in the middle of the night.

Is this her backstory? Alfred muttered to himself silently.

This made the residents of Utopia seem very realistic. It wasn't what Alfred had expected—an illusion.

In other words, after the outsiders left, the inhabitants of Utopia continued to lead their own lives. They had their own love, hatred, pains, and sorrow. They had all sorts of experiences.

Apart from Utopia seeming to not exist in the real world, it was similar to any ordinary town in the Loen Kingdom.

Perhaps, Utopia is real. Everyone there is real. However, if one wants to enter the town, they have to be in the right place at the right time... Alfred nodded indiscernibly and put away the investigation report he had received from MI9.

To him, even if this matter ended here, he had no intention to investigate further.

One had to know that, in the Southern Continent, there were countless bizarre incidents and phenomena. If one was too curious, it would only bring him greater danger than he imagined.

After adjusting his clothes and mood, Alfred came to his father's study and knocked on the door with his curled finger.

“Come on in.” Earl Hall’s voice rang out.

Alfred tidied his blond hair, pushed the door open, and sat down.

Earl Hall smiled at him and said, “You’re already a man.”

“No one would say such words to a man,” Alfred replied without any reservations.

“In my heart, you’re still that rebellious youth,” Earl Hall said with a smile. “You’re already a Sequence 5 Beyonder?”

Alfred replied with a double entendre, “Yes, I am a real knight.”

Earl Hall nodded and suddenly sighed.

“You should’ve experienced a lot of hardship.

“From what I know, no matter if it’s the potions or war, they will bring serious damage to people, from their bodies to their minds.”

“Everyone undergoes a lot of pain in their lives,” Alfred said with a sigh.

He used a Loen-styled euphemism.

After a pause, he added, “Compared to when I left Backlund, my present state is even better. As long as I grasp a method properly,

I don't need to worry too much about the impact of the madness at my level."

Earl Hall didn't continue on this matter and instead said, "Your sister has also become a Beyonder."

"Oh?" Alfred was shocked at first, but then he remembered something. He said with some annoyance, "I thought she just changed her hobby."

"From the looks of it, Audrey's adventure had a little bit of your help," Earl Hall said, seemingly enlightened. "I hope you can talk to her about how dangerous, crazy, and painful it is about the Sequence potions. Let her remain at her current level."

Alfred replied without hesitation, "I'll do it."

In the evening, in Audrey's small study room.

"Alfred, why are you looking for me?" Audrey, who had changed into home clothes, led Susie and opened the door for her brother.

She had been waiting for her brother for a few minutes.

"I have something to warn you of." Alfred walked into the study and casually pulled a chair over.

Audrey smiled and pointed at the golden retriever.

"Do you need Susie to leave?"

Alfred couldn't help but smile as he looked at the obedient golden retriever who was sitting by the side, her eyes filled with a look of sentience.

"There's no need for that. I believe it won't eavesdrop on our conversation."

"She," Audrey casually corrected him.

After the noble girl sat opposite him, Alfred sighed inwardly.

After not seeing her for a few years, her younger sister was no longer as tender as before. Regardless of her looks or temperament, she had already reached a level that brought about amazement. She was no longer the little girl from the past.

Alfred retracted his gaze and asked casually, "I heard that you became a Beyonder?"

"Yes." Audrey nodded frankly.

Alfred had originally planned on asking what Sequence she was, but after some thought, he felt that it was too direct. It was easy for her to flare up, so he deliberated over his words and said, "You should be a Beyonder of the Spectator pathway, right? The Rainbow Salamander has similar powers."

The Rainbow Salamander was a gift from Alfred to his sister.

After Audrey gave an affirmative answer, Alfred joked, "Can you do treatment in the mind domain now? Most Beyonders,

including me, need help in this aspect. Yes, I forgot to tell you that I'm already a Sequence 5 Disciplinary Paladin of the Arbiter pathway."

Audrey pursed her lips and smiled.

"I'm a qualified psychiatrist who has undergone professional training. You can verify this with Father and Mother."

She's already a Sequence 7… Alfred's expression gradually turned solemn.

"Audrey, I have to remind you that the potions do not only bring about strength."

Having said that, he paused and observed his sister's reaction. He realized that Audrey wasn't impatient at all and was listening very seriously.

"Every potion contains madness that can lead to a loss of control… I've seen similar situations before. More than once… They happened to my enemies, and they happened to my friends. No one is spared…" Alfred amalgamated his experiences in East Balam and began explaining the dangers of the potion in detail.

During this process, he realized that his sister, Audrey, wasn't the only one listening attentively. Furthermore, Susie, the golden retriever, appeared extremely quiet.

Chapter 1334: Night With The Moon

MI9's office building was located on Bellotto Street in West Borough, and it was an inconspicuous three-story building.

The entrance didn't show any signs of its identity. It simply hung a door sign: "9"

The core of this office building was underground, and above it was for the clerks. Of course, most of the Beyonders who were under MI9 wouldn't go underground for no reason. The environment there wasn't good, and the atmosphere was oppressive. It was possible that an accident could happen due to the failure to watch over a Sealed Artifact.

Xio was now the deputy team leader of the "National Security and Counter-Espionage Team." She was in charge of a rather small-scale Beyonder team, responsible for handling espionage cases regarding Intis in the greater area of Backlund.

"There's a mission here." Her superior, MI9's deputy director, the team leader of the National Security and Counter-Espionage Team, Lieutenant General Pantek, picked up a document and handed it across the desk opposite him.

"Is it very urgent?" Xio received it and asked cautiously.

Lieutenant General Pantek was a typical Loen old man with a case of severe hairline recession. He picked up a white porcelain coffee cup and took a sip.

"Not at all. It's quite low-risk.

“In fact, this mission will be sent to all members, hoping that someone will be able to complete it by luck.”

This description was out of Xio’s expectations, but she didn’t open the dossier on the spot and directly replied, “I will inform my team members.”

Xio returned to her own room after leaving Lieutenant General Pantek’s office.

When she threw herself into her seat, she seemed to have hidden herself.

Xio quickly browsed through the documents in her hand and roughly understood why the deputy director said that.

The Utopia that needed investigation didn’t seem to be anywhere in the Northern and Southern Continent, nor were there on any of the known islands in the Five Seas.

In the past two weeks, many people had entered the so-called Utopia, but the way they entered was completely different. Some entered from the Berserk Sea’s Sonia Sea waters, arriving by a terrifying storm. Some were midway on a railway that led from Desi Bay to Backlund. Due to a heavy storm, they had been delayed and stopped at the city. Others were in Sivellaus County, and they entered because they were lost…

Up to now, no one has been affected by the damage or mentally influenced… It’s no wonder Deputy Director Pantek said that the danger level is very low… Also, there’s no way to conclude the rules regarding the case, making it difficult for one to find the true location of Utopia. Therefore, there’s no way for them to send people in to investigate. Yes… I can only tell all members of the situation, and hope that one of them will chance upon Utopia and

carefully gather information in secret when they are there... Xio put down the documents in her hand and stood up regretfully, preparing to inform the Beyonders under her.

She was regretful that the mission was so difficult that she almost couldn't see hope. This made her unable to accumulate more merit points.

In the past half-year, Xio had been very busy every day in order to deal with the pending apocalypse. As she dealt with MI9's matters, she completed all the missions Mr. Fool had given her, so as to accumulate contributions on both sides and exchange for the formula and Beyonder characteristics of the Imperative Mage formula and Beyonder characteristic, to fulfill the wish of becoming a demigod.

And up till now, Xio was still lacking a little on both fronts, especially in MI9. If she didn't make any significant contribution, Xio couldn't see any hope.

If not for the generous salary from MI9 and all kinds of benefits that came with it, and how she could rely on her status and identity to monopolize a large amount of information so as to help her complete the missions given by Mr. Fool, Xio yearned to resign and become a bounty hunter again. That way, she would have more freedom.

I can ask about this case at the next Tarot Gathering. Perhaps Mr. World will have some clues... As Xio thought, she pushed open the door to the room where her team members were.

After assigning the Utopia mission, Xio specially instructed, "If the situation isn't right, even if you have the chance to enter Utopia, you can give up immediately. The town of unknown authenticity hasn't shown any danger. Perhaps it's because it hadn't been triggered."

After busying herself for a while more, Xio finally ended her day in exhaustion. She returned home before half-past seven, and she had dinner with her mother, her brother, and Fors. She enjoyed a limited amount of relaxation.

At midnight, she washed up and walked to the bedroom window. She grabbed the curtain and prepared to draw it.

During this process, Xio naturally cast her gaze outside and discovered that the crimson moon in the sky had already turned bigger at some point in time. Furthermore, the color had clearly deepened as though it was flowing blood.

Blood Moon... Xio suddenly turned her head and looked next door in concern. She was a little worried about her good friend's condition.

However, she quickly recalled that Fors was a Sequence 4 demigod and no longer feared the effects of the full moon ravings.

...

In the room next door, Fors was lying in bed, taking in the Blood Moon outside. As she endured the pain of her head being pricked by needles, she heard Mr. Door say, "Although going from Sequence 3 to Sequence 2 is indeed a qualitative change, going from an incomplete Mythical Creature to a real Mythical Creature, I believe that Sequence 4 to Sequence 3 has a qualitative change as well. It can even be said that Sequence 3 is the best level in a Beyonder pathway.

"At this level, there is no need to rely on external forces to resist the madness and the inclination towards losing control. There is no need to endure the torment every second and minute. They

will also possess Beyonder powers that completely exceed that of an ordinary person. They will be more godlike than they are human. Furthermore, they can obtain a small number of anchors and stabilize their mental state.

"If not for the fact that most Sequence 3 Beyonder's don't have long enough lives, with it being difficult for them to live to more than 500 years old. I believe there won't be many saints who have the motivation to advance to an angel..."

"Yeah, yeah." Fors nodded, indicating that she had already understood.

At the same time, her forehead twitched slightly and she yawned secretly.

She was already a little accustomed to the pain from her direct conversation with Mr. Door.

Mr. Door continued, "The Apprentice pathway's Sequence 3 is Wanderer. This means that the spirit world can no longer trap you. You can enter the cosmos, travel the astral world, head to different planets, and see true dead silence, true barrenness, true magnificence, and completely different civilizations.

"Only after experiencing it for yourself will you understand how insignificant the world you live in is..."

Mr. Door briefly explained "His" experiences as a showcase of the magnificence and beauty of the cosmos, displaying the stateliness and charm of different civilizations.

This made Fors fall into a trance. If not for the sharp throbbing

pain in her head still reminding her, she would have even forgotten that the speaker was a dangerous King of Angels.

"As long as you help me escape, I'll give you the potion formula and Beyonder characteristic of a Wanderer and help you complete the ritual. Of course, this can be paid in advance." At the end of the full moon ravings, Mr. Door gave another promise.

"It really makes me look forward to it," Fors marveled sincerely.

When Mr. Door's voice gradually weakened and disappeared, Fors suddenly pulled out the pillow at her waist and lay down.

In less than three minutes, she fell asleep in peace.

To her, the vast cosmos was indeed filled with charm. However, it also contained the danger of being corrupted just from knowing about it. She had no motivation to explore it.

"I'll consider it after touring all the places in the Northern and Southern Continent and the Five Seas..." In her sleep, Fors muttered almost silently to herself.

At that moment, the blood-red moon outside the window had already faded. It returned to a light crimson color and wasn't full.

...

A huge blood-colored moon hung on the edge of the cliff, illuminating the swamp below.

The swamp was dark red and constantly bubbling, as though lava was boiling at the bottom of it.

At a glance, there was no end to the swamp, like a vast ocean.

Pa!

A stone fell from the edge of the cliff and into the swamp.

In the next second, a bubble appeared and silently burst, producing a blood-stained infant.

The baby staggered, swam towards the cliff, and attempted to climb up.

Pa!

The stone beneath Emlyn White's feet shattered as he fell off the cliff and into the swamp.

This Sanguine Earl suddenly jolted awake from his dream. He looked around in horror and confusion.

After confirming that this was his room, where there were many extremely familiar dolls of different sizes, Emlyn slowly exhaled and said to himself with a rather solemn expression, "That dream wasn't simple."

As a Shaman King, he had a good understanding of a dreamscape.

Could this be the so-called divine revelation? But I didn't receive any revelations... Emlyn thought for a few seconds but couldn't come up with an answer. Then, he decided to ignore the problem and prepare to ask Father Utravsky when he had the time.

...

The incomplete moon that had its blood-red colors faded illuminated the garden of the Cathedral of Waves.

Alger reached out his hand to grab the note "delivered" by the gale and read it.

"Verdu is looking for a pirate ship or a smuggling ship to Bansy."

Bansy Harbor had yet been rebuilt, and there were no liners from all over the world that headed there. Verdu, who treasured his limited "Teleportation" opportunities, could only rely on extremely normal methods.

Head to Bansy? Alger immediately frowned.

He knew what Bansy meant, but he didn't understand why Verdu wanted to go to Bansy.

There should be nothing there!

No, even if the Church has leveled Bansy, there's still something abnormal about it. Furthermore, the Church didn't investigate what problems Bansy had hidden in the past... As a cardinal, Alger was qualified to read through some confidential documents, including the records of the actions that the Church

of the Lord of Storms had done when dealing with Bansy.

In addition, he had also learned more from Mr. Fool and The World Gehrman Sparrow.

After some thought, Alger quickly came to a decision. He planned on getting his Shadow Guard to arrange a pirate ship for Verdu.

In this aspect, Alger knew many key people to aid him. It didn't need him to show his face in person or use his name.

Of course, smuggling ships in the Rorsted Archipelago were often equivalent to pirate ships.

Chapter 1335: "I"

I'm sitting on the chair in a police station, looking at the mouths of two men in black-and-white checkered uniforms opposite me. It's like they're talking about something.

The man on the left has a cold expression on his face, as if he has been through too many unfortunate events. The man on the right is a little inexperienced, and there's a hint of pity in his eyes.

I don't feel any pain, nor did I regret delivering that final stab. At that moment, I even felt that I had been liberated. The warm blood that sprayed on my body was like salvation from a god.

I only regret my fervent pursuit of money in my youth. I had sacrificed my dignity, my body, and my freedom.

Over the past few days at the police station, I've had enough peace and quiet. I had the opportunity to ponder this question at a deeper level, far deeper than whatever that I've been thinking about over the years:

Me having a weak will and being immature were the source of the mistakes I made. But they weren't the only reason.

Ever since I was a child, all the education I received told me that working and striving hard is for that big house, those full floor-to-ceiling windows that let in plenty of light, to have more than three servants, a lawn and garden that I can call my own, silver-plated or even gold-plated cutlery, be able to host a banquet filled with delicacies, run balls that were filled with melodious music, etc.

The newspapers and magazines I'd read also told me over and over again that only those that showed a sufficient level of decency can be called middle-class. They are the true pillars of support for this kingdom. They are people of high-class, excellence, zero mediocrity, and integrity, while having compassion and knowledge.

At the same time, they also told me what decency was. It's wearing a beautiful dress, matching expensive skincare products, cosmetics, and exquisite fashion handbags for different occasions. It was to attend concerts, high tea, and gatherings filled with class.

And all of this translated means gold pounds, gold pounds, and gold pounds.

I have to admit that pursuing a better life is instinctual for everyone. However, when the influences on a girl tells her in every aspect that, when the mainstream views of society are all about appearance, exquisiteness, and elegance, it's very difficult to not have her thoughts become influenced.

I don't know what this phenomenon is called. I only know that if all of this can't be changed, then a tragedy like mine will continue happening, happening more and more often.

When that happens, someone would definitely curse.

"Look at these gold-digging women, selling out their souls!"

Subconsciously, I turn around and see the beautiful and bustling world outside. I see the bright red blood flowing in this world.

“Miss Tracey, are you listening to us?” A voice distracts my thoughts, coming from the slightly inexperienced policeman.

I grin at him, not telling him I’m thinking about some philosophical questions.

What a joke. A gold digger who sold her soul is actually thinking of such inane matters when she’s being interrogated by the police.

The policeman nods and says to me, “Miss Tracey, you’ll be put on trial soon. We’ll arrange a lawyer for you.

“I’m sorry, We didn’t manage to retain the witness. Just having his testimony isn’t in your favor.”

“It’s okay,” I say quietly to him.

I will try my best to defend myself, and repent for the crimes I have committed. I only hope that I can restart life anew.

I think for a moment and curl the corners of my lips. I say to the two officers, “Can you borrow a few books from the library for me while I wait to go on trial?

“Yes, ‘Phenomena of Sociology and Education’...”

At that moment, I see the two police officers in a daze, and a hint of, yes—surprise.

...

I sit at the far end of the mottled table and hear Miss Judgment describe the Utopia incident.

After she finishes, I look around and hoarsely say, “This is a ritual.”

Unsurprisingly, I see Miss Judgment’s gaze freeze. I can sense Mr. Hanged Man and Miss Justice looking over with a hint of speculation in their eyes.

At this moment, I can almost guess what they’re thinking.

They definitely suspect that this is The World Gehrman Sparrow’s Sequence 1 ritual. And they are already long aware from the talks in the Tarot Gatherings that the existence of a Sequence 0 true god makes it impossible for a Sequence 1 to exist.

Regarding this matter, I have already prepared an explanation. It is to let them think about the ancient sun god and “His” eight Kings of Angels.

Unfortunately, no one raises any questions. They may have already made the connection to the Kings of Angels, or perhaps they believe that the ritual involving Utopia is mainly to help Mr. Fool awaken further.

…

I look at the lady who is lost in thought, and I ask after some deliberation, “Miss Tracey, where do your parents live?”

“They’ve already passed away…” the beautiful lady whose soul no

longer belongs here replies with an ethereal voice.

I lower my head and record it.

“Do you have any other relatives?”

The lady turns to look out the window and answers casually, “No…”

I exchange looks with my colleague and raise my voice.

“Miss Tracey, are you listening to us?”

The lady opposite me retracts her distant gaze and smiles at me.

I don’t know what she’s thinking about. She’s so quiet like a flower blooming alone in the night.

This analogy comes from an anthology of poems. My brother told me that reading poems makes me more charming.

Of course, up till now, the poems have only brought mostly mockery. All of the police officers believe that it’s worthless.

When I tell the lady opposite me about the trial, I see a faint smile on her face as she pleads us to borrow a few books from the library—ones that I believe are difficult just from the title.

The smile and the names of the book combine together into an

indescribable beauty.

After sending Miss Tracey back to the temporary detention room, I pack up the materials for the case and prepare to pay a visit to the lawyer. It's something that had been pre-determined long ago.

...

I lean back in my chair and listen to The Moon Emlyn describe his dream.

After Father Utravsky's appraisal, this dream has been confirmed to have not originated from the Earth Mother.

This inevitably makes people cast their looks of suspicion at The Moon, towards a state prior to being corrupted by the Mother Goddess of Depravity... I'm nearly amused by my own thoughts.

As an experienced Seer, a master at deciphering dreams, I'm not held back by modesty. I frankly reveal what I know:

"The three possibilities are that this dreamscape is trying to bait you into exploring and pursuing something. To a certain extent, it can interfere with your fate. Secondly, this dreamscape hopes that you can interpret it deeply and understand it. Then, through this, corrupt you in an indiscernible manner. Thirdly, you are too worried about the matter of becoming a Beauty Goddess, so you dreamed of that remarkably terrifying scene.

"The third possibility doesn't need elaborating on. The action needed for the first two possibilities are the same: don't think about it, don't investigate. There's no need to leave Backlund."

With that said, I see Emlyn nod without any hesitation.

I know it's his way of handling things.

...

"A murder case?" I browse the information on the case in my hand, and I use the changes in the tone of my voice to express my doubts. "You should hire a senior lawyer."

I'm just a solicitor, and strictly speaking, I don't have the right to represent anyone in court.

Of course, this is only in the strictest of cases, but in reality, that never happens. As long as the case isn't too serious and doesn't involve the criminal courts, a solicitor can provide assistance to the court.

The policeman in a black-and-white checkered uniform opposite me says with a smile, "Utopia is only a small city. We don't have senior lawyers; we'll have to hire them from elsewhere.

"Besides, this case is a case of self-defense. The sentence period will be very short, and the monetary aspect of this case doesn't even exceed 400 pounds. The trial can be done at the magistrate courts. When self-defense is deemed invalid, it'll be handed over to the criminal courts."

He knows plenty. Is he planning on switching professions to become a lawyer? However, in normal circumstances, he still has to hand a homicide case that has unjustifiable self-defense to the criminal courts. Heh heh, this is the benefit of a small city. There are many things that aren't that strict... I think for a moment

and reply tersely, “I’ll try defending the client by claiming innocence.

“Also, please arrange for me to meet Miss Tracey as soon as possible.”

After flipping through the information from before, I’m already quite confident in this case. The biggest problem now is whether Miss Tracey’s image can lead to the sympathy of others.

Yes, although my solicitor license was forged from elsewhere, this cannot deny my professionalism. It just so happened that I made mistakes on that examination.

…

Bansy? Verdu wants to go to Bansy? I sit at the bottom end of the long, mottled table and look at The Hanged Man who has reported to Mr. Fool. I have some doubts about the development of the matter.

Verdu, who’s engrossed in mysticism and is trying to save Mr. Door, does have certain reasons to search Bansy Harbor. Furthermore, he has stayed in Bayam for almost half a year, so it’s very normal for him to come into contact with information about Bansy… The main problem is that The Hanged Man’s previous surveillance didn’t provide any corresponding signs, making Verdu’s actions seem a little out of place… The importance placed on this matter has to be raised… I nod inwardly and hear Mr. Fool instruct, “Continue monitoring.”

…

I play the seven-stringed guitar by the fountain in the municipal square. I use my knife and fork to slice the steak. In the cathedral, I describe the teachings of the Goddess to the believers. I reach out my right hand and leave the carriage with the help of a gentleman. I get the new dress I had been eyeing for so long, and I can't wait to change into it. I stride forward with my four legs as I'm being chased by a child. I laugh loudly as I totter about and play with a dog…

Suddenly, we tremble. We look up into the sky and see illusory, thin lines drilling out from our bodies. They extend to an infinite height, extending beyond the grayish-white fog. They extend into an ancient palace and land in the hands of a tall figure shrouded in fog.

During this period of time, Klein's state had always been very strange, as though he had completely transformed into thousands of lives. Every clone had their own will, thoughts, knowledge, and fate.

However, above this collective consciousness was a primary consciousness that held control. It constantly suffered all kinds of attacks, as though it could be assimilated by the sea of consciousness that had been formed autonomously at any moment. However, it eventually withstood the barrage of attacks, allowing Klein to maintain a certain level of clarity.

His true body had been lying underground in Saint Arianna Cathedral. His consciousness would occasionally rise and enter Sefirah Castle, and occasionally sink into his body.

All the scenes that the marionette clones experienced constantly flashed in his mind like a dream formed from large amounts of fragments.

Chapter 1336: Interaction

Backlund Steam Locomotive Station, Platform 3.

Alfred chatted with his parents and sister for a while before rushing to leave the train during the gap in between. He came to the platform and said to his squire, “Give me an East Balam cigarette.”

If the past few years had any negative impact on him, other than his mental suffering and pain, he still retained a few bad habits.

After smoking plenty of East Balam cigarettes that consisted of spices and herbs wrapped in roasted tobacco leaves, Alfred was no longer used to the paper cigarettes that remained popular in the Northern Continent. He believed that they were bland and tasteless, as though they were liquor diluted with water.

As for cigars, he felt that it needed a good environment to slowly savor it. It didn’t suit his present situation.

Of course, his smoking addiction wasn’t too serious. A Disciplinary Paladin had a good enough constitution and spirit to resist such influences. Alfred came to the platform to smoke because he felt that it was too stuffy in the train carriage. Besides, his mother often raised the issue of him not being married.

After the squire took it out and lit the East Balam cigarette, Alfred brought the stick that was nearly charred black to his mouth and sucked it deeply.

The strong smell entered his body, causing his spirit to jolt.

At that moment, he saw a blond-haired man who looked like a classic sculpture walking over with his valet.

Alfred hesitated and smiled. He raised his right hand and said, “Hibbert, I thought you wouldn’t be returning to East Chester.”

It was Earl Hall’s eldest son, Alfred’s brother, Lord Hibbert Hall.

Hibbert drew a perfect smile and said, “I’m just a cabinet secretary, not the cabinet chief secretary. I won’t be so busy that I don’t even have the weekend off.”

In fact, he had no plans on being a cabinet chief secretary, either. His main goal was to accumulate experience at the various departments in the government and build up his own networks and resources to prepare for entering the House of Lords in the future.

Alfred took another puff of the East Balam cigarette and smiled.

“Happy weekend.”

After watching Hibbert enter the carriage, Alfred sensed that someone was looking over and was discussing.

“Why aren’t there any passengers waiting for that train carriage?”

“It doesn’t seem to be full.”

“Haha, that’s a special carriage. It was pre-booked by an important figure for a large sum of money. I know that you might not have seen such a situation before, but you have to remember that this happens frequently in big cities like Backlund and Constant. When those important figures bring their entire family out, they will definitely have more than a hundred servants follow. Perhaps there might even be pets, so how can they squeeze in a train carriage with ordinary people…”

“Is that so…”

“I wonder who is this big shot?”

Alfred turned his head to look. There were dozens of people in gray-blue uniforms on Platform 2 who were quietly surveying Platform 3 across the empty tracks.

The distance between the two parties wasn’t small. If Alfred’s hearing wasn’t outstanding, he wouldn’t be able to figure out what they were discussing.

“They are?” Alfred turned to ask his adjutant.

He could only recognize that the uniform they were wearing belonged to a railway company.

The adjutant turned around immediately and asked the staff at the platform.

Soon, he jogged back and whispered to Alfred, “General, they’re train dispatchers from all over the kingdom. They’re undergoing short-term training in Backlund.”

Alfred nodded slightly and glanced at the Platform 2 again.

The oldest of the train dispatchers had white hair and the youngest looked to be in their early twenties. Most of them were middle-aged men in their thirties or forties with gray sideburns.

...

In the Sonia Sea, City of Generosity, Bayam.

Verdu carried his luggage, which didn't contain many valuables, and boarded the boat at night. He left the harbor and boarded a pirate ship.

As a Sequence 7 of the Apprentice pathway, he wasn't very good at combat. And even though Verdu had a mystical item with him, he was rather afraid of its negative effects. He wasn't willing to use it unless it was critical to do so. Therefore, in order to avoid danger, he tried his best not to bring anything that would easily attract the greed of pirates which he didn't trust.

The pirate on the deck glanced at Verdu and scoffed.

"There's no need to be afraid. We always keep our promises. As long as you pay for the journey, we definitely won't throw you into the sea. Here, it'll be even safer than you taking a passenger ship. At least you don't have to worry about encountering pirates."

Seeing Verdu silent as though he appeared somewhat afraid, the pirate gleefully threw a key to him.

“The second floor on deck, the room at the end.”

Verdu caught the brass key and entered the cabin. He climbed up the stairs and headed down the corridor.

This level seemed to be specially prepared for the people who boarded the pirate ship for various reasons. Along the way, Verdu encountered a few passengers that were totally unlike pirates.

Among them was a street girl who was dressed rather scantily, a middle-aged man with a protruding belly and oily faces, an extremely cold young man wearing a cloak and a top hat.

“Do you want to join me?” the lady smiled and asked when she saw Verdu looking over. She fluttered her eyes at him as she asked. It wasn’t clear if she was planning to do some business on the trip, or if she was doing business while happening to make a trip.

Verdu ignored her and withdrew his gaze before walking to his room.

That well-defined and cold young man also stopped at the entrance diagonally opposite.

...

Backlund, West Borough, 9 Bellotto Street.

“Come in.” Xio straightened her body from the huge, wide seat.

The door creaked open, and two MI9 members who were under Xio walked in.

“Colonel, we’ve found some information regarding the investigation of Utopia.” A man in a dark-colored jacket handed Xio a report.

Xio was startled as she perked up.

“What is it?”

The man in a dark-colored jacket simply said, “In the past few days, we took advantage of the free time we had from completing our previous mission, to visit all the passengers in Backlund from that particular steam locomotive through our informants.”

Without a doubt, he was referring to the steam locomotive that had stopped at Utopia.

“Okay.” Xio nodded and gestured for her subordinate to continue.

The man in a deep jacket pointed at the report and said, “We have preliminary confirmation that none of the passengers that successfully arrived in Backlund show any abnormalities. They’re in good spirits and have no problems with their memories.

“However, we discovered something: at that time, not everyone returned to the train. According to two passengers, their neighbors chose to remain in Utopia.

“One was a lady who loves traveling and exploration. She has a deep love for foreign places. After witnessing the outstanding red wine, desserts, and unique Fizzling Ice Tea in Utopia, she decided to give up on her original plans and stayed in this small unique city for a while longer to discover even more wonderful things.

“The two passengers learned about this when they were chatting with her. Not only did they share neighboring seats, but they also chose to stay in the same hotel. They met in the morning.

“That hotel happened to be the same one our intelligence agent stayed in. It’s called Irises.”

Xio slowly nodded and said, “Have you investigated the lady’s situation?

“What’s her name?”

“No, we can’t be sure if she has left Utopia,” answered the other MI9 member with a bushy goatee. “Those two passengers only know that lady’s name is Monica, but they don’t know her last name or background.”

Xio tersely acknowledged.

“Your subsequent mission is to investigate this lady’s background, find her family and friends, and confirm if she has returned.”

“Yes, Colonel.” The two MI9 personnel saluted and left Xio’s office.

Xio read the report they had submitted and sighed silently.

Compared to her subordinates, she was actually closer to the truth of Utopia. She already knew that it was a ritual that had a certain connection with Gehrman Sparrow.

However, she had no way of reporting this news to her superiors for credit.

Without mentioning the origins of the information, Xio needed to consider whether Gehrman Sparrow was willing to let this news leak out.

Perhaps I can try contacting Gehrman Sparrow and ask him for his opinion... Xio tidied her desk in thought and left MI9.

After changing her clothes, she returned to East Borough and the bridge area. She headed to different bars, just like back in her bounty hunter days, to gather all sorts of information from different people.

During this process, she asked about Utopia in passing, but no one had heard of it.

Finally, Xio entered a bar located in the Backlund Bridge area and sat on a high stool. She said to the bartender, “Anyone suspicious recently?”

“A lot of people are suspicious, but they don’t have any bounty,” the bartender replied casually.

Xio circled around this topic for more information, and when

done, she asked according to plan, “Have you heard of Utopia?”

“I’ve heard of it,” the bartender replied as he wiped the glass.

Xio moved her gaze from the bar counter up slowly.

She looked at the bartender and asked, “Where from?”

“There was a guest who came earlier, and he controlled his drinking,” the bartender said indifferently. “I promoted our specialty cocktail to him. He said that he has other things to do, so he could only drink a glass of beer. I praised him and asked where he came from. He said, ‘Utopia.’”

…

Wendel had just finished his breakfast when the doorbell rang.

Through the peephole, he saw a police officer in a black-and-white checkered uniform standing outside. He opened the door in puzzlement.

“Might I ask what’s the matter?” Wendel asked politely.

This house was a place he had been assigned to after coming to Backlund. This was because he would be staying in this city for quite some time, receiving internal investigations and monitoring.

The police officer was still young and a little inexperienced. He was only in his early twenties.

He forced a smile and said to Wendel, “Hello, I’m Biles, a police officer. There’s a case that requires you to provide testimony in court.”

“What case?” Wendel frowned slightly.

The young policeman named Biles said with a polite smile, “It’s the Tracey homicide case in Utopia.”

“…” Wendel’s eyes widened.

Chapter 1337: A Chain Reaction

At that moment, Wendel felt his calves tremble slightly, as if he could no longer support the weight of his body.

After leaving Utopia, he had anticipated the worst possible outcome—sudden death with no explicable reason.

However, he never expected that he would meet someone from Utopia in Backlund, a real large city.

More importantly, the visitor had even invited him to Utopia.

To Wendel, this was an extremely scary nightmare. Him not experiencing a mental breakdown could only be attributed to his good mental fortitude.

Keeping his composure, Wendel forced a troubled expression and said, “I’ve had plenty of things to do recently…”

The police officer named Biles immediately said, “The trial will happen in two weeks. Here’s the subpoena.”

As he spoke, he handed the document to Wendel.

Frankly speaking, Wendel didn’t want to accept it at all, but he had no choice but to accept it.

Biles took a step back.

“This concerns the future of a lady. I sincerely hope that you can testify in court.”

“It depends on the situation…” Wendel didn’t want to agree or refuse.

Biles didn’t say anything else as he bowed.

“I’ll wait for you in Utopia. I hope we meet again.”

With that said, he turned around and left the residence, entering the street.

Throughout the entire process, Wendel seemed to have been frozen into an ice sculpture, standing there without blinking.

After another ten seconds, he finally woke up from his nightmare. He collapsed to the side weakly and held himself up by placing his right hand to the door.

Just now, he had been so afraid, afraid that Biles would forcefully bring him back to the non-existent Utopia.

If that happened, Wendel didn’t know if he still had a chance to leave. Perhaps, he would disappear forever.

Compared to sudden death, this impossible-to-predict but clearly negative outcome left him even more fearful.

I need to quickly report this matter to the brass! Capture that policeman from Utopia and find out the real situation of this

bizarre town and a suitable way to resolve the problem completely! Wendel snapped back to his senses and tried his best to perk himself up. He prepared to inform the MI9 members who were secretly monitoring him.

At this moment, he finally realized that there was a huge problem with his response. He didn't grab the opportunity to inform his monitoring colleagues with a hand gesture that the police officer who had visited him was problematic. He didn't try to stall for time either; instead, he waited for the monitors to realize that something was wrong. He also didn't show his talent as an intelligence agent, asking surreptitiously Biles which hotel he stayed in Backlund and what day he was setting off by train.

He was so terrified that he could only subconsciously use a response that wouldn't create an accident.

With that thought in mind, Wendel walked out of the door and looked in the direction where Biles had left, but he didn't even see his figure.

This police officer from Utopia had already blended into the carriages and pedestrians.

Retracting his gaze, Wendel looked down at the subpoena in his hand and suddenly felt a little uneasy.

What will happen if I don't go to Utopia to testify two weeks later?

The more Wendel thought about it, the more scared he became. His calves weakened again, and he hurriedly made a hand gesture to inform his colleagues that were hiding around him of the anomaly.

...

West Borough, 9 Bellotto Street.

After learning that a Utopia resident had arrived in Backlund, Xio was both shocked and confused.

According to her previous observations, Utopia was likely located in a secret location, or somewhere between real and illusory, allowing outsiders to enter through random entrances.

As for why they wanted outsiders to enter, it was probably a ritual requirement.

Therefore, according to Xio's understanding, the people of Utopia likely wouldn't leave their hometown and wander around.

This is also a ritual requirement? What's the true identity of these residents? Mr. Fool's believers, The World Gehrman Sparrow's companions? After Xio asked about the general appearance of the Utopia visitor, she had no choice but to return to MI9's headquarters due to the lack of further information. She hesitated on whether she should send her subordinates to perform a large-scale search.

She wasn't sure if Mr. World would be happy to see such actions being taken, and she was afraid of affecting the ritual.

After pacing back and forth in the office, Xio prepared to pray to Mr. Fool and ask "Him" to transfer her questions to The World Gehrman Sparrow.

As she walked to the chair, Xio swept her gaze across the report placed on the table.

It was an investigation report that her two subordinates had prepared. On the one hand, they had confirmed that there were no problems with the passengers that successfully arrived in Backlund. On the other hand, they had pointed out that there were passengers who had remained in Utopia.

Passengers… Xio's eyes narrowed as she made a guess based on her intuition.

That Utopia inhabitants had their own goals in coming to Backlund, and it wasn't for a random trip. And his goal is very likely related to a particular passenger who has left Utopia.

This… Xio was alarmed as she hurriedly sat down and attempted to pray.

Just then, someone knocked on her office door.

"…Please come in," Xio said after some hesitation.

As the door opened, Xio saw the goateed Locke and Wendel, who was in charge of the Utopia incident.

"Colonel, Wendel met someone from Utopia. He paid him a visit directly!" Locke said, fumbling over his words.

This development was equally unexpected.

Indeed... Xio wasn't surprised. Instead, she secretly heaved a sigh of relief.

She looked at Wendel and asked, "Why did he visit you?"

"He requested that I head to Utopia to testify about the homicide case I mentioned in my report." Wendel was clearly calmer than before.

He then added, "He's a policeman. Name's Biles. I don't dare ask where he was living. I don't know when he's planning to leave or which steam locomotive he's planning on taking to leave."

To express the weight she had on this matter, Xio stood up and thought.

"Locke, summon your team members to look for the rental carriage drivers who often prowl for customers around Wendel's residence, as well as the carriage drivers who passed by the nearby district, and ask if they've seen Biles before. If they have seen him, ask them where he was sent to. Also, send someone to the steam locomotive station and wait by the entrance to observe the passengers..."

After instructing her subordinates, Xio turned to look at Wendel.

"Cooperate with them and sketch out Biles."

"Yes, Colonel," Locke and Wendel replied in unison.

After they left and closed the door, Xio sat back down and began to pray.

Soon, she received Mr. Fool's response and saw The World Gehrman Sparrow praying in the gray fog.

Gehrman Sparrow told her:

"You can carry out normal investigations.

"When necessary, you can suggest that it's a ritual, but it must be included among a few options."

Xio immediately heaved a sigh of relief as she patiently waited for her subordinates to report the results of their investigations.

As night fell, Locke returned to Bellotto Street and reported to Xio,

"We found the rental carriage driver that took the Utopian's business!"

"Oh?" Xio showed her concern.

Locke explained simply, "That Utopian originally got the carriage driver to go to the dock area. However, as soon as the carriage entered the corresponding area, he requested to get off, saying that they had arrived.

"That street was very unfamiliar to the carriage driver, making him feel like he was lost.

"After leaving that street, he realized that his surroundings had become familiar.

“Our men accompanied him to that place again, but he couldn’t find that street no matter what.”

Xio nodded slightly and said solemnly, “It matches our preliminary descriptions regarding the entrances and exits of Utopia.”

“Colonel, are you saying that one can enter or leave Utopia from any city and street?” Locke was in disbelief.

Xio thought for a moment before saying, “From the looks of it, yes. But I have a feeling that there’s something wrong. Hmm… How does Utopia connect to different places? What does it rely on?”

As her voice trailed off, Xio said to Locke, “Tell Wendel that he’ll spend the following two weeks here until that subpoena expires.”

“Yes, Colonel.” Locke turned around and left Xio’s office.

Wendel didn’t have any objections to Colonel Derecha’s arrangements. He could even say that he would only feel safe inside MI9’s headquarters.

His temporary residence was a simply refurbished duty room. Through the window, he could see the lawn, garden, and trees outside.

At a glance, Wendel saw a pitch-black raven standing on a tree branch, silently looking over.

…

Night in Bansy was abnormally creepy. From time to time, the cries of ravens or other seabirds could be heard.

Verdu stood at the window, watching the approaching dilapidated dock and the city that had already been reduced to ruins. The pressure in his heart grew.

After a few days at sea, the ship he boarded was about to reach Bansy Harbor.

The captain had already informed Verdu in the morning that they would only wait for two hours. If he exceeded the two hours, Verdu could only wait for the next ship on this deserted island. Who knew when the next ship would come.

After taking a deep breath, Verdu retracted his gaze and took off his coat.

Then, he opened his suitcase, took out a classic black robe, and put it on.

The surface of the robe was embroidered with golden and silver threads, and there were many gems the size of rice grains attached to it. It was a Sealed Artifact of the Abraham family.

After making preparations, Verdu left the pirate ship and entered Bansy Harbor.

Along the way, the ancient robe tightened, causing his face to turn purple as he nearly fainted.

As they walked, Verdu found the spot where the telegraph office

stood based on the map he had bought. In the middle of the rubble, there were two bloody red marks—ones that remained fresh. It was as if they were left behind after two people were crushed into minced meat.

Beside the two figures, on a broken wall, there was an octopus-headed monster wearing armor. It stood on waves and was holding a trident.

Verdu raised the lantern in his hand high and was about to take a closer look when he suddenly felt a drop of cold liquid land on his neck.

Gripped with terror, he subconsciously reached out his hand. He found it sticky, nothing like rain. It was colorless. Not blood.

It's a little similar to saliva... Verdu's forehead twitched slightly and he slowly raised his head to look at the place where the drop of liquid could have dripped from.

It was a swath of pitch-black. It was the night sky without the moon or stars.

Chapter 1338: Exploration

Verdu subconsciously swallowed his saliva, feeling an indescribable sense of fear.

He didn't know what he was afraid of. There wasn't any real danger; yet, a drop of unknown liquid falling from above was enough to chill his spine and tighten his pores.

Perhaps it was because the environment was too eerie and silent, or perhaps it was because of the identity and unknown origins of the liquid... Verdu cautiously moved two steps outside and patiently observed.

In the next few minutes, nothing abnormal happened. No more liquid fell from above.

This made Verdu suspect that it was only a bird passing by. There was a freshwater fish from the island's streams or a sea fish in its mouth and a slightly sticky liquid dripped from its surface.

He calmed himself and then checked on the ruins of the telegraph office.

Ten minutes later, Verdu confirmed that there were only traces of blood and simple murals that were related to mysticism. It was worth researching.

He didn't rashly extract samples of the blood-colored soil or make copies of the strange mural. Instead, he took out a pure dreamy crystal ball from his pocket.

As an Astrologer, he naturally had to use his best techniques to confirm if he should take action.

Holding the crystal ball in his left hand, his right hand touched the top of the crystal ball as Verdu entered the state of an Astrologer.

In the next second, the crystal ball shone brightly.

Bang!

It exploded and scattered shards in every direction.

"..." Verdu's gaze froze. He stood rooted to the ground, completely ignoring the pain brought to him by the shards piercing into his body.

"It exploded... it actually exploded..." he muttered to himself in disbelief.

The crystal ball shards that stabbed into his body didn't seem to break through the classic robe. At that moment, they fell without any blood on them.

Of course, there were a few shards left on Verdu's jaw and face, peppering them with small wounds.

"Who is it?" Verdu suddenly came to his senses and turned to face another direction.

In the ruins opposite him, a figure walked out. It was the woman

in scantily-clad clothes from the pirate ship.

She had hidden herself very well and wasn't discovered by Verdu. However, the explosion from the crystal ball gave her a fright and made her react excessively, causing her to fail to maintain her hidden state.

Verdu's injured face immediately twisted.

"Why are you here?"

The lady curled her lips and put on an indifferent attitude.

"This is Bansy Harbor, not your home. Why can't I be here?

"I felt bored and came down to take a stroll, hoping to pick up some jewelry from the ruins. Is there any problem with that?"

She retorted with a few questions without any intention of distancing herself from Verdu.

Verdu didn't argue with her. He took out the medicine and medical alcohol that he had prepared beforehand and treated his facial and chin injuries. He then pulled out the crystal ball shards and put them back into his pocket.

He didn't want his blood to remain in such a strange place.

Following that, Verdu pulled on an accessory on the classic robe.

It was a door-shaped symbol formed from three rubies, three emeralds, and three diamonds.

In an instant, the long robe tightened, accentuating the flesh on Verdu's body.

Just as Verdu's bones were about to be crushed, his figure gradually faded and he disappeared.

Then, he "Teleported" to the coastal mountain outside Bansy Harbor.

The mountain had collapsed and turned into rubble.

According to what Verdu knew, this was once the place where the Bansy residents used to worship the God of Weather. It was also the main target of the Church of Storms.

After the crystal ball exploded to warn him that the Bansy telegraph office was hiding an unknown danger, Verdu didn't dare to continue exploring the area or search for mysticism materials. He could only forcefully move to the next location.

And this allowed him to escape the woman's tailing.

As soon as Wilder's figure appeared, he bent down and took a deep breath. It was as if he had finally recovered from his suffocating state.

At the same time, Verdu felt a sharp pain in his right rib, as if a bone had fractured.

After taking several deep breaths, he endured the pain and walked a few steps forward with sweat on his forehead, arriving at the altar marked on the map.

Without a doubt, the altar had been destroyed. There was only a glassified, slightly-charred crater. There was gravel with different shapes scattered around it.

The gravel had traces of being engulfed in fire and lightning to various degrees.

After Verdu Abraham surveyed the area, he raised his right hand and waved his sleeve.

With a whoosh, a small portion of the gravel was “pushed” away from the spot, revealing the ground beneath it.

This was a Trickmaster’s Wind Trick. Verdu used it to replace the need for manual labor to fully ensure his safety.

As the gravel flew, Verdu saw the charred ground. There were a few parts left in some areas that had extremely incomplete patterns, drawings, and symbols.

Woo!

The sound of the wind grew more intense as it resonated in Verdu’s ears, causing him to look up in surprise.

The wind that could only blow small gravel had somehow turned into a hurricane. It even “pushed” him into a state of staggering about.

Wild clouds gathered in the sky, as if a storm was brewing.

Although he had heard that Bansy was a “Weather Museum,” he had never thought that the changes would happen so suddenly.

For a split second, Verdu suspected that his “Wind Trick” had triggered a storm, or perhaps it had caused some changes to the cleared ruins of the altar.

This guess made his forehead break out into a cold sweat.

As the storm raged, Verdu saw the rubble in front of him fly up, revealing a boulder that was buried underneath.

The surface of the boulder was crisscrossed with deep cracks, giving off a feeling that it would shatter once it was touched.

At this moment, the wind had calmed down, but the heavy rain was still brewing.

Thinking about how he was already in Bansy Harbor, and couldn’t afford to be scared off just like that, he mustered up his courage and approached the boulder covered in charred black cracks.

He then took out a magnifying glass that was engraved with strange patterns, and he seriously checked the state of the boulder.

Seven to eight minutes later, Verdu put away the magnifying glass, a mystical item, and sighed in regret and dismay.

He had already confirmed that there was nothing wrong with the boulder. It didn't involve anything related to mysticism.

Verdu was about to retract his gaze and leave when he suddenly saw that at the interface of the boulder's bottom and the earth, bright redness seeped out.

The bright redness gradually expanded, like blood flowing out.

However, it didn't spread into a huge area. It was limited to a very small area.

The two blood-red figures in the telegraph office's ruins instantly flashed across Verdu's mind. His scalp couldn't help but tingle.

His lips quickly turned dry as he instinctively thought that this wasn't a good development.

After swallowing another mouthful of saliva, Verdu raised his right hand and created another gust of wind, causing quite a number of miniature rocks to roll over to fill the bottom of the boulder completely, covering up the bright redness that seeped out.

He didn't stay here any longer. He forced himself to activate "Teleportation" again and headed for his final destination.

This time, another one of his ribs fractured again, causing him to almost faint from the pain.

In addition to the suffocation caused by the tightening, Verdu felt like he was hovering around the edge of death.

He took several seconds to recover and cast his gaze forward.

This place was also in ruins. A collapsed house covered the weeds.

According to a pirate who had once explored the ruins of Bansy, there was an item here worth researching.

It was an ordinary wooden door, but it was the only thing that remained intact in Bansy.

The pirate didn't find anything special about the wooden door, so he got his subordinate to carry it in an attempt to move it back to the ship.

However, they had only taken two steps when they suddenly collapsed. Dragging their spines, their heads separated from their bodies and rolled to the side.

This frightened the pirate. He didn't dare to stay any longer and led the rest of the crew away in a hurry.

Verdu didn't fully believe the story that the other party had told him. Although he hadn't experienced much life at sea, he knew that the sailors liked to exaggerate, often exaggerating something several times.

However, even if it was an exaggeration, Verdu believed that the door was worth studying.

After a round of searching, he discovered his target.

The ordinary-looking wooden door was leaning against a collapsed wall with brass locks and handles.

There were no corpses around it, nor were there any traces of blood. It was identical to the majority of the ruins.

Indeed, he's exaggerating. Heh, perhaps the pirate heard about this wooden door from somewhere else. Both he and his subordinates didn't dare to move it... Verdu looked around and suddenly said, "Who is it?

"Why are you monitoring me?"

He actually didn't notice anyone around him, but based on his experience and lessons, he could use words and a reaction to deceive the possible presence of a monitor.

A second later, a middle-aged man with a belly appeared in the shadows.

He said nothing and silently left the place.

Verdu heaved a sigh of relief as he didn't waste any time to approach the wooden door.

According to the information he had obtained, no matter which way he opened the wooden door, it wouldn't bring about any abnormal changes. There would be no danger if he didn't attempt to move it.

After thinking for a few seconds, Verdu retracted his hand into his sleeve and used his classical robe as a "glove" to pull the

wooden door up.

He raised the wooden door, and the surroundings fell silent.

Verdu pushed the wooden door like he was normally opening a door, but there were no changes.

He tried many other methods, but he failed to make the wooden door display any abnormalities. It seemed to have just been lucky to be preserved in its entirety under the bombardment of the Church of the Lord of Storms.

Taking a deep breath, Verdu tried to calm himself down.

He thought for a moment and tried to open the door again.

However, unlike before, he held the handle and gently twisted it down.

After hearing the light click of metal colliding, Verdu pushed the wooden door backward and let it lean against a collapsed wall.

This time, a grayish-white fog appeared before Verdu.

In the fog, there was a faintly discernible street and a row of terraces.

Outside one of the houses, there was a wooden signboard. On them were a few Loenese words:

“Bansy Harbor Telegraph Office.”

While Verdu’s pupils dilated, a calm voice sounded from the telegraph office that was shrouded in fog.

“Are you… here to send… a telegram?

“Please come in.”

Chapter 1339: Behind the Door

Although the voice coming from the telegraph office wasn't anything out of the ordinary, it was just a little intermittent. It lacked the obvious changes in tone. Normally, it wouldn't strike terror in others, but Verdu's heart suddenly erupted with a surge of fear.

It was like a bullet with flames shooting into an ammunition dump. It accurately hit a barrel of flammable gunpowder and ignited the fear that Verdu had accumulated and suppressed previously.

The horror that swept into every corner of his body was like a hand that grabbed Verdu's heart and blanked out his brain. He turned around abruptly and ran frantically towards the remnant pier where the pirate ship was.

During this process, Verdu had completely forgotten to think. He didn't remember wearing a classic robe that could "Teleport." All he did was run through the ruins with his feet, occasionally tripping over random items and falling heavily to the ground. Sometimes, his face would turn purple from his tightening clothes, and he had no choice but to stop to catch his breath.

However, every time he composed himself a little, he would crawl up and continue running. He looked like he had lost his rationality and was acting purely on instinct.

Without the force he provided, the wooden door couldn't maintain its balance. It slid down from the collapsed wall and fell to the floor covered with bricks.

The grayish-white fog and the shadowy houses disappeared.

After five minutes, Verdu ran back to the pier under the storm.

His eyes were wide open, filled with panic and confusion. He didn't notice that there was a figure standing on the deck of the pirate ship, quietly looking down at him.

This was the young man wearing a half top hat and a long black trench coat. He had a cold expression.

Verdu didn't even think about it and immediately used the gangway to return to the pirate ship. He rushed into the cabin and rushed to the second floor before rushing into his room.

Bang!

He slammed the door shut and curled up on the small, narrow bed. He wrapped himself tightly with the blanket and shivered.

When another of his ribs fractured again, the excruciating pain struck him and he finally recovered from his horror. He realized that his limbs were sore and his body was hot. Every breath he took was like thunder.

He struggled with all his might, and finally, he took off his classic robe and fell back into the bed. He felt dizzy and nauseous. The air just felt insufficient.

Outside the cabin, the cold-looking man suddenly raised his hand. He took out a human-skinned glove and wore it on his left palm.

Suddenly, the man vanished into thin air and appeared in a corner of the ruins. He appeared beside the ordinary wooden door.

He bent down and raised the wooden door, allowing it to stand in front of the collapsed wall.

Right on the heels of that, the man in the black trench coat mimicked Verdu's actions. He reached out for the handle and twisted it downwards.

Then, he pushed the wooden door forward and let it lean against the wall.

Almost at the same time, he saw a grayish-white fog. He saw the faintly discernible streets and houses in the fog.

Amidst the houses, the clearest, most eye-catching one was the Bansy Harbor Telegraph Office. The rest were more or less blurry.

At this moment, the calm voice in the telegraph office asked through the door, "Who... are... you?"

"I'm... Gehrman... Sparrow," the young man in a half top hat replied in the same staccato.

The interior of Bansy Harbor Telegraph Office suddenly fell silent as though someone was walking silently towards the door.

At that moment, Gehrman Sparrow turned his head to the other side.

In the deep end of the street, a figure walked over. He was wearing a straw hat and had a towel around his neck. He was bending over to pull something.

As the figure approached, the outline of the object behind him gradually became clear.

It was a black vehicle with two wheels. It had a roof that could block the scorching sun and rain.

In the vehicle sat a lady wearing a waist-length dress with an embroidered fan.

Both she and the driver were concealed by thick fog, making it difficult for anyone to see their exact appearances.

When they passed Gehrman Sparrow, he barely managed to see a few details through the fog.

The hunched man pulling the carriage had a rotten face with pale-yellow pus flowing. In areas where the lady wasn't covered by the fan and clothes, her skin was swollen with a glisten amidst many blue and black spots.

With a ring, a bell sounded. A blue train with two carriages sped out from in front of Gehrman Sparrow.

At this moment, Gehrman Sparrow realized that there was an iron-black track on the ground. Above him were long lines.

On the top of the train carriage, there was a rather complicated metal frame that slid over the long lines.

Through the glass window of the train, Gehrman Sparrow saw the passengers inside.

They faced the streets, but only their heads remained. Each head was dragging a bloody spine.

Gehrman Sparrow's pupils dilated as he silently watched this scene without moving for a long time.

After nearly a minute, he took a step forward in an attempt to enter the blurry street beneath the grayish-white fog.

However, the fog blocked him. No matter what method he used, he couldn't pass through it.

Fifteen minutes later, Gehrman Sparrow stopped his attempts and closed the wooden door, eliminating the fog. Then, he dragged the wooden door and "Teleported" directly to the pirate ship. He wasn't worried about being cursed at all.

He then placed the wooden door on the deck and reached out his left hand again to grab the door handle.

Suddenly, there was a cracking sound from Gehrman Sparrow's neck. His head seemed to be raised by an invisible hand as it dragged out a bloody spine.

Gehrman Sparrow's expression didn't change as he coldly raised his right hand and pressed it above his head, pressing his head back to its original position.

Immediately after, he turned the handle as though unaffected

and pushed the wooden door open again, allowing it to lean against the shipboard.

However, this time, there was no grayish-white fog to be seen, nor were there any visible streets, houses, or trains. It could be said that there was nothing unusual.

In the next second, the wooden door rapidly decayed, turning into a pile of mud, as if it was trying to avoid the fate of being tested.

Gehrman Sparrow didn't stop it. He took out a golden ring embedded with a ruby and wore it for nearly ten seconds.

After the ring vanished, Gehrman Sparrow reached out with his right hand and pulled out the same ordinary wooden door from the void before continuing his attempts.

After confirming that the wooden door would lose its effects once it left Bansy, Gehrman Sparrow casually waved his hand, allowing it to vanish in midair.

Two hours later, the dark clouds in the sky gradually dissipated. The storm that had been brewing for a long time ultimately did not descend.

When the pirate ship was far away from Bansy Harbor, Verdu, who had finished treating his injuries, took a bottle of medicine and allowed himself to quickly fall asleep so that he could adjust his mental state.

In the hazy dream world, he ran in a desolate moor, looking for something frantically, but he found nothing.

Suddenly, Verdu heard a faint voice coming from deep in the moor:

"The great... God of War...

"The symbol... of... iron... and... blood...

"The ruler... of... chaos... and... strife..."

This sentence repeated over and over again, but it didn't alarm Verdu enough to snap him out of his dreams.

After some time, Verdu woke up and opened his eyes.

At that moment, the morning sun shone into the cabin outside the window, bringing with it a faint light.

Verdu slowly sat up and realized that he didn't need to use the powers of an Astrologer to recall the three lines of the honorific name that he had heard in his dream.

And his relatively rich mysticism knowledge told him that it was referring to a hidden existence at the level of a deity.

Is this the result of the incomplete symbols and labels around the altar, or a result of me witnessing that street in the grayish-white fog? Verdu frowned and fell into deep thought.

He didn't rashly attempt to recite that honorific name, because he knew how miserable people who had done something like that had died.

God of War... Verdu vaguely remembered that he had seen this deity's name in a book in his family. He decided to do some research before considering how to deal with it later.

...

Bansy Harbor, on the collapsed coastal mountain.

Red, blazing-white, or orange flames emerged from the crevices of the gravel, forming a figure.

This figure was wearing a black blood-stained armor, with a half-grown fiery red hair. He looked young and handsome.

There was a blood-colored mark on his glabella that resembled a flag. There were traces of decay on his face. It was none other than the Red Angel evil spirit, Sauron Einhorn Medici.

"If 'He' didn't have Sefirah Castle and an Attendant of Mysteries characteristic to allow his marionettes to run around the world without considering the limitations of distance, I wouldn't need to take such a roundabout route." The Red Angel evil spirit tsked, a mystery as to who "He" was speaking with.

In midair, a raven landed on the top of a boulder.

There was a circle of white on its right eye, and a human voice sounded from its mouth.

"You actually used 'Him' and not him. This isn't like your style."

The Red Angel evil spirit chuckled.

“That’s because ‘He’ wishes others to call ‘Him’ as him, and not ‘Him.’”

As “He” spoke, Sauron Einhorn Medici glanced at the raven.

“This form of yours looks cuter than your true self, don’t you think? Lil’ Raven?”

The white-eyed raven replied without any hint of anger, “Your mockery is just like you. Still living in the previous epoch.”

The Red Angel evil spirit smiled and said, “The developments have been rather smooth, and ‘He’ has been fooled. However, I believe that even if ‘He’ discovers it, ‘He’ will probably turn a blind eye. For the two of you to become Great Old Ones, ‘Door’ has to return. The hypocritical ‘Him’ might still be hesitating about whether to do it, because if ‘He’ isn’t careful, it will bring about a huge disaster. Haha, I like disasters.

“Lil’ Raven, when are you going to make your payment? If you don’t have enough strength, I won’t be able to gain the trust of the brainless Abraham.”

“When he prays to you,” said the white-eyed raven. “If you’re worried that such a state won’t last long, I can parasitize a Worm of Time into your body and help you maintain it. There’s no need to thank me.”

As “He” spoke, the raven spread its wings and disappeared into the vast night sky.

The Red Angel evil spirit turned “His” head and, with the advantage of the terrain, wore a solemn expression as “He” looked down at the Bansy ruins.

Chapter 1340: Travel Diaries

“This small city called Utopia is intrinsically no different from the ones I had been to in the past. Be it the folk culture, the people, or architectural style, it follows very closely to the standard Loen styles.

“I’ve heard that the Southern Continent has many peculiar and unusual traditions. I hope that I can experience it myself one day. Of course, that’s after East and West Balam’s peace is restored.

“Speaking of which, the most special thing about this place is that the weather is always changing and there’s always a storm. As a result, most people have umbrellas and raincoats that are smeared with Donningsman Tree Sap. The hotel attendant told me that for a person of a certain income level, which also has a need to work outdoors, they would have to save quite a sum of money to purchase a raincoat. Otherwise, the sickness would only take more away.

“There are no meteorologists here. I have no idea why there are so many changes in the weather here. I can only guess that it has something to do with it lining the sea and being close to places with hurricanes. Yes, there’s a deep water harbor a few kilometers away from Utopia. However, they’re lacking in manpower, and it isn’t very well-managed. It can only maintain its operations on a small scale.

“They don’t have local newspapers either. After all, it’s just a small city with a few thousand people. The paperboys mainly sell the Tussock Times, Desi Mirror, and Seawind News...

“The second reason I like this place is because many people in

Utopia are optimistic and are very enthusiastic about life.

“When I wrote this down, a band happened to pass by outside the hotel.

“It’s not a professional band, but a group formed purely from amateur enthusiasts. Among them, there are civil servants, law enforcement officers, solicitors, professional policemen, school teachers, candy factory workers, shop owners… Among them, those with the money are responsible for the larger musical instruments, such as cello, violins, and other difficult musical instruments. The lower- and middle-class citizens use relatively simple instruments like seven-string guitars and harmonicas.

“On some rest days, they will walk the streets and set off from the municipal square. They will circle the city before returning to the Saint Arianna Cathedral near the square. They call this a ‘musical tour.’”

“In the tour, not only do they not reject other citizens from joining, but they even encourage them to sing or dance along with the procession. According to my observations, the participants are very happy and very satisfied as they freely express their love for life. This gives me a feeling of being full of vigor.

“I have to admit that it’s very infectious. I’ve tried to join the tour, and I’ve forgotten my troubles in the revelry of music, dancing, and singing. I only remember happiness…

“They aren’t on a tour today. Instead, they’re showering their blessings to a newly-wed couple at the cathedral.

“Speaking of weddings, what I don’t understand the most is that it only has the Evernight Goddess’s cathedral. One ought to know

that in most of the kingdom, even in a small town, there would be at least two cathedrals, one belonging to the Evernight Goddess and the other, the Lord of Storms.

“Before today, I couldn’t imagine that an ordinary town in the kingdom would only believe in one deity.

“However, this doesn’t cause too much trouble for me. Before I turned eighteen, I could only believe in the Lord of Storms under the influence of my family. However, after I graduated from grammar school, I came to truly understand that the Goddess is the most compassionate and benevolent deity.

“Back to the wedding, I participated in a wedding a couple of days ago. I discovered that Utopia has some special customs in this area.

“Out of all of them, what I admire the most is that when the priest pronounces them man and wife, the groom and bride will bow to each other. No one is superior in this relationship as they only sincerely express their gratitude to be able to spend the rest of their lives together.

“This might be an expression of equality between man and woman in the Goddess’s teachings…

“In addition, there will be some special game segments after the wedding. For example, let the groom and the bride publicly describe their love story.

“This may be a rather embarrassing matter for them, but to the guests, it’s rather interesting. Yes, I think so too, but I definitely won’t add similar segments to my wedding.

“At the wedding, I heard the best love story I’ve heard so far. If there’s a chance, and if you my dear readers of this particular column enjoy it, I’ll consider retelling it. Of course, I’ll change the names and some details to prevent the couple from feeling troubled…

“The most important reason why I like Utopia is its food. The food here is very delicious. The limited number of restaurants are all very good, and the best is undoubtedly the attached restaurant to the Irises Hotel I’m staying at.

“Be it the most basic beef steak, fried pig chop, charcoal barbecued meat, spiced fried fish, or even more complicated, more difficult stewed mutton with peas, thick cream soup, butter potatoes, and roasted potato skin, all of them have reached the level of a master chef in the city. In addition, the chefs here are quite skilled in creating unique dishes and food. There are sweet-and-sour meat cubes, and grilled fish smeared with various condiments…

“In the staples that don’t seem to allow for experimentation, the chefs of Utopia haven’t given up. I’ve eaten all kinds of toasts in this city: yam, potatoes, butter, creamed, and ones with fruits… As long as I was willing to, I could make it so that I don’t eat the same thing twice during the week.

“The best food of praise here is their desserts.

“Cream pudding, fruit pudding, black forest cakes, carrot cakes, milk cakes, muffins, egg tarts…

“I feel hungry writing this. This is the reason why I still don’t wish to leave after staying here for a week. What I’m most worried about now is not my wallet but my weight. I’m glad that the hotel doesn’t have a weight scale, and at the same time, I blame them for not including one.

“The red wine in Utopia is also rather outstanding. The only problem is that they lack the age to settle down. It seems like the vineyards around the city haven’t realized this.

“Here, I need to seriously recommend a drink. Utopia’s Fizzling Ice Tea. It’s very special, and it has an even more amazing experience besides the sweetness and bubbles…

“Every night, I would go for a stroll in the municipal square. That’s also the place where most Utopians like to go for entertainment. They have an extraordinary love for the pigeons.

“I met an artist at the municipal square. His name is Anderson. He’s handsome, and his artistic skills are superb. Unfortunately, he’s a mute…

“I also know another writer. His name is Alzu. It’s a rather strange name. He said that he’s writing a long novel and asked me to appraise the beginning.

“I won’t comment on his novel, but I was just curious about a few familiar names at the beginning of the novel.

“It included Anderson, Wendy, oh yes, this is the boss of my favorite bakery…

“I raised this question, and Alzu told me very seriously that when a writer can’t think of names for characters, it’s very reasonable for them to use someone they know as reference.

“I agree.

“...

“Since this column is too narrow to contain my thoughts, I’ll end it here.

Love,

Charlotte”

Monica put down her fountain pen and seriously read the manuscript twice. She changed certain words and any grammatical errors.

She was a writer. She wasn’t famous at first, so she could only rely on writing third-rate romance novels to maintain her life. After she changed her faith to the Evernight Goddess, her father had almost cut off all ties with her.

However, ever since Miss Fors Wall, who had written “Stormwind Mountain Villa,” established a travel column, and had received quite a warm response after the war, Monica had also started to write about her travels in some Backlund newspapers. This perfectly matched her hobby, and her hobby gave her a unique vitality to help her become a famous travel columnist.

Charlotte was her pen name.

After her writing dried completely, Monica specially wrote another copy and stuffed it into an envelope before affixing it with a stamp.

After confirming that the address was correct, the black-haired lady with a Desi Bay style carried her handbag and left the hotel, heading to the Utopia post office.

The post office was next to the telegraph office. Whenever Monica passed by the latter, she would always find it a waste.

From her point of view, Utopia rarely needed to send telegrams. It was too extravagant to specially build a telegraph office.

After sending the letter, Monica looked at the sky and walked towards the municipal square.

When she arrived at the entrance of Saint Arianna's Cathedral, she met Biles.

He was a police officer. He had once questioned Monica at the Irises Hotel due to the homicide witness.

Unfortunately, Monica didn't know that man named Wendel.

After greeting each other with a nod, Monica entered the cathedral and found a seat. She listened quietly to the sermon of the priest named Townsend.

This was a priest she found to be most clergyman-like ever since she changed her faith to the Evernight Goddess. His hair was half-white, and he spoke slowly and mellowly. His voice was deep and low, always calming down people without them realizing it.

Monica closed her eyes and listened attentively to the sermon.

...

East Chester County, in a forest belonging to the Hall family.

Alfred, Hibbert, and Audrey led their respective foxhounds with their servants around the forest and chased after their prey.

This was the first time the three of them had hunted together since they became adults.

In front of their sister, Alfred and Hibbert had a great time—at least on the surface.

And to Alfred, the biggest problem was how to control himself and not show that he was too extraordinary. Otherwise, if a Disciplinary Paladin were to join the hunt, no one else would have the chance.

He knew that his sister was a Beyonder, but he also knew that a Sequence 7 Beyonder of the Spectator pathway didn't have any actual combat ability.

As they chased their prey, they rushed out of the forest and saw a wheat field.

"Where are we?" Audrey, dressed in hunting gear, asked casually.

This was her first time hunting in this forest, and she didn't know where it led to.

Hibbert wasn't too familiar with the area as well. He turned his head and said to his attendant, "Ask someone."

As they waited, the three siblings laughed as they discussed their trophies. As for the golden retriever, Susie, she glanced at the foxhounds that wanted to get close to her and made them distance themselves.

After a while, Hibbert's attendant returned and reported, "Sir, there's a village called Hartlarkh nearby..."

Hartlarkh... That village with the dragon-worship customs? I came here from somewhere else? Audrey was taken aback when she heard that.

Chapter 1341: In the Dream

After regaining her senses, Audrey maintained her faint smile as she became wary.

She could vaguely feel a mysterious force pushing her to Hartlarkh, the village with the tradition of dragon-worship.

This was like an arrangement of fate.

Audrey had once entered the Hall of Truth, and she discovered that the murals inside had turned into reality. Furthermore, she knew that the Spectator pathway's Sequence 1 was Author. From this name, she had made some connections, so it was inevitable for her to suspect that something was amiss.

At this moment, Hibbert laughed.

"I've heard of this village. I remember that our family has a manor nearby."

As he spoke, he looked up at the sky.

"It's almost evening. Why don't we stay there and continue hunting tomorrow?"

Alfred wasn't opposed to his elder brother's suggestion. To him, staying the night at whichever manor was essentially the same.

He nodded and said, “Send someone back to inform Father and Mother.”

Audrey didn’t say a word. Her green eyes turned slightly, and her gaze swept across the faces of her two brothers.

Hibbert’s brows immediately furrowed as he said, “I think it’s best we return. This manor wasn’t informed in advance, so they definitely weren’t prepared. Perhaps there’s no way for them to service so many horses, hounds, and servants.

“Besides, there’s still an hour before the evening. There’s enough time for us to return.”

When Alfred saw his brother change his mind so quickly, he wanted to act contrary to him. However, on second thought, he felt that what his brother said made sense.

Considering that his sister was also here, he tersely agreed and said, “Then let’s head back quickly.”

With that said, he didn’t wait for Hibbert. Squeezing at the horse’s side and brandishing the horsewhip, he led the way.

Hibbert frowned, then relaxed.

Without saying anything else, he led his sister, the group of attendants, servants, and hounds, and turned around, following the edge of the forest and returning to a manor on the other side.

Audrey quietly followed behind him, not expressing her opinion on the development of the matter.

...

Late at night, in a manor in East Chester County.

Having used her Manipulator powers to change the thoughts of her two brothers to prevent them from approaching Hartlarkh, Audrey lifted the velvet blanket and crawled into bed, entering a deep sleep.

In her reverie, she suddenly sat up.

She then looked around and saw the familiar dressing table and the bathroom entrance. She realized that she was still in the room, but the crimson moon outside the window was gone. There were no stars, only darkness.

This isn't the real world... Audrey instantly made a judgment and inspected herself.

Soon, she came to a conclusion:

This was a dream. It was a rather strange dream that made her remain lucid.

It's really here... Audrey didn't feel any panic. She was just a little vexed.

She hadn't handled the development properly in the afternoon, which led to the problem extending to the manor where her parents were.

In hindsight, she believed that she should've followed Hibbert's idea and headed straight to the family manor near Hartlarkh. Then, she could reasonably "arrange" for Hibbert and Alfred to return here, leaving her to stay behind and wait for any possible developments.

This way, even if anything happened, it wouldn't affect their parents, brothers, and most of the servants.

However, at that time, her main goal wasn't to follow the arrangement of fate. As long as she could avoid Hartlarkh, she would try her best to avoid it.

To her surprise, danger would, at times, spring on you even if you didn't seek it out.

To avoid it and stall for time wasn't a universal solution.

Audrey immediately got off the bed and stood barefoot on the thick carpet.

She had already confirmed that, with her level of a demigod as a Dreamwalker, she could directly escape this strange dream and return to the real world, avoiding the suspected "invitation" once more.

After looking around, Audrey pursed her lips, removed the blue cloak hanging on the clothes rack beside her, and wore it.

She took a deep breath and walked towards the door.

During this process, a crimson star "tattoo" appeared on the back

of her hand.

The “tattoo” vanished as though it had never appeared.

This was the mark left on her after her first entry into the ancient palace above the gray fog. For a very long time, it hadn’t shown any special traits. It was only at the beginning of this year that Mr. Fool informed them that in situations in which they couldn’t pray, they could use the triggering of the corresponding “tattoo” to skip the chanting of the honorific name.

Simply put, this was a treatment that a Blessed of a deity enjoyed.

Of course, there was no way to transmit any information. It could only be used in critical situations, allowing Mr. Fool to cast “His” gaze over.

And more importantly, the star-like crimson mark was rather eye-catching. It could be easily discovered by others and people who were secretly monitoring them. Therefore, under a situation where she needed to hide her uniqueness, Audrey was more inclined to use the various abilities of a Manipulator to implant the idea of praying to Mr. Fool to some inconspicuous human nearby. She got them to complete the prayer at suitable times and locations and pray for her protection.

At this moment, she believed that the owner of the dreamscape knew that she was problematic, so she felt that there was no need to go through all that trouble. All she needed to do was to hide the entity she was praying to.

When she reached the door, Audrey reached out for the handle and gently twisted it before pulling it backward.

The slightly dark corridor entered her vision.

The main building of this manor had a history of over a hundred years. Many places still had their former characteristics, especially the corridor section. It didn't have any gas lamps, and the walls were decorated with candle stands made of silver or copper. There were countless candles placed on them, emitting a dim yellow light that illuminated the entire corridor and creating all kinds of shadows. They gave a feeling that a phantasm might appear on the corridor at any moment.

Even this has been replicated in the dreamscape … Audrey looked around and entered the corridor.

As this thought flashed across her mind, a long, thick pale-yellow carpet appeared beneath her feet.

Stepping on the carpet, Audrey followed her spiritual intuition and walked to the right.

After taking two or three steps, she suddenly stopped. She felt as if there was something hidden behind the two tightly shut doors, giving her a strong desire to explore.

This is Father and Mother's bedroom. That is Hibbert's room. That is Alfred's room… Audrey made a slight note of it and frowned.

The ancient doors with relief were extremely mysterious under the dim candlelight. It made one eager to know what was hidden behind them.

As her thoughts raced, Audrey suddenly understood what they represented in a dream.

This was the door to the mind world. Behind each door was the mind world of their owner.

In other words, after Audrey pushed open Alfred's door, she would see the various secrets hidden deep in his heart.

By the same logic, she could pry into the secrets of Lord Hall and Lady Catelyn.

She slowly retracted her gaze. Audrey closed her eyes and continued walking forward, preventing herself from being affected.

After all her experiences, she gradually understood a principle:

A demigod in the mind domain needed to control themselves and respect others.

Under the premise that she could read people's true thoughts through their body language, facial expressions, and emotional fluctuations, if she wasn't satisfied, she could greedily explore the inner thoughts of others and dig out their secrets. In the end, she would suffer a backlash.

This was a very simple principle: Everyone had some darkness in them in varying amounts or nasty thoughts. However, they had control over them, preventing them from affecting their actions. Under such circumstances, if a demigod in the mind domain still insisted on digging these thoughts and dug out the ugly parts under the mask, it was very easy for them to be disappointed in human nature, be tainted by all kinds of negative thoughts, gradually becoming crazy without realizing it.

This was also one of the reasons why, despite Spectators being able to “Placate” themselves and treat corresponding mental problems, they were also one of the pathways who would easily go mad or lose their composure.

They were both safe and dangerous.

Therefore, Audrey established rules for herself to observe. She only did observations and read the minds of people she knew. She tried her best not to enter their dreams. This restriction didn’t apply to strangers. If it wasn’t necessary, she wouldn’t enter the mind world of anyone.

Following the corridor, Audrey, who was wearing a blue cloak, reached its end.

She opened her eyes and cast her gaze at the room on the left.

It was a half-open solarium.

Pursing her lips again, Audrey held the door handle with her breathing steady.

As the wooden door opened, the scene inside was gradually revealed.

This was no longer a room. On the ground were round pebbles and bundles of bluish-black weeds. It was so dark deep within that space that one couldn’t see clearly.

Audrey slowly walked in and closed the door behind her.

In the darkness, the silhouettes of some objects were quickly outlined.

A huge stone pillar that was tens of meters tall stood there. There was a tall lizard-like monster situated above it.

The monster was squatting at the top of the stone pillar like a tiny mountain. Its body was covered with huge grayish-white stone scales, and its eyes were pale-fold and vertical.

This was a mind dragon as spoken in myths.

With a whoosh, the two wings of the mind dragon spread open, almost covering the entire sky.

Their bones were like metallic leaf veins, covered with a gray membrane with mysterious patterns.

As Audrey looked up, the mind dragon emitted a buzzing sound:

“You’ve been to Liveseyd.”

Without a doubt, it used Dragonese.

City of Miracles, *Liveseyd*... *How does it know*... Just as Audrey had these two thoughts, she heard the mind dragon say, “Everyone’s consciousness in one’s heart will make a certain exchange with the sea of collective subconscious. And for a unique place like Liveseyd, it likewise left a special impression in you. When your Virtual Persona roams the sea of collective subconscious and isn’t too far from me, I can naturally sense this.”

This exceeds the limits of my abilities, and it's not something a Dreamweaver can do... This mind dragon corresponds to a Sequence 2 Discerner? "He" actually didn't directly control me... As Audrey's thoughts flashed, the mind dragon spoke again.

"I'm sure you don't have any ill intentions at the moment."

Audrey fell silent for two seconds before looking up and asking, "Aren't you worried that it's a trap?"

Chapter 1342: Simultaneously

At that moment, Audrey even suspected that the "arrangement of fate" wasn't for her to head to Hartlarkh to investigate the dragon-worshiping customs. Instead, it was to make her realize that something was wrong, causing her to feel conflicted. It made her use a Virtual Persona in the vicinity of Hartlarkh to secretly guide her two brothers into changing their minds without realizing it. This would inevitably result in her consciousness being specially related to Liveseyd to be discovered by the mind dragon, thus attracting "Him."

Despite being the one that had been arranged, Audrey couldn't help but feel a sense of awe. It had to be said that to achieve such an effect, one had to have an extremely high level of confidence in the reactions different people had. It struck fear into the bottom of her heart.

After all, Audrey, a Sequence 4 Manipulator, had felt that the development of the matter was in line with her expectations. She had completely fulfilled her wishes and wasn't alert at all.

The mind dragon retracted its huge wings and looked down at the blue-cloaked Audrey.

"This is a dream maze formed by many minds. Even if the one who set the trap personally descends, it will take some time to find this room. Besides, I won't stay long."

Clearly, "He" had been wary of traps, but "He" believed that certain matters were worth the risk.

Dream maze... This is a Beyonder power of a Dreamweaver, or

perhaps the power after a qualitative change? Audrey reined in her thoughts and asked calmly, “What do you wish to know?”

The gigantic grayish-white dragon buzzed and said, “My name is Ariehogg, one of the three remaining ancient dragons.”

“He” means that “He” is one of the three surviving dragons of the Second Epoch, and the rare, known dragons are only descendants of the dragons during the era of the ancient gods? Audrey nodded slightly and didn’t interrupt “Him.”

Behind her was a wooden door that stood without any support in the plains filled with bluish-black weeds. It looked extremely strange.

Ariehogg didn’t waste any time. After introducing “Himself,” “He” asked, “Where did you find Liveseyd?”

Audrey was already prepared as she answered frankly, “In a book named Groselle’s Travels. Rumor has it that it was personally created by the Dragon King Ankewelt.”

“Groselle…” Ariehogg clearly hadn’t heard of this name before. After repeating it, “He” pressed, “What kind of book is that?”

The blonde-haired Audrey gave a simple description:

“That’s a book with a world that’s almost real inside it. At the same time, it can suck in people who meet the requirements or offer their own blood to be sucked in by the book, allowing them to live in that world.”

Ariehogg fell silent for two seconds.

“Is there a sea of collective subconscious in that book world?”

“Yes,” Audrey answered with great certainty. “The City of Miracles, Liveseyd, I saw was deep in the sea of collective subconscious in the book world.”

Ariehogg suddenly breathed harder.

“What did you see in that Liveseyd?”

Audrey recalled and said, “A city filled with towering pillars and majestic palaces.

“In addition, I’ve also entered the residence of the Dragon King. That place can allow every living being’s inner thoughts to echo in the surrounding area. I call it the ‘Hall of Truth.’

“At the end of the Hall of Truth, behind the Dragon King’s throne, there’s an ancient and mysterious bronze door. I’m not sure what’s sealed behind. In short, it’s very dangerous and I didn’t dare approach it at all.”

Audrey was speaking the complete truth; she just didn’t mention the speculations that Mr. World, Mr. Star, and she had come up with.

Ariehogg fell completely silent. It was unknown what “He” was thinking of, or if “He” was analyzing the current situation regarding Liveseyd.

During this process, “His” head drooped down bit by bit, as though “He” was going to fall from the top of a hundred-meter-tall pillar to the ground.

Just as Audrey tensed up from this rather bizarre scene and was about to ask a question, Ariehogg suddenly raised “His” head.

The golden vertical pupil in “His” eyes turned colder as “His” voice once again resounded in the wilderness.

“Liveseyd…”

With a low rumbling of thunder, the things that were hidden in the dark behind Ariehogg quickly became clear. In the gradually brightening scene, their outlines appeared.

They were huge stone pillars that were more than a hundred meters tall. They were either standing alone or collectively propping up numerous majestic and ancient palaces.

These stone pillars and palaces were mainly grayish-white in color as they landed on the island-like foundations. It was identical to the City of Miracles, Liveseyd, which Audrey had just described.

No, this was probably the City of Miracles, Liveseyd.

Only then did Audrey realize that the ancient mind dragon, Ariehogg, was squatting at the top of the thickest, tallest stone pillar.

At this moment, she could faintly feel a subtle change in

Ariehogg.

Her green eyes darted about slightly, and the sound of a metal handle being twisted sounded from behind her.

This... Audrey held back the urge to turn her head abruptly. She turned her body warily to the side, allowing her gaze to fall sideways.

The individual wooden door that had lost its external support slowly opened, revealing the visitor's appearance:

A huge, white rabbit with wiggling ears that walked upright.

Above the gray fog, in the ancient palace, a figure was shrouded in grayish-white fog. He sat at The Fool's seat at the end of the long mottled table as he silently observed the crimson star representing Justice.

...

Backlund, West Borough, 9 Bellotto Street.

The closer Wendel was to the end of the two weeks, the more he suffered from insomnia. He had to rely on medication to fall asleep.

When he woke up, he was also restless and extremely anxious. He had lost all interest in food and only forced himself to eat the three meals sent by his colleagues to ensure his energy.

He didn't know what would happen on the date of the trial, nor did he know if there would be an irreversible change in his body.

This kind of fear towards the unknown often made him feel stifled. It was extremely tortuous.

Sometimes, Wendel would even think that it might not be a wise choice resisting his return to Utopia.

Based on his limited experience there, if he obediently returned to Utopia and testified in court, there was a high chance that he would leave safely.

At least up to this point, Wendel hadn't heard of anyone dying or going crazy because of Utopia. The people there were rather friendly apart from being a little bizarre.

I'm just going to help. They should be grateful to me instead of being antagonistic… The more he thought about it, the more he felt that it would be more comfortable to face the danger.

Of course, he had no doubts about MI9's protective capabilities. If it wasn't possible, he felt that he could only consider meeting the Lord of Storms early.

Phew… Wendel exhaled and sat down on his chair. He casually picked up a novel to pass time.

However, his frustration made it impossible for him to immerse himself in the plot. He flipped through the pages more frequently and finally, he snapped the book close.

He closed his eyes and prepared to take a nap.

In a daze, Wendel seemed to return to Utopia and arrived at the court. However, the role he was in wasn't as a witness but a member of the audience.

Tracey was deemed by the judge to have provided insufficient evidence to support a claim for self-defense and had been transferred to the criminal courts. He saw this lady tearing up in a daze, her smile extremely miserable.

Wendel woke up and stared silently at the wall lamp in front of him. He sat there motionless for a long time.

If the problem is Utopia, and not the residents of Utopia, then me avoiding it might end up killing a poor lady... Wendel retracted his gaze. His resolve had wavered slightly, but he was unable to overcome the fear in his heart.

With his hands on the table, he stood up and walked to the door. He planned to wander about MI9's headquarters to ease his mood.

After leaving the room and taking a few steps forward, Wendel suddenly heard a colleague in the office discussing the related case of the Utopia.

"Have you heard? The person who entered Utopia was a carriage driver. He sent a merchant from Utopia to the dock area, and with just taking two turns at a crossroads, he found himself somewhere unfamiliar."

"There's a need to warn all the carriage drivers in Backlund. Yes,

it's best to draw a parallel between Utopia and the spies, so that they can understand."

"The way of entering and exiting Utopia is really frightening."

"Yes. Sometimes, I even suspect that the entrance to Utopia might appear anywhere."

"There's definitely a limit to this. It's not as omnipotent as we imagine… Otherwise, I might find myself in Utopia just by paying a visit to the washroom."

"According to the current patterns we've figured, this is theoretically valid."

…

When Wendel heard that, his blood vessels on his forehead began to throb. He suddenly felt that even if he was in the headquarters of MI9, he wouldn't be that safe.

Unless there's a demigod watching me the entire time, it's very difficult for me to avoid the fate of returning to Utopia. Perhaps, after I wash my hands and open the washroom door, I'll discover that it's the Irises Hotel outside… No, ordinary demigods might not be able to stop such a thing. This doesn't seem like it's something humans can accomplish. It's already extremely close to that of a deity… Wendel instantly panicked, unable to suppress the fear in his heart.

He returned to the room and took out the subpoena from the Utopian court.

Immediately following that, Wendel entered the washroom and held the document as he muttered in fear, “I’m willing to go to court to testify.

“I’m willing to go to court to testify.

“…”

After repeating himself a few times, he reached out to grab the handle of the bathroom door.

At that moment, a black raven flew through the ventilation hole like a ghost and landed in a corner of the washroom that no one would notice.

In the next second, Wendel twisted the handle, pulled the door back, and opened the washroom door.

It was no longer his familiar bedroom but an unfamiliar lobby.

Chapter 1343: Weaved Nightmare

I really returned to Utopia... Upon seeing the scene outside, Wendel felt a baffling sense of relief and ease. He no longer had any doubts about his choice to go to testify in court.

It had to be known that he was in the washroom of MI9's headquarters. It was a place that was impossible to invade even with a fully armed army.

Wendel slowly exhaled as he walked out of the washroom and towards the entrance of the lobby.

Behind him, in a corner of the washroom where no one was paying attention to, the pitch-black raven had draped over a shadow-like veil, losing its physical presence. Even if one were to directly look at it, it would be difficult to discover it.

Then, its body became more and more transparent as it rapidly dissipated until it vanished.

At this moment, Wendel had already walked a few meters out of the lobby when he saw a police officer in a black-and-white checkered uniform.

This was the young officer who had requested him to testify, Biles.

"I knew you'd come, because you're a kind person." Biles smiled at Wendel.

When he heard the compliment, Wendel's strung up heart finally returned to normal. Then, he instinctively turned his head back and saw that the bathroom that he had come out of had changed completely in style. It was no longer familiar to him.

...

In the dream maze formed by many minds, the huge white rabbit that walked upright squeezed through the open door and entered the vast wilderness with the grayish-white pillars and magnificent palaces.

Mr. Wrath... Although it wasn't wearing the persona mask, its unforgettable characteristics were enough for Audrey to recognize him at a glance.

This was out of her expectations, but it wasn't too surprising.

From her point of view, just Mr. Wrath alone likely wasn't enough to deal with an ancient mind dragon like Ariehogg. Even if Mr. Fool had warned her to be wary of Mr. Wrath.

After all, the leader behind the Psychology Alchemists, the former King of Angels, had already become a Sequence 0 true god. According to the knowledge shared by the Tarot Club, there shouldn't be any other Author Beyonders in the real world. This way, no matter how powerful Mr. Wrath was, as long as it was still part of the Spectator pathway, it would at most be on the same level as Ariehogg. The only things that would differ were combat experience, psychological research, and self-cultivation.

At this moment, as the giant white rabbit entered, the large, grayish-white, scaled Ariehogg spread open "His" wings which covered "His" skin. The surrounding area was instantly covered

in a shadow.

With a leap, the white rabbit's legs suddenly became extremely huge, like a tiny hill.

At the same time, the gloomy sky above "Him" lit up. The ground beneath "His" feet cracked open, spewing out crimson lava.

Immediately after, a blurry and distorted figure appeared behind it.

This figure was dressed in a simple white robe. It was difficult to see his face clearly, and it was impossible to tell his age. One could only vaguely tell that he was a man.

A bright halo hung at the back of his head like a miniature sun. Beneath his feet was an illusory clock that was divided into twelve segments. Each segment represented a different symbol of time. Behind him, there was a shadow that looked like a curtain. Eyes seemed to be looking out from the shadow.

Just after this figure appeared, the entire dream maze shook violently, and gray fragments fell from the void.

The contrast of depravity and pure sunlight rapidly spread around the huge white rabbit, eroding or assimilating the area.

However, that simple white-robed figure had trouble truly taking shape. He was unable to enter reality from history and illusions.

Every time his silhouette became clear, his figure would distort like a machine that had its signal disrupted.

At that moment, Audrey instinctively retracted her gaze, not daring to look directly at the huge white rabbit.

Perhaps it was because she was in a dream and was closely connected to the mind island and the sea of collective subconscious. She didn't need anyone to explain to her because she knew what Mr. Wrath was doing.

The other party knew the latent psychological problems of Ariehogg and knew what "He" feared the most. Then, according to this, it produced a nightmare that contained the specific images.

In a battle between High-Sequence Beyonders of the Spectator pathway, if both parties were at the same level, it would be difficult to produce any true effects using the various means available to them. One could sneak into the island of consciousness and attempt deep hypnosis. The other could guard the door to the Body of Heart and Mind, preventing any foreign consciousness from entering. The other could spread a Mental Plague and use the sea of collective subconscious to intrude on the enemy without them realizing it. The other would be able to "Placate" themselves, treat the psychological ailments, and maintain their mental health...

Therefore, the battle between same-Sequence Spectator saints often had three fixed styles: First, set up a trap ahead of time as a multi-pronged attack preparation. Then, by secretly leading on and guiding the opponent, one could break down their mental defenses in one strike and complete the hypnosis. Second, one focused on their physical defense and as support, relying on powerful Sealed Artifacts to defeat their enemy. Third, when the Beyonder powers such as Mental Plague, Mind Deprivation, Dragon's Breath, Consciousness Control, and other Beyonder powers were unable to deal with their opponent, engaging in self-hypnotism and using Dragon Transformation would result in an intense melee battle that exchanged claw swipes and tail lashes.

In the third battle, whoever had a deeper understanding of the mind domain, and whose will was stronger and firmer, would be able to gain the upper hand by relying on the extended usage of 'Dragon Transformation.' Of course, the prerequisite was that the other party had no chance of escaping.

And at the level of an angel, everyone was a true Mythical Creature. The maintenance time of "Dragon Transformation" became meaningless. At this moment, it mainly depended on "observation." Whoever could find a flaw in the opponent's mind could weave a corresponding nightmare, directly attacking the enemy's weaknesses, slowly destroying their mental defenses and reaching the effect of going "mad" or "dying" out of fear.

As Audrey was in the same dream, even if the nightmare wasn't directed at her, she was still affected by the corresponding emotions, characteristics, status, and even corruption.

Now, she clearly knew that the nightmare that Mr. Wrath had weaved represented the ancient sun god. This was the most terrifying existence in Ariehogg's mind. At the same time, the ancient sun god's influence would uncontrollably corrupt the surroundings until it reached the entire dream.

When the time came, once Audrey woke up, she would either become an untreatable mentally ill patient, or she would become an incomplete Mythical Creature, completely losing all reason and ending up wildly attacking the surrounding creatures.

Of course, there was another possibility that she unknowingly became depraved. She would become cold, cruel, and bloodthirsty without realizing it, as if someone had replaced her.

At this moment, Ariehogg, who was squatting at the top of the grayish-white pillar, let out a painful howl.

As the dragon's roar echoed, the top of "His" head turned dark, revealing a "sea" of secrets and colors that was difficult to describe with words.

In the sea, an even bigger grayish-white dragon spanning a thousand meters long rose up. One of "His" vertical pupils was pale gold and the other was bright red color.

There was a third eye on the dragon's forehead. It seemed to be hiding a thick shadow.

Similarly, there was no need for anyone to explain. With the uniqueness of her present state, Audrey immediately knew what nightmare Ariehogg had weaved.

This was something that left a deep trauma in the giant white rabbit's heart. This was the Ankewelt that had been corrupted by the "underground world." This was the Virtual Persona and mental corruption which was sealed behind the bronze door—things that had been split off from that ancient god.

At that moment, Audrey was in an indescribable nightmare. Although she hadn't been corrupted, her mental state was in turmoil, as though she had been awed.

She immediately used "Placate" on herself, and didn't hesitate to rely on her own consciousness to forcefully escape the dream maze.

During this process, she didn't encounter any obstruction not just because she wasn't Ariehogg's and Mr. Wrath's target, but also because she had reached Sequence 4 and possessed a certain amount of godhood. Therefore, she quickly woke up from her dream.

Audrey suddenly opened her eyes and saw a crystal chandelier dyed in faint crimson. She saw the deep darkness of the room.

Without any delay, she got out of bed and ran to the window to look outside.

The entire manor was completely silent, as if it was deep asleep. Everything was normal.

Audrey frowned and immediately split out a Virtual Person, allowing it to enter the mind island of a night patroller.

She remembered very clearly that the dream maze was formed by many minds. Once the two nightmares spread, the result was unimaginable.

Therefore, before this, she had to wake up everyone in the manor.

In the next second, the patrolling guard suddenly raised his hand and removed the grenade hanging from his belt. He pulled out the pin and threw it towards an empty garden.

Boom!

The loud explosion jolted awake the sleeping people.

Immediately after, the guard shouted loudly, “Enemy assault!

“Enemy assault!”

Earl Hall and his wife were already over fifty years old, so as light sleepers, they jolted awake immediately. Regardless of how good Hibbert's sleep quality was, he woke up in a reverie thanks to such a loud explosion. Alfred had opened his eyes the moment the grenade was thrown.

The remaining butler, maids, footmen, and bodyguards woke up one after another. They looked confused and dumbfounded, not knowing what had happened.

And at the far end of the manor's main building, a few servants heard the commotion and didn't wake up in time.

A few seconds later, they struggled on the bed in pain. Like a snake shedding its skin, they broke free from their skin, turning into hideous bodies of blood.

They didn't wake up until they died.

At that moment, Audrey saw a grayish-white dragon spread its wings in the sea of collective subconscious as it rapidly departed. A huge white rabbit followed closely behind.

In the blink of an eye, the dragon's voice resounded in the illusory sea.

"Adam isn't necessarily Adam, just like how I might not necessarily be Ariehogg."

The giant white rabbit suddenly slowed down and gradually stopped.

All the abnormalities came to an end as the entire area returned to normal.

...

In the ancient palace above the fog.

Adam didn't attack? The Fool Klein frowned slightly as he turned his attention back to Utopia and replaced the instinctual monitoring of the Worms of Spirit.

He carefully inspected his marionette town and didn't find anything abnormal.

Chapter 1344: Humanity

Seeing that there weren't any abnormalities in the town of marionettes, Klein began thinking about Miss Justice's encounter.

It wasn't Adam who set up an attack against Ariehogg, but Hermes who masterminded it?

Otherwise, it wouldn't be possible for Adam to not descend. It would also be impossible for Ariehogg to escape so easily. "He" had to rely on the second City of Miracles to have some hope of doing so.

If Hermes was the mastermind, the development of this whole episode becomes logical... Hermes never thought of capturing or killing Ariehogg. "He" only hopes to learn some information from this ancient mind dragon. When Ariehogg said "Adam isn't necessarily Adam," the operation came to a natural end.

Yes, from the looks of it, Hermes already had some doubts about Adam's true state. However, due to the limitations of "His" status, "He" has been unable to make Ariehogg appear on "His" own accord, so "He" used Miss Justice.

Adam isn't necessarily Adam; Ariehogg isn't necessarily Ariehogg... This sentence is very interesting. The upper echelons of the Spectator pathway are more mysterious than Seers. Back then, Dragon of Imagination Ankewelt clearly occupied Sequence 0, but "He" had a Sequence 1 son of the same pathway as "Him"—Dragon of Nightmare, Alzuhod...

If Adam really isn't Adam, then who is "He"? Is it that Adam from

the myth in the time before the First Epoch, or part of the Primordial One? Or is "He" related to the resurrection of the ancient sun god? From the looks of it, the meaning behind why Medici addresses "Him" as a zealot has a far more profound meaning...

Klein quickly conjured a gold coin and flicked it into the air, making a divination.

The results of the divination indicated that today's development was nothing dangerous.

Klein immediately dispersed the gold coin and prepared to descend his consciousness into his body beneath Saint Arianna Cathedral.

At this moment, his actions became slightly sluggish.

The moment Miss Justice met Ariehogg and Hermes was almost simultaneous as the moment the MI9 personnel returned to Utopia to testify in court.

Just looking at them individually, there was no problem; but the word "simultaneous" made Klein somewhat alert.

He was very sensitive to words like "happened to," "coincidence," "simultaneous," and "almost the same." This was a mark left behind by his past experiences.

He tapped his finger on the edge of the long mottled table and decided to make preparations for his worries.

He quickly condensed a light that contained certain words and some kind of will, and he threw it into a prayer light.

After doing this, Klein made his consciousness sink and left Sefirah Castle, allowing his mind to return to his original body.

Immediately after, he began to influence Utopia. He planned to use all sorts of arrangements to temporarily make all the foreigners “leave.”

This way, even if anything happened, it wouldn’t affect the innocent.

This also meant that Klein was prepared to abandon Utopia and change locations to rebuild his marionette town. After all, a ritual could be repeated many times, but he could only afford one resurrection.

…

“Have a good rest for the next two days. There’s still some time left before court begins.” Biles sent Wendel to the entrance of the Irises Hotel.

Wendel replied with a smile, “I’m already feeling sleepy.”

It was in the middle of the night. He had trouble sleeping previously because of his anxiety and nervousness. That was why he thought of walking around the headquarters of MI9 to ease his mood. However, when he heard the conversation between his colleagues at night, it triggered an eruption in his emotions, and he decided to return to Utopia and face the problem.

After checking in, Wendel took his luggage and went to the third floor.

When he passed through the door, he vaguely felt that his surroundings were abnormally dark.

In order to sleep better, Wendel walked to the window and drew the curtains.

During this process, he felt that the scenery outside the window was unusually familiar.

However, under the cover of the night, he couldn't tell what was happening too clearly. Thinking that it might have been the scene he had seen in Utopia previously, he covered his mouth with his hand and yawned. He took off his clothes and walked towards the bed.

...

Monica slept until midnight when she suddenly needed to pee.

Unable to hold it in any longer, she eventually got out of bed and walked towards her room's attached bathroom.

When she pushed the bathroom door open, she found it a little heavier.

Rubbing her eyes that were almost unable to open, Monica didn't care about this small change. She quickly relieved herself and ran out of the bathroom to her bed.

When she entered the covers, she felt that the temperature was much lower and she had no choice but to wrap herself up tightly in layers.

It didn't take long for her to fall asleep again.

...

About 15 minutes later, the patrolling Biles rubbed his hands and turned towards the street where the police station was. He was about to hand over duties with his colleagues.

Suddenly, his body froze in the alley.

The black and dense Spirit Body Threads on his body peeled off at the same time as they floated upwards.

A pruned and exquisite paper figurine landed and connected to the Spirit Body Threads, quickly turning into another Biles.

At the same time, a torrent of mixed knowledge surged over and reassembled him into a man wearing gorgeous clothes with long chestnut hair.

The man had blue eyes, a high nose bridge, and thin lips. It was Roselle Gustav's Sequence 1 historical projection.

Right on the heels of that, the projection reached out and sucked all the information in the surroundings into its palm, forming an illusory ball of light.

This information included all the details that involved Biles.

In the next second, Roselle Gustav's historical projection forged a piece of information that was completely normal, allowing it to follow the Spirit Body Threads connected to the paper figurine to the Saint Arianna Cathedral in the municipal square, moving straight underground of the cathedral.

After this series of actions, another torrent of information surged in midair. With Roselle's help, they reformed into three figures.

A middle-aged man wearing a black robe and a hood with a long, thick, white beard; another, who was draped in a cloak, had black hair, blue eyes, and a rather squarish face. He was a middle-aged man with a dignified bearing; on one of the trees, there was a huge tree that seemed to be drenched with petroleum. On the tree, there were arms with all sorts of strange protruding objects that rolled with bloodshot eyes.

"They" were:

The leader of the Secret Order, Zaratul!

Loen's Protector, the first King, William Augustus I's historical projection!

A historical projection of Abomination Suah!

After making the necessary preparations, Zaratul used the location provided by the historical projection to sneak into Utopia.

“He” didn’t waste any time. “He” reached out with “His” right hand and used the law of convergence of Beyonder characteristics to suck out the Worm of Spirit in Biles.

Elsewhere, the palm of Abomination Suah’s historical projection made an ugly doll the size of a palm appear.

The doll was wet and sticky. It had no eyes, ears, or nose. It only had a pinhole-like mouth that emitted and sucked grayish-white fog.

As the Worm of Spirit and the doll approached, the black-and-white eyeballs that rolled out on the Suah tree trunk looked at them at the same time.

Silently, the Worm of Spirit fused with the ugly doll, causing it to distort as it squirmed, growing out eyes, nose, and ears, making it look like Klein Moretti.

At this point, Zaratul no longer did any concealment, nor could “He” do so. “He” took out a black shroud and abruptly wrapped Klein’s doll up!

All the marionette’s Spirit Body Threads in Utopia were severed at the same time—they were unable to connect to the true body.

This wasn’t because there was something wrong with them, but that the true body was isolated from them.

All of a sudden, the duty personnel in the police station, tenants in the hotel, Tracey and the thieves in the cell, Anderson in another apartment, Alzu, and the other citizens all stopped breathing and turned stiff.

Regardless of whether they were sleeping or doing something else, it was as if a pause button had been pressed.

Klein, who was at the bottom of Saint Arianna Cathedral, suddenly woke up. He knew that an accident had happened.

He didn't hesitate. With a thought, he returned to Sefirah Castle. With the level and strength of a King of Angels, he was able to resist enemies that had shown or had yet to show themselves.

This was the best choice in the current situation.

Even if he wasn't able to protect his true body, Klein still had a chance to revive.

At that moment, his floating consciousness touched an invisible, dark barrier, making it difficult to penetrate it and enter Sefirah Castle.

This... Klein's heart tightened, believing that the enemy might be more troublesome than he had imagined.

Few high-level existences knew he could return to Sefirah Castle with a thought!

In the next second, the thick, petroleum-slathered tree had arrived above Saint Arianna Cathedral.

In addition, a deep and dignified voice resounded:

"Wandering is prohibited here!

“Teleportation is prohibited here!

“…”

Klein wasn’t led by his emotions. Seeing that he couldn’t return to Sefirah Castle at the moment, he immediately changed his strategy and leaped towards the fog of history.

The moment the grayish-white fog entered his eyes, it turned into a whirlpool formed by countless transparent maggots. The vortex extended out slippery tentacles covered with strange patterns.

Unlike previously, the vortex emitted a powerful suction force, causing Klein’s figure to speed up and be entangled by countless tentacles.

Law of Beyonder characteristics convergence!

The law of Beyonder characteristic convergence between angels!

A subtle beam of light flashed as Klein, who was firmly controlled by Zaratul’s Mythical Creature form, turned into a paper figurine.

This was an angel-level application of Paper Figurine Substitutes, as well as the help of “Grafting.”

Although Klein couldn’t return to Sefirah Castle, he could influence the Worms of Spirit above the gray fog, allowing them to use the “curtain” to provide help.

After dodging Zaratul's fatal blow, Klein ran into the fog of history and fled towards the former metropolis from a time before the First Epoch.

At this moment, many marionettes, who had been dead for a long time in Utopia, rapidly decayed from losing the Spirit Body Threads maintaining them. Their limbs dropped to the ground or mutated because of their Beyonder characteristics. The latter transformed into different monsters, ones far more terrifying than imaginable.

Some swallowed their heads; others were left with only squirming flesh, while others grew dense eyes...

Soon, Klein ran into the old metropolis situated inside the fog of history.

To him, this was a safe room that could be trusted. This was because only a Scholar of Yore who was a human from before history could enter.

Without any hesitation, Klein habitually surveyed the area and began praying to the Evernight Goddess in the stacked city.

Oof!

A faint sound rang out as an ancient wooden stake with traces of blood penetrated Klein's heart from behind.

A figure phased into existence behind him. It was a cold-looking man wearing a half top hat and a black trench coat:

Gehrman Sparrow.

Klein's pupils dilated as the crazy adventurer said in a deep voice, "Adam has given me humanity."

Chapter 1345: Meeting Again

Klein turned around and looked at the familiar yet unfamiliar figure.

He had imagined all kinds of attacks on Utopia, but he had never expected such a scene to occur.

If Amon had “Parasitized” the marionette, Gehrman Sparrow, then with Klein’s current status and the Spirit Worms on Sefirah Castle, he definitely would have immediately discovered the problem. And if Zaratul were to swap the Spirit Body Threads, “He” could only temporarily hide it from him. Furthermore, “He” needed help from an angel like a Knowledge Emperor or a Servant of Concealment to ensure the element of surprise in the sudden attack. Only the humanity provided by a Spectator could slowly ferment, without revealing any abnormalities on the surface.

To prevent such a situation, he could only sever the Spirit Body Threads and allow the marionette to deteriorate till it died. That way, regardless of whether it had any humanity in it or not, it would ultimately cease to exist.

Unfortunately, Klein had never heard of such methods before. All he did was guard against the invasion of a Virtual Persona on his marionettes.

This might be the power of a Visionary, giving life to everything virtual and immaterial, a unique sense of humanity.

The carved and cold face was reflected in Klein’s eyes as he felt a force pushing him away.

He immediately fell backward, falling from the layers of ruins of the old metropolis out from the fog of history.

During this process, he wanted to control himself, but there was nothing he could do. This was because the wooden stake at his heart had sealed all his Beyonder powers.

With a thought, Klein looked at Gehrman Sparrow and snapped his fingers.

Pa!

The Worms of Spirit in Sefirah Castle received his will and gave up the marionette's Spirit Body Threads. They also picked up the Staff of the Stars and prepared to give Klein a fatal blow so as to commit suicide.

After his main body completely died, Klein would be able to revive above the gray fog and escape from his predicament.

He no longer held any hope after finding out that Adam was the mastermind behind the scenes.

At this moment, a stone square floating in the void appeared beneath Klein's feet.

Black stone pillars rose up and propped up a grand and holy cathedral, enveloping Klein inside.

The corpse cathedral—Adam's corpse cathedral—the divine kingdom of a Visionary!

Boom!

Countless bolts of silver lightning smote down from Sefirah Castle, penetrating the fog of history and struck the cathedral, but failed to shake it at all.

At the same time, in the ancient palace, the figure sitting in The Fool's seat suddenly collapsed to the side, forming a vortex formed from transparent maggots.

The vortex extended out slippery and strange tentacles, crazily smacking the surroundings, overturning the junk pile, and destroying the long mottled table.

Klein's avatar had lost contact with his true body, and because his true body hadn't really died, they had lost control and went crazy, just like Zaratul from before.

In the old metropolis before the First Epoch, Gehrman Sparrow, who was wearing a half top hat and a black trench coat, looked up at Sefirah Castle, his expression mixed.

He was basically a corpse. After his Spirit Body Threads were abandoned, he naturally couldn't maintain his existence.

The only thing Adam gave him was humanity. There was no envisioned life for him, as that would result in the discovery of there being something wrong with Gehrman Sparrow.

Gehrman Sparrow slowly collapsed as he looked at the rooms in the old metropolis.

He died in this ruin.

...

Klein's feet landed on the ground and stood in the middle of the cathedral. He saw that every arch of each pillar was embedded with the skulls of different races. Most of them were pale-white in color as they were packed densely together, staring at the intruder with their hollow eyes.

On the walls, windows, and doors of the cathedral, transparent, distorted, and painful faces appeared, separating the interior from the outside world.

And in front of the cathedral stood a cross that was more than a hundred meters tall.

In front of the cross were rows of black pews.

Adam, who was wearing a simple white robe and had a pale gold beard, was standing under the cross with a silver cross hanging from "His" neck. "He" faced the pews like a priest who was preparing to deliver a sermon.

"His" expression was warm and "His" eyes were limpid, as though "He" was only inviting Klein to listen to the scriptures.

Klein lowered his head and looked at the cross-shaped wooden stake that was stuck in his chest. He slowly walked to the first pew and sat in the middle.

For a true Mythical Creature formed from many Worms of Spirit,

the wound on its chest wasn't fatal. The main purpose of the ancient bloody cross stake was to seal his Beyonder powers.

If not for the true god standing in front of him, Klein could've used his physical strength to pull out the wooden stake and remove the seal.

At this moment, he didn't make any attempts because he was afraid that he would turn the thought of "not daring to" to "not willing to."

"I didn't expect you to directly interfere in this matter. If you wanted to deal with me, you didn't have to wait until today." Klein looked at his blood-stained shirt and seriously voiced his doubts.

He wasn't afraid at all, as if he was certain that Adam wouldn't kill him.

Adam held the silver cross pendant with one hand and calmly said, "Before now, you were able to be of quite some use in many ways."

"He" took two steps forward and continued with limpid eyes, "When Amon came to steal the corpse cathedral, I made a deal with 'Him.' By helping me obtain the first Blasphemy Slate, I'll help 'Him' capture you."

Is that so... Klein was instantly enlightened.

On the one hand, Adam didn't wish to be obstructed by existences like the True Creator when "He" became a god, and on the other hand, "He" wanted to obtain the first Blasphemy Slate.

Therefore, “He” used the Unshadowed Crucifix and other methods to give Klein an impetus to head for the Giant King’s Court, open the door to the chamber where Sasrir was sleeping, and attract the attention of the True Creator and other existences. On the other hand, “He” used “His” brother, Amon, to steal the first Blasphemy Slate at the critical moment.

And to capture Klein, who was about to obtain preliminary control of Sefirah Castle, it would definitely be most appropriate to have a Visionary arrange the developments for “Him.”

Although Amon and Adam usually appear distant, “They” are still brothers and can work together more easily… Klein nodded slightly and looked at the stained glass that had distorted faces.

“I also didn’t expect Zaratul to cooperate with you. Isn’t ‘He’ afraid of becoming food for Amon?”

When Klein established Utopia, he had considered Amon’s attack and Zaratul’s destruction. However, he never expected that “They” would work together in a certain way.

From his point of view, the chances of Zaratul completely siding with the Mother Tree of Desire were higher than this, unless Adam had unknowingly arranged such a development for “Him.”

Adam’s limpid eyes showed sympathy.

“To ‘Him,’ you becoming a Great Old One means that ‘He’ will definitely perish. However, if Amon becomes one, as long as ‘He’ expresses ‘His’ loyalty, ‘He’ can still retain ‘His’ present level and status. A Lord of the Mysteries still requires an Attendant of Mysteries.

“Therefore, ‘He’ chose to cooperate with me. During this process, if ‘He’ can seize the opportunity and turn you into a marionette before I do, using you to enter Sefirah Castle and become the owner of the sefirah, then ‘He’ has the right to demand an opportunity to face Antigonus at Evernight’s place and have an ultimate showdown with Amon. On the contrary, ‘He’ will completely admit defeat and pledge allegiance to Amon.

“On this point, ‘He’ was very decisive.”

“It doesn’t seem like your style to explain so much,” Klein replied casually before frowning. “You don’t need all the Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics of the corresponding pathway to become a Great Old One?”

He had deduced this from the relationship between the ancient sun god and the eight Kings of Angels. However, he believed that one had to first become a Great Old One or a quasi one before dividing the characteristics.

Adam replied gently, “For neighboring pathways, all that’s needed is a Uniqueness and a Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristic. It’s easy to lose control if one forcefully occupies more. Therefore, after Zaratul pledged allegiance to Amon, ‘He’ still has the chance to become a King of Angels. And ‘He’ isn’t able to pledge allegiance to you because ‘He’ can’t separate a Sequence 2 avatar like those from the Marauder pathway, and then stealing ‘His’ main body’s Spirit Body, consciousness, and psyche over, turning the avatar into the main body.”

This was the qualitative difference between a Seer’s marionette and a Marauder’s Worm of Time. The former involved Spirit Body Threads, while the latter relied on themselves.

Furthermore, the reason the Marauder angel could do this was because “Their” Sequence 2 was Trojan Horse of Destiny.

Just as Klein nodded, he suddenly saw Adam turn “His” body, revealing something beneath the cross.

It was a gray stone slab. There were many mottled marks on its surface, making it look rather ancient.

This was very similar to the first Blasphemy Slate, but it didn’t have that abnormally ancient feeling to it.

It also had words that looked like the source of all languages. They were written with the names of Sequences and potion formulas.

“The second Blasphemy Slate?” Klein asked in surprise.

His gaze quickly swept across the stone slab. He didn’t read the first few paragraphs, but instead looked at the last few lines.

His intuition told him that there was a very important piece of information there.

“There’s no need to rush. Amon has to complete the ritual and become a Sequence 0 before stealing your fate. Otherwise, ‘He’ wouldn’t be able to withstand the identity as Sefirah Castle’s owner. And before that, it’s best to let you continue staying in my kingdom.” Adam acted as though he was consoling a repentant.

Kill me… Klein muttered inwardly.

At this moment, he figured out the last few lines.

God Almighty, Creator, Maker, The Omnipotent and Omniscient, Lord of the Astral World:

Sea of Chaos + Visionary Uniqueness + The Sun Uniqueness + Tyrant Uniqueness + White Tower Uniqueness + The Hanged Man Uniqueness + 1 Author Beyonder characteristic + 1 White Angel Beyonder characteristic + 1 Thunder God Beyonder characteristic +1 Omniscient Eye Beyonder characteristic +1 Dark Angel Beyonder characteristic.

Lord of the Mysteries, King of Space-Time, Beacon of Destiny, Embodiment of Sefirah Castle, Dominator of the Spirit World:

Sefirah Castle + The Fool Uniqueness + Error Uniqueness + Door Uniqueness + 1 Attendant of Mysteries Beyonder characteristic + 1 Worm of Time Beyonder characteristic + 1 Key of Stars Beyonder characteristic.

Upon seeing this, Klein turned his head to look at Adam and asked in puzzlement, “Why are you showing me these?”

Wouldn’t it be safer to hypnotize me and put me to sleep until Amon becomes a god?

Adam’s eyes were clear as “He” said with a warm expression, “To be frank, if the other party wasn’t Amon, then I’d be more willing to help you become the Dominator of the Spirit World.

“We have too many things in common. In a sense, we are old friends who have met before.”

With that said, “He” smiled and said, “We meet again, Mysteries.”

Chapter 1346: The Specialness of a Visionary

Mysteries... The last time Klein heard this title was from the consciousness of the True Creator that had descended. The penultimate instance was from the ancient sun god from history, the City of Silver's Creator.

In a sense, the two of them were equal:

The True Creator was equivalent to the ancient sun god "evil spirit" after retrieving Sasrir's personality.

However, unlike before, Klein wasn't flustered when he heard this manner of addressing him. Neither his heart trembled nor his teeth chattered.

At this moment, he felt as if he had finally seen a suspended rock fall to the ground.

Of course, he wasn't that calm either. To a certain extent, surprise, shock, and disbelief were inevitable. It was because of the words "Adam isn't necessarily Adam" from Ariehogg that he had already come up with many speculations and was mentally prepared.

We meet again. Mysteries... Adam is equivalent to the ancient sun god? Or is this the resurrection contingency of the ancient sun god? "He" knows of this, but "He" still wishes to revive "His" father, so that's why Medici calls "Him" a zealot? Thoughts flashed through Klein's mind as he gained a brand new understanding of certain matters.

It was no wonder Adam never promoted teachings about "Himself." "He" only spread what was left of the ancient sun god!

Klein originally believed that this was due to the special trait of a Visionary, and how "He" could use "His" Uniqueness to create a bunch of realistic believers as anchors. This way, "He" didn't need to build a congregation, but from the looks of it, this was probably only one of the reasons.

After two seconds of silence, he looked into Adam's pure eyes and said, "You are the ancient sun god?"

Adam maintained his warm smile and said in an illuminating tone, "Don't you think I'm the most unique among the eight Kings of Angels?

"After reading the contents of the second Blasphemy Slate regarding the Great Old Ones, you should be able to clearly understand this point."

Indeed... Klein nodded, indicating that he could tell.

"Of the five Kings of Angels related to omnipotence and omniscience, you are the only one with a Uniqueness."

According to the mysticism knowledge that Klein currently possessed, when the City of Silver's Creator was still alive, the eight Kings of Angels were in the same state:

Dark Angel Sasrir digested two Sequence 1 characteristics of The Hanged Man pathway and controlled the first Blasphemy Slate, allowing "Him" to use a portion of the power of the Chaos Sea. Therefore, "He" was Heaven's deputy, the left hand of God, a king

among Kings of Angels.

White Angel Aucuses contained two Sequence 1 characteristics of The Sun pathway;

Wind Angel Leodero, Angel of Wisdom Herabergen, Angel of Fate Ouroboros also possessed two Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics of “Their” respective pathways.

Angel of Time Amon, Red Angel Medici were the ones with a Uniqueness of their own pathway and a corresponding Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristic.

Angel of Imagination Adam had the Spectator pathway’s Uniqueness and two Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics.

This didn’t seem problematic at first glance, but it appeared strange on careful thought.

Angel of Time Amon and Red Angel Medici didn’t belong to the five pathways of omnipotence and omniscience, and there was no problem about the ancient sun god using different methods to give “Them” “Their” Uniqueness. However, Adam was different. Visionary belonged to one of the five pathways of omnipotence and omniscience, and the corresponding Uniqueness was one of the foundations needed by the ancient sun god to become a Great Old One. In other words, this was equivalent to one of the three Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics needed of a Sequence 0. How could it be randomly separated?

After all, Sasrir, as the deputy of Heaven, the left hand of God, didn’t obtain the Uniqueness of The Hanged Man pathway, much less Wind Angel Leodero, Angel of Wisdom Herabergen, and White Angel Aucuses.

Klein originally believed that the ancient sun god had sensed the awakening of the Primordial One, so “He” had deliberately used the method of having children to separate one of the five Uniquenesses from “Himself,” taking the initiative to lower “His” level to resist the corruption and invasion.

This was probably the thoughts of other deities and Kings of Angels back then.

When he heard Ariehogg say “Adam isn’t necessarily Adam,” Klein felt that there might be a deeper secret hidden in this matter and came up with some guesses.

After witnessing the last few lines of the second Blasphemy Slate, he found it even stranger. This was because a Uniqueness was one of the foundations of becoming a Great Old One. If the sefirah was the foundation, then the corresponding Uniquenesses were weight-bearing columns. It would be deeply problematic no matter which one was lost. If the ancient sun god wanted to lower “His” level, the better choice would be to separate the Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics. That would be relatively safer.

Dressed in a simple white robe and wearing a thick golden beard, Adam walked to Klein’s side and turned around. “He” looked at the Blasphemy Slate and said, “A Visionary has something very special.

“Normal Sequence 0s are made up of the Uniqueness and three Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics. Missing any one of them prevents ‘Them’ from being considered a true deity—they can only be considered a King of Angels. And after becoming a Sequence 0, a Visionary is able to split two Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics and replace the corresponding characteristic via ‘Envisioning.’

“The object produced by ‘Envisioning’ is real enough. It can work perfectly under the framework of the Uniqueness and a Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristic, allowing a Visionary’s level and strength to not decrease.

“The two real separated Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics can be combined with one’s other identity or a certain lifeform that’s ‘Envisioned.’ It can make ‘Them’ become an Author with complete freedom. When necessary, one can use a certain method or some mediums to transform “Him” into the true form.

“And for The Omnipotent and Omniscient, ‘He’ can ‘Create’ a Uniqueness that borders between reality and illusory to maintain ‘His’ state. As long as it doesn’t exceed the necessary limitations.”

This is the relationship between Dragon of Imagination Ankewelt and “His” child, Dragon of Nightmare Alzuhod? I once thought that the Seer and Marauder pathways were the most bizarre. From the looks of it, they can’t compare to a Spectator… Sigh, be careful of the Spectator… Klein completely resolved the question on his mind. He also understood why Dragon of Imagination Ankewelt had arranged for 0-08 to meet Groselle’s Travels.

Once they met, 0-08’s quill, which originated from the Dragon of Nightmare Alzuhod, would awaken and become the Dragon of Imagination Ankewelt at a lower level. Then, this resurrected ancient god would use the negative persona sealed behind the bronze door to activate the Chaos Sea’s power, instantly reaching the level of the strongest King of Angels below that of true deities.

With such a foundation, “He” had the chance to compete with Adam for the position of Visionary and completely revive.

It's simpler, neater, and cleaner compared to the Black Emperor's resurrection… Klein nodded slightly and said, "The relationship between Dragon of Imagination and the Dragon of Nightmare?"

Adam sat down beside Klein.

"Yes."

"However, the Dragon of Imagination had been corrupted, and 'He' had characteristics of other pathways, putting 'Him' in a poor condition. All 'He' could do was separate an Author. Otherwise, 'He' would have directly lost control."

Klein ignored Adam beside him and looked at the second Blasphemy Slate in front of him.

"What's the difference between this and a Marauder's avatar?

"If Amon can become an Error, 'He' too can create at least two Sequence 1 avatars."

Adam leaned forward and simply explained, "The avatar and the main body are still the same, but they are located in different areas."

Does that mean that the Sequence 1 that's "Envisioned" is completely separated from the real body, and can be considered another person? Only by using some method or using some medium can one awaken? Klein asked thoughtfully, "You awakened when you became a Visionary?"

"No." Adam looked straight ahead and replied with a gentle

expression, “When I perished, and ‘True’ was born.”

Klein asked in surprise, “Was no one suspicious?”

If the deities knew that the ancient sun god had long been “resurrected” in Adam, the history of the Fourth Epoch would most likely be to besiege the Solomon Empire, the Twilight Hermit Order, and the Amon family.

“Apart from ‘True’ knowing about this, perhaps only Evernight had ‘Her’ suspicions,” Adam said, “His” voice neither fast nor slow. “I disguised myself as a zealot, a zealot wanting my father to awaken in my body. It’s not difficult for a King of Angels from the Visionary pathway to do so.”

“Then, Medici…” Klein suddenly felt pity for the Red Angel.

Thinking up to this point, he lowered his head to look at the blood-stained wooden stake on his chest. He felt that he deserved more sympathy.

Adam said calmly, “It was a necessary sacrifice.

“Why do you think ‘He’ can remain alive for so many years after becoming an evil spirit without being discovered?”

Klein fell silent for two seconds before asking, “Are you going to let me wait just like this?”

“You can also choose to leave this corpse cathedral, but Zaratul will be waiting for you at the entrance. In your present state, you can only become ‘His’ marionette,” Adam said without any

emotion.

Klein fell silent as he read the remaining contents of the second Blasphemy Slate.

...

In the Fog Sea, the Dawn silently sailed through the undulating blue waves.

Bernadette suddenly opened her eyes and sat up.

She frowned and picked up an item on the table.

The item was completely golden in color, and there were mysterious symbols engraved on its surface, making it look like a miniature water flask.

This was Sealed Artifact 0-05, Magic Wishing Lamp.

Bernadette held the wishing lamp and bowed her head as she chanted an honorific name:

“The Fool that doesn’t belong to this era.

“The mysterious ruler above the gray fog;

“The King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck...”

Chapter 1347: Pillar

Above the gray fog, in the ancient palace, beside The Fool's seat.

A prayer point of light expanded to produce a rippling halos.

It was as though someone had suddenly drawn the curtains in a dark, sealed room, allowing sunlight to shine in, piercing into the eyes of the sleeping one.

The whirlpool of maggots, which had already quietened down, once again went berserk as it began to flail the slippery and strange tentacles.

...

Klein's gaze swept past the parts that were related to the Lord of the Mysteries, and he read the subsequent content on the slate:

Eternal Darkness, Singularity of All, Space-Time-in-One:

River of Eternal Darkness + Evernight Uniqueness + Death (Eternal Sleeper) Uniqueness + Twilight Giant Uniqueness + 1 Knight of Misfortune Beyonder characteristic + 1 Pale Emperor Beyonder characteristic + 1 Hand of God Beyonder characteristic.

Goddess of Origins, Mother of All, Brood Hive of Filth:

Brood Hive + Mother Uniqueness + The Moon Uniqueness + 1

Naturewalker Beyonder characteristic + 1 Beauty Goddess Beyonder characteristic.

The Anarchy, Shadow of Order:

Nation of Disorder + Black Emperor Uniqueness + Justiciar Uniqueness + 1 Prince of Abolition Beyonder characteristic + 1 Hand of Order Beyonder characteristic.

Calamity of Destruction, Origins of Disaster:

City of Calamity + Demoness (Chaos Demoness, Primordial Demoness) Uniqueness + Red Priest Uniqueness + 1 Apocalypse Beyonder characteristic + 1 Conqueror Beyonder characteristic.

Father of Devils, Lord of Deviants, Source of Curses:

Tenebrous World + Abyss Uniqueness + Chained Uniqueness + 1 Filthy Monarch + 1 Abomination Beyonder characteristic.

Demon of Knowledge, Aracana of Madness:

Knowledge Moor + The Hermit Uniqueness + Paragon Uniqueness + 1 Knowledge Emperor Beyonder characteristic + 1 Illuminator Beyonder characteristic.

Key of Light, Endless Disorder, Incarnation of Fate:

Key of Light + Wheel of Fortune Uniqueness + 1 Giant Serpent Beyonder characteristic.

These are the Great Old Ones' title corresponding to the nine sefirot… After reading it, Klein sighed inwardly.

If he and Emperor Roselle knew this mysticism knowledge earlier, neither of them would've ended up in their present situations.

At certain times, even without using Beyonder powers, knowledge is completely equivalent to power… The titles of the combined pathways of Earth and Moon are somewhat different from Mother Goddess of Depravity. From the looks of it, it is indeed just a part of "Her," which means that the title and authority left to the Outer Deity on the moon is: Mother Goddess of Depravity, Origin of Evil, The Indestructible… By the same logic, the Mother Tree of Desire's full name should be: Mother Tree of Desire, Heartless God, Perpetual Blatherer… The situation regarding the Son of Chaos isn't very clear. It's as though "He" vanished, and no one can fully understand "Him"… Klein nodded indiscernibly.

He then asked, "From the looks of it, the Omnipotent and Omniscient is the strongest. The Lord of the Mysteries and the Space-Time-in-One are ranked second. The rest are ranked third."

This was determined by the number of Beyonder pathways each needed, excluding the Outer Deities.

Adam looked at the Blasphemy Slate and calmly said, "That's not how it is.

"The number of authorities has a certain connection to level and status, but not entirely. The corresponding characteristics, power, and symbols are equally important.

"After the original Creator split apart, the Three Pillars stood

above all the Great Old Ones. One was God Almighty, Omnipotent and Omniscient; the other was Lord of the Mysteries, the King of Space-Time; and the last was Mother Goddess of Depravity, Origin of Evil."

Upon hearing Adam's last sentence, Klein couldn't help but look down at his left sleeve. Arrodes was hiding inside.

No wonder Arrodes said that he saw a pillar and support from me… Klein had suddenly arrived at a state of enlightenment as he was a little more convinced by what Visionary Adam had said.

At this moment, Adam added at an adequate pace, "Currently, the first two pillars only exist in the form of sefirot. And after the Mother Goddess of Depravity had the Brood Hive and two Beyonder pathways separated from "Her," "She" became not much different from the other Outer Deities. Only "Her" symbol as a pillar remains."

If it wasn't for the blood-stained stake in his chest, Klein definitely would've felt that the ambiance was great for a conversation. In moments when his mind trailed, he even imagined that he and Adam were friends and were happily discussing some mysticism knowledge, waiting for "His" child, Amon, to return home for dinner.

Of course, I'm "dinner"… I have to say that a Spectator's ability to influence others' knowledge, experience, and state is really too powerful… As Klein told himself to be on guard, he asked in puzzlement, "I thought that the Outer Deities like the Mother Goddess of Depravity, who has two or even three sefirot, are considered pillars."

Adam looked down at the silver cross pendant hanging across "His" chest and said, "She" only has one sefirah.

“Under normal circumstances, the sefirot can’t be separated. Only when the original Creator split and created an embodiment of convergence and separation did the sefirot tear apart, allowing some of them to be sucked into our planet.”

“In other words, the present sefirah the Mother Goddess of Depravity has is incomplete. The future Great Old One, Mother of All, won’t be a complete Great Old One?” Klein pressed.

Adam’s lips twitched as though “He” was smiling.

“It was so at the beginning, but the sefirot has the ability to mend itself. The present Mother Goddess of Depravity’s sefirah isn’t incomplete, and the Brood Hive can also create a Great Old One itself. The only problem is that the Mother Goddess of Depravity can only use a portion of pillar ‘She’ symbolizes, unless she has fused with the Brood Hive again.

“This has also caused the birth of life and the feminist powers in the entire universe to undergo a certain anomaly. However, thousands of years of time at astronomical scales is a very short period of time, and the corresponding influence hasn’t spread.

“And if any Outer Deity obtains a sefirah that is neighboring ‘Theirs,’ making it equivalent to having two sefirot—I can’t predict what will happen. Before that, only the original Creator had contained more than singular sefirah. However, as long as ‘He’ awakens, ‘He’ will definitely split apart.”

Klein nodded and asked thoughtfully, “In the beginning, the Creator accommodated at least nine sefirot. This doesn’t mean that having two sefirot or even three will not result in problems. There should be a critical point.”

“No one can verify this at the moment.” Adam held the silver

cross pendant in front of “His” chest and said, “I’m guessing that some existences have attempted it before. After all, convergence is a very strong instinct, but the outcome is unknown.”

“Which existences?” Klein rubbed the bloody cross wooden stake that was stuck in his chest.

Adam cast “His” gaze at the gigantic cross that was more than a hundred meters tall in front of “Him” and calmly said,

“The God Almighty from the early First Epoch. ‘He’ can also be called the Primordial One. In addition, there’s also the Lord of the Mysteries—the one you often recite…”

As “He” spoke, Adam turned to look at Klein and said in an imitating manner, “The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings.”

…These two seem to have vanished… The outcome of “Their” attempts doesn’t seem too good? Klein hadn’t thought of what he wanted to say when Adam turned “His” head and looked at the second Blasphemy Slate.

“What I can be sure of is that some sefirot cannot be accommodated at the same time.

“In this universe, there is a hidden fourth pillar. It represents everything, including the end of the Great Old Ones and the universe itself. It corresponds to the two sefirot—River of Eternal Darkness and City of Calamity.

“Simply put, if Evernight can become an Eternal Darkness, Singularity of All, Space-Time-in-One, ‘She’ can further occupy

the two pathways of Demoness and Red Priest, encompassing the City of Calamity, and becoming the true fourth pillar. However, when that happens, 'She' will either enter a deep sleep, be passively split apart, or it will cause the entire Universe, including "Her" and us, to be annihilated, starting everything all over again."

Never expected that... Once Above the Sequences level is reached, the symbolism is more important than authority... Adam, no, the ancient sun god's mysticism knowledge is simply too terrifying. As expected of a quasi Great Old One... Klein sighed when he heard that.

He thought and said, "In other words, a demigod from the Sleepless pathway can transfer to the Demoness pathway?"

"That's right." Adam looked straight ahead. "But in that case, there's no way to become a Great Old One, unless one thinks of a way to separate the Beyonder characteristics from before."

As Klein looked up, he read the demigod potion formulas of the Spectator, Sleepless, and Arbiter pathways and changed the topic:

"Where did the potion formula related to the Great Old Ones come from?

"The first Blasphemy Slate didn't seem to contain them... Were they hidden in the different Sequence 0 potions?"

Adam's expression changed slightly, and "His" face seemed to be more radiant.

“After I gained initial control of the omnipotence and omniscience authority, I began to deduce the method and pathway to become a Great Old One. Finally, I found a suitable formula and figured out the different symbolism.

“Unfortunately, at that time, the Primordial One had also awoken inside me…”

Therefore, when the ancient sun god perished, you used a portion of your body and will to create a second Blasphemy Slate? Klein sighed and said, “From now on, there will be light for the apocalypse.”

It also ended the chaotic battle between the deities due to anger, emotions, and other reasons. It initiated the era of working towards becoming Great Old Ones.

Adam maintained “His” previous expression and didn’t say anything.

Klein fell silent. After a few seconds, he suddenly asked, “What kind of humanity did you fabricate in that marionette of mine?”

Adam turned “His” head and said with clear eyes, “He was too tired. He wanted rest and freedom, even if it was only for a few seconds.”

Klein gaped, not knowing how to respond.

“Why didn’t you address him as Gehrman Sparrow, but refer to him as ‘that marionette’?” Adam asked warmly, as though “He” was trying to straighten out the thoughts of a member of “His” congregation.

Klein turned his head to look at “Him,” and suddenly said with a smile, “I’m Gehrman Sparrow. Gehrman Sparrow is a part of me. If I separate them, even if I can escape your divine kingdom, it will be difficult for me to avert the fate of losing control.”

Having said that, Klein paused and looked ahead. He asked in a deep voice, “You only have godhood left?”

…

Rorsted Archipelago, City of Generosity, Bayam.

After returning here, Verdu Abraham learned that the God of War was a rather active existence in the Fourth Epoch. It was possible for “Him” to respond to believers.

Then, he hired a poor person who willingly risked his life to pray to the God of War to confirm that there was no danger.

And the price of all of that was 300 gold pounds.

Now, he received a report that not only was that poor person not dead, he even had some of his wishes fulfilled!

Chapter 1348: Preparation for the Ritual

Blue Mountain Island, within a primitive forest.

Worried that official Beyonders would discover the ritual outside the city, Verdu Abraham, who had finished making preparations, used a Sealed Artifact to “Teleport” away from Bayam and arrived in someplace that was nearly uninhabited.

Rubbing the pain in his ribs, Verdu took off his classic robe and placed it aside.

Following that, he set up an altar, lit the candles, and burnt the correct essential oils, extracts, herbal powder, etc.

After finishing the setup, Verdu took two steps back and lowered his voice to chant in ancient Hermes, “The great God of War;

“The symbol of iron and blood;

“The ruler of chaos and strife…”

A howling wind echoed in the dark forest.

Amidst the rustling of the branches and leaves, two of the candles on the altar suddenly emitted crackling sounds.

The corresponding candle flames rose from the size of a “sapling” to a “towering tree.”

At the same time, the color of the candlelight changed from orange to bright white.

The wind that passed through the forest became even more intense. Two fiery pillars of fire intertwined together, twisting into a blurry and huge figure.

At that moment, Verdu Abraham felt an indescribable gaze cast from high above and onto his body.

He hurriedly bowed his head and said, “Great God of War. Your lowly believer would like to pray for your help.”

As he spoke, he kept adjusting his attitude and tried his best to remain calm.

He knew from his family’s books that the most important thing to take note of when praying to the God of War was to “not be angry.”

The massive figure formed from a blinding white flame constantly spewed out flames as it used a language that Verdu could understand, but had no idea what it was.

“Lowly mortal, a god is not used to satisfy your wishes.

“Speak, say your prayers, and I’ll decide whether to help you in the end.”

Verdu had already drafted out his request, so he said after some thought, “Great God of War, what should I do to make my ancestor, Mr. Door Bethel Abraham, return to the real world?”

“A ritual. Sacrifice a Bizarro Sorcerer, a Secrets Sorcerer, and a Parasite. You should already know about it,” the flaming giant said in a deep and dignified manner.

It’s the same as the answer given by Dorian’s student… Verdu sighed and said,

“Great God of War, what must I pay to request you to complete this ritual for me?”

The flaming giant looked down at the Astrologer and said, “The corresponding price is not something you can afford. Your pale and puny soul isn’t even qualified to be embers.”

Just as Verdu was disappointed and abnormally depressed, the flaming giant continued, “But Mr. Door can.

“Besides, I’m in a good mood today.

“Sacrifice a portion of your blood to me as the mark of the contract. I will request the corresponding price from Mr. Door.”

That’s possible? Verdu subconsciously had his suspicions, but after some thought, he felt that there was nothing wrong with it.

Indeed, only his ancestor, Bethel Abraham, had the right to trade with a secret existence like the God of War!

As for whether Mr. Door was willing to proceed with the deal, Verdu had never considered it. From his point of view, anyone who was in an exiled and sealed state would undoubtedly want to escape, even if they had to pay a huge price!

“Yes, great God of War.” After pondering for a moment, Verdu agreed.

He then changed the ritual and added the sacrifice and bestowment parts of a ritual. He then used a metal dagger to pierce through his arm and let out dark red blood.

When his blood turned into red “pearls” and passed through the Door of Sacrifice and Bestowment, it became extremely dark, as though there were countless monsters lurking in it.

In the next second, an object was spat out from behind the illusory door.

It was a semi-transparent meat blob with slippery tentacles. On the meat blob, twisted maggots crawled out one after another.

Upon seeing the object, Verdu’s head turned dizzy as though large amounts of gunk had been injected into it.

At this moment, a flame landed, enveloping his body, turning his vision red.

With this layer of red light, Verdu no longer suffered any anomalies when looking at the blob of meat.

Right on the heels of that, another object was spat out of the Door of Sacrifice and Bestowment.

It was a bird with a deformed head. Every feather shimmered with a faint stellar radiance. Strands of insect-like brilliance drilled into its body and occasionally emanated out.

Worm of Stars… Is this a monster with a Secrets Sorcerer's Beyonder characteristic? The previous one corresponds to a Bizarro Sorcerer… Indeed, Secrets Sorcerer and Bizarro Sorcerer are only names of potions. They aren't just referring to humans. It's the same with the title of demigods. Unless the term half-man is added to the title… Verdu has a deep understanding of his pathway, allowing him to understand the current situation.

And this meant that the ritual to help Mr. Door escape could be done by sacrificing demigod monsters of the Seer, Apprentice, and Marauder pathways. Furthermore, there was no need for Verdu to do it himself. The great God of War had already prepared everything.

This made it difficult for Verdu to suppress the joy in his heart. He looked at the Door of Sacrifice and Bestowment light with great anticipation, waiting for the third sacrifice to be spat out.

In just a second, an object flew out from the darkness behind the door and landed on the altar.

It was an unconscious crow. Of course, it only looked like a crow. Its right eye had a ring of black, and its feathers were almost transparent. On it were rings.

A monster corresponding to Parasite… Verdu was delighted as he sincerely praised the great God of War.

…

Inside the corpse cathedral.

"You only have godhood left?" Klein asked in a low voice as he

looked at the huge cross in front of him.

He felt that using a certain identity or a particular persona to revive definitely had problems. Even if the identity, the persona, had a real body, real Beyonder characteristics, and a certain level of self-awareness, it still wouldn't be nearly perfect.

And Adam's behavior had deepened his suspicions.

Sitting beside him, Adam, who was dressed in a simple white robe, didn't show any change in expression. "He" maintained "His" composure when preaching.

"Yes.

"I'll only be complete if I fuse with 'True.'"

Indeed... Klein sighed and said, "Although the True Creator is an embodiment of negative personalities and extreme emotions, 'He' has also inherited your humanity?"

"That's why 'He' went mad." Adam appeared to be speaking about a stranger.

Klein thought for a moment before interpreting the remaining contents of the second Blasphemy Slate. He asked, "If the two of you really fuse as one, who among you will take center stage?"

"This is what we have been competing for after we awakened," Adam said as "He" released the hand holding the silver cross pendant.

Therefore, you obtained the first Blasphemy Slate through Amon, hoping to use it to gain control of the Chaos Sea and gain the upper hand? Klein was enlightened as he nodded with a frown.

"All of you seem to have a tacit understanding regarding this matter. The True Creator has never made an issue out of your identity or used external forces to deal with you."

"This is between us," Adam replied calmly.

Klein fell silent for a few seconds before staring at the Blasphemy Slate.

"I have a nagging feeling that the Red Angel's death and many of the things that happened during the Fourth Epoch weren't that simple."

Klein kept asking and probing. Apart from trying to understand more secrets and gain more knowledge, he was stalling for time and maintaining their present interaction.

Compared to being hypnotized by Adam and turning muddle-headed, or sleeping directly, he wished to stay awake.

With this in mind, Klein lowered his head to look at the blood-stained wooden stake embedded in his chest. He felt that the pain it brought was so real.

"Why do you say that?" Adam asked in return, as if "He" would begin praying at any moment.

Klein deliberated over his words and said, "Before the Black

Emperor returned, the Solomon Empire only had one true god, the True Creator, and the Red Priest's Uniqueness. The nobles and powers who supported Alista Tudor occupied the four Uniquenesses of Visionary, Door, Error, The Fool. Together, even adding on the King of Angels Ouroboros, 'They' wouldn't be able to fend off the six orthodox deities like Evernight and company. Furthermore, 'They' still had the Justiciar Uniqueness on hand...

"In such a situation, even if you didn't plan on scheming to target the Red Angel, no one will suspect you. Of course, a crazy Blood Emperor might be more useful to you."

Adam's gaze remained unchanged as "He" stared at the huge cross.

"You don't understand because you don't know enough.

"In the Fourth Epoch, apart from the three great empires and the true deities and Kings of Angels behind them, there were also the Demoness Sect and the Moses Ascetic Order. There was also the Abyss's infiltration and secretly developed Artisans, as well as the Southern Continent's Balam.

"And that wasn't all. In addition, there were many crucial factors at stake."

Klein nodded thoughtfully and said, "For example, the conflict between the six deities?"

Adam smiled warmly and said, "More than that."

Without waiting for Klein to ask further, Adam added calmly, "You should have been to Bansy."

Klein's heart stirred as he opened his mouth but didn't say a word.

Adam continued, "In addition, after I perished, the invasion on reality by the Outer Deities clearly deepened."

...

In the ancient palace above the fog.

Due to the lack of response to the prayer light representing Bernadette, it kept expanding and contracting, emitting rippling halos.

This provoked the vortex formed by the transparent maggots. It frantically flailed its slippery tentacles and lashed towards that direction.

After repeated misses, one of the tentacles touched the correct prayer light.

Chapter 1349: Door

After Bernadette received no response, she held the Magic Wishing Lamp and walked to the window in the captain's cabin to take in the deep blue sea.

She wasn't impatient, nor did she attempt to use her powers of prophecy, patiently waiting for any further developments.

After a few minutes, a grayish-white fog suddenly appeared in front of her eyes.

Right on the heels of that, the fog was dyed golden, as though it was coated with a layer of sticky syrup.

Bernadette immediately bowed her head and looked at the Magic Wishing Lamp in her hand. She saw that the wick at the mouth of the lamp had automatically ignited itself.

Above the gray fog, in the ancient palace, beside The Fool's chair, the prayer light, which was the size of a human head, was instantly occupied by a distorted, blurry golden figure.

The figure's gaze penetrated the prayer light and penetrated the grayish-white fog, looking at the "maggot vortex" that was attempting to destroy everything around it.

"His" voice immediately reverberated within Sefirah Castle, dignified and grand:

"You actually lost control?"

The tone of Genie was clearly mocking; “He” didn’t care whether the crazy Worms of Spirit could understand “Him.”

At this moment, a strange door of light formed from countless balls of light appeared above the chair of The Fool that had already collapsed.

It was faintly discernible and emitted a bright light, forming a complicated symbol in midair.

This symbol originally existed behind The Fool’s chair, formed from the Pupil-less Eye and the Contorted Lines.

As the symbol took form, the strange light became fainter and eventually completely fused into this space.

In the next second, Klein’s voice came from the symbol representing The Fool:

“Genie, I want to make a deal with you.”

The blurry and distorted figure immediately laughed.

“Haha, I said that you would eventually agree.”

After laughing for a few seconds, Genie calmed down and said, “I was just wondering how is it possible for the new owner of Sefirah Castle to so easily lose control.”

“This was a preparation I made for the worst-case scenario.” The voice in the symbol of The Fool wasn’t impatient at all.

Genie laughed and said, “Aren’t you afraid that I’ll raise the price at the last minute?”

Klein replied unhurriedly, “This is just one of my preparations, but for you, it might be the only chance for many years.”

Genie’s light-gold figure swayed as though it had been blown by a gust of wind as a grand voice sounded:

“My condition is the same as before. As long as you can remove the seal and release me, I will take what belongs to me back to the cosmos. I will leave the rest to you and grant you three wishes.

“Of course, from the looks of it, you seem to need my advance payment.”

Klein’s voice sounded again from the symbol of The Fool:

“The promise I’ll give you is to send the Magic Wishing Lamp into the cosmos before the end of 1368 in this epoch Age. As for how you get out of your predicament, that is your own problem. My request is even simpler, and I only need two wishes.

“This is the deal I’m talking about. Whether you agree with it is up to you.”

1368 was the year when the Oldest One’s barrier disappeared. It was acknowledged by the world’s prophets as the apocalypse.

The blurry and distorted figure fell silent for a few seconds before saying, “If you don’t remove the seal, the wishes I can

grant will be very limited. Once it exceeds a certain level, it will be granted in an extremely twisted fashion."

Inside the symbol of The Fool that was cast with a brilliant light, Klein's calm voice sounded:

"You can fulfill the two wishes I need now."

Genie fell silent again and didn't speak for a long time.

...

Bayam, inside the primitive forest.

Verdu, who was burning up both internally and externally, didn't waste any time. According to the God of War's instructions, he modified the altar and engraved the correct symbols, magic labels, and strange patterns.

He was originally worried that the three demigod monsters would suddenly wake up, but when the ritual was ready, the sacrificial items remained unconscious, unable to resist.

After placing the squirming meat blob, the deformed star bird, and the white raven with a dark eye circle onto the right spot, Verdu looked at the only candle on the altar and lit it.

Then, he took a few steps back and chanted solemnly in Jotun, "Great Door of All Doors;

"Guide of the endless cosmos;

“Key to all mysterious worlds.”

“I pray for your response, praying for you to descend into this world…”

Before he could finish his sentence, three loud bangs sounded from the altar.

The three demigod monsters that corresponded to Bizarro Sorcerer, Secrets Sorcerer, and Parasite seemed to be being held by an invisible hand. They only struggled slightly before exploding, turning into blobs of flesh and blood that shimmered with different colors.

The flesh and blood seemed to have a life of its own. Under the guidance of some indescribable force, they gathered in the air, forming strange and filthy symbols.

Countless symbols combined together, forming a huge door that was still squirming like flesh and blood, one that was more than five meters tall.

The door stood on the altar. It was pitch black inside, and it was unknown where it went.

Flames from the candle representing Mr. Door suddenly soared, illuminating the entire Door of Flesh and Blood, illuminating the darkness within.

In the darkness, there were tiny balls of stellar light condensing into spherical lights. On closer inspection, they looked like strange insects with bent bodies.

The spherical light rapidly rose, forming a gigantic arm that passed through the Doors of Flesh and Blood.

This arm, which clearly didn't belong to a human, pressed against the altar and forcefully squeezed out, causing the entire Door of Blood and Flesh to shake. Even the forest and the entire island began to shake as though it was an earthquake.

Verdu watched this scene happily, and his vision suddenly blurred.

Pa!

Something fell from his face into the bushes.

Verdu subconsciously lowered his head and saw an eye with bulging blood vessels rolling around.

Pa, *Pa*, *Pa*. His nose, ears, and remaining eye, as well as his muscles, plopped to the ground one after another, each seeping with a stellar radiance.

Thump!

His body collapsed as his flesh and blood completely collapsed.

At that moment, the arm finally squeezed through the Door of Flesh and Blood and attempted to pull out the rest of its body.

Boom!

In the darkness behind the door, thick lightning bolts formed a storm and descended, but they were swallowed by the sudden appearance of a blood-colored tide.

Finally, a gigantic figure formed from pure spherical lights passed through the Door of Flesh and Blood.

In the next second, the spherical light began to collapse and fold, as though they were going to undergo a qualitative change. Following that, dark cracks appeared out of the void in the surrounding forest.

These cracks directly engulfed the different parts of the trees, turning them into strange shapes.

At the same time, a hurricane from unknown origins blew out from a crack and swept in all directions. The entire Blue Mountain Island that Bayam was on trembled as though it was about to sink.

Inside the Cathedral of Waves, Alger Wilson, who was vexed over failing to monitor Verdu after he “Teleported,” suddenly heard the sounds of doors opening.

Every door in the city was opened automatically at this moment.

This… Alger turned his head and looked into the forest outside the city that seemed to be the source of the anomaly.

Thud!

The moment the door opened, Derrick, who had been woken up

by the earthquake, frowned.

Creak! Creak! Creak!

In the cities like Backlund, Trier, and St. Millom, all things that could be called doors opened.

...

Above the gray fog, in the half-collapsed ancient palace, the crazy maggot vortex instinctively attacked the light-gold figure and The Fool symbol, but nothing came out of it.

After nearly a minute, Genie suddenly chuckled.

"You really aren't 'Him.' Otherwise, I'd have distorted the promise you made just now and made 'His' seal be removed automatically."

"This effect can only be achieved by twisting the original owner's words? You previously used this method to realize that I'm not the Lord of the Mysteries?" Klein's voice sounded from the symbol of The Fool.

Genie scoffed and said, "I have at least ten ways to verify that it's 'Him.'"

Without waiting for Klein's reply, the pale-gold figure smiled and said, "You don't seem like you can maintain this state for too long. Alright, the deal has been made. After I complete your two wishes, you must send the Magic Wishing Lamp into the cosmos before 1368 of this epoch."

Genie's voice gradually turned solemn, as if "He" was proclaiming a law.

At that moment, "He" seemed to have established a particular rule based on this deal. There was no need to worry that Klein would go back on his word in the future.

"If you can't fulfill this promise, even if you become the Lord of the Mysteries, you will perish and split," warned the Genie as he asked, "Tell me your two wishes. Take note. Don't involve higher-level Beyonder characteristics, and don't exceed the limit of my present powers. Otherwise, the wish will be granted in a distorted way. This is a rule that has been set. I can't violate it now."

In the symbol of The Fool that was outlined by the bright light, Klein's voice calmly said, "The first wish: The two wishes that Bernadette Gustav previously made are to be brought under my name. This should be very simple for you."

Genie immediately said with a smile, "Indeed, you want to make use of the terrible outcome from making a third wish to deal with your current predicament. Not bad, this is something that stems from my level. I will satisfy your wish and let you die in pain."

Klein's voice sounded again:

"The second wish: Let my Utopia give rise to a corresponding region in the spirit world. This doesn't involve the advancement of a Sequence, nor does it have anything to do with higher-level Beyonder characteristics. You can definitely do it."

Genie's light-gold figure wavered before "He" said with a smile, "Your wish will be granted."

…

Inside the corpse cathedral.

Klein touched the bloody wooden stake on his chest, as though he was considering how to get it out.

During this process, he casually asked Adam, “You didn’t attempt to become a god in the Fourth Epoch because you didn’t obtain 0-08?”

“It was one factor. More importantly, there were still many latent dangers that haven’t been resolved at that time.” Adam looked at the huge cross in front of “Him” with a warm gaze.

Klein turned his head to the side and looked at the Visionary and said, “For example, during that period, the remnant will of the Primordial One was still very strong…”

Before he finished his sentence, a large amount of bright-red blood flowed down Klein’s head.

However, the corner of his lips curled up slightly.

Chapter 1350: Wish

Adam turned “His” head and looked at Klein. “His” limpid, light-colored eyes reflected the face that was stained with blood.

“His” expression remained unchanged, and there was a hint of pity in its warmth. It was as if a god was looking down upon the world.

Klein smiled at “Him” as his head cracked apart.

This trend on his body caused him to collapse into a pool of blood.

In the pool of blood were his clothing, the blood-soaked stake, and an ancient mirror.

In the corpse cathedral, in the divine kingdom of Visionary Adam, Klein had died a strange death.

Adam, dressed in a simple white robe, looked at the scene before “Him” with gentleness and calmness. It was unknown if “He” had expected it or if “He” had avoided having any emotions.

In the ancient palace above the fog.

That crazy maggot vortex instantly stopped as they broke apart into numerous frozen, dead Worms of Spirit.

In the next second, these Worms of Spirit turned illusory as they became stained with grayish-white as though they had fused into the fog of history.

Then, they came back to life. As they shimmered with a dark glow, they gathered together.

In just a few seconds, the Worms of Spirit reassembled into a figure. It was Klein Moretti, who had black hair, brown eyes, and a formal suit.

With the return of the owner of Sefirah Castle, the destroyed mottled table and the twenty-two high-back chairs rapidly restored to normal. The junk scattered all over the floor was piled up again.

Klein picked up the Staff of the Stars embedded with various gems and sat on the seat belonging to The Fool.

The entire space above the gray fog quaked as boundless and mighty invisible forces surged out.

Klein immediately nodded at the golden figure that occupied Bernadette's prayer.

"I will fulfill my promise."

Genie laughed and said, "It looks like you haven't inherited 'His' cunningness and shamelessness. Very good."

As soon as "He" said that, the blurry and distorted golden figure rapidly receded, no longer projecting itself on Bernadette's prayer

light.

"Well done." As Klein separated a Worm of Spirit to respond to Queen Mystic's prayers, he lowered his head and made a wish to himself. "I wish to be restored to how I was like before tonight."

When his main body died, he had only taken away the core portion of the Miracle Invoker Beyonder characteristic, leaving behind the remains in Adam's corpse cathedral. He was unable to retrieve them.

Of course, Klein still had a large portion of the characteristics in the Worms of Spirit in his body above the gray fog and the remaining marionettes in Utopia. Zaratul didn't need any additional Beyonder characteristics, nor did "He" want them to end up affecting "His" condition. Therefore, "He" didn't directly use the law of convergence of Beyonder characteristics to suck all the characteristics of the same pathway in Utopia. "He" collected them using a different method which was relatively slow and would require a certain amount of time.

After making this wish, Klein summoned the "curtain," draped it behind him, and snapped his fingers.

Inside the junk pile, the Seer pathway's Sequence 9 and 3 Beyonder characteristics that were separated from the "curtain" previously floated up at the same time, transforming into pure light dots that drilled into Klein's body.

His condition instantly returned to the time when he was almost done digesting the Miracle Invoker potion. Apart from the lack of a physical body, he was no different from when he was attacked.

Right on the heels of that, Klein cast his gaze at Utopia, which was closely connected to him.

...

Inside Utopia, the hooded, black-robed Zaratul, whose face was covered in white whiskers, stood on the roof of Saint Arianna Cathedral. Beside him were Roselle Gustav's, William Augustus's, and Abomination Suah's historical projection. "They" patiently waited for the door to the corpse cathedral to open and for Gehrman Sparrow to walk out.

He controlled some of "His" marionettes, dealing with a few of the mutated Utopian marionettes, leaving the remaining portion of marionettes which remained normal to the end.

At that moment, dense, illusory Spirit Body Threads suddenly floated up from the rigid Utopian marionettes into an infinitely high height away.

They instantly came to life and turned around, looking at Zaratul and "His" historical projections.

The pairs of eyes sparkled in the darkness.

At the same time, a huge shadow descended from the faint grayish-white fog, enveloping the entirety of Utopia.

Zaratul and "His" historical projections instinctively raised "Their" heads and looked up at the sky that suffused a faint gray fog.

"Sealing is prohibited here." In the next second, William Augustine's historical projection raised the sword in "His" right hand and solemnly made an announcement.

The shadow that enveloped Utopia immediately shook as many gaps appeared. It was unable to completely isolate the marionette town from the outside world.

Roselle Gustav's historical projection immediately transformed into a torrent of information that surged towards Klein's remaining marionettes in an attempt to interfere with their movements. As for the historical projection of Abomination Suah, it attacked the shadow that appeared like a curtain in a bid to expand the corresponding gaps.

Zaratul extended "His" hand and "Grafted" the void in front of "Him" to another island in the Berserk Sea that "He" had previously fixed.

Following that, as long as "He" took a step forward, "He" would be able to leave Utopia.

At that moment, Klein's marionettes snatched the opportunity before the torrent of information entered their Spirit Bodies. At the same time, they opened their mouths and chanted in Jotun, "Leodero!"

In the Forsaken Land of the Gods, with the remnant divine powers of a Tyrant, Klein could directly trigger the power of a deity based on this name alone, but that wasn't the case in the outside world. As for whether or not "He" wanted to punish the fellow for calling out "His" true name, it was decided by the Lord of Storms.

Klein had his marionettes recite the honorific name at the same time only to get the Lord of Storms to cast "His" gaze over.

As one of the members of the five pathways of Omnipotence and Omniscience, the Lord of Storms was probably one of the true

deities that didn't wish for Adam's plot to succeed. If Amon became the Lord of the Mysteries, the King of Space-Time, this Tyrant would be in a very dangerous situation. "He" would have to constantly worry that the son of the Creator would deal with "Him" and help Adam or the True Creator to ascend to the position of the Lord of the Astral World.

Therefore, compared to the Evernight Goddess and Earth Mother, Lord of Storms, Eternal Blazing Sun, and the God of Knowledge and Wisdom were probably the existences who didn't wish to see Adam and Amon succeed.

If there was a chance, Klein planned on getting his marionettes to continue shouting "Aucuses" and "Herabergen"!

Utopia's surroundings instantly turned gloomy, as if it contained the indescribable wrath of nature.

Before Zaratul could take that step, the night sky instantly produced different colors of lightning. They bared their fangs and brandished their claws as they wantonly expanded. They seemed to envelop the entire sky in a sea of lightning.

Boom! Boom! Before the deafening sounds could be heard, the lightning blasted like a torrential rain at Utopia.

...

The Rorsted Archipelago, New City of Silver, the top of the spire.

Derrick Berg, who was looking at the source of the earthquake, heard the sound of doors and windows opening at the same time. Furthermore, it repeated thousands of times.

Although it didn't bring him any direct danger, the bizarre change still made Derrick very wary.

With some hesitation, he prepared to seek out the current Chief, Waite Chirmont, and suggest using the god-level Sealed Artifact, Proof of Glory. He wanted to first protect the New City of Silver and the nearby New Moon City. Then, he decided to pray to Mr. Fool based on the progress of the anomaly.

Just as he turned around and walked to the door, Waite Chirmont, who had a dark-blue symbol engraved on his head, walked out from the corridor's light. He said in a deep voice, "The seal underground has failed."

The seal has failed... Derrick instinctively believed that it had something to do with the anomaly in Blue Mountain Island.

Compared to doors and windows opening, the consequences of the seal's failure were extremely terrifying!

"Immediately use the Proof of Glory!" Derrick said without hesitation.

This was a god-level Sealed Artifact that could be used for a short period of time. It had once helped the City of Silver avert repeated disasters in the Forsaken Land of the Gods, allowing them to persist until the present era and obtain salvation.

Derrick's thoughts were very clear. He was using the Proof of Glory to suppress the other god-level Sealed Artifact—Gift of the Land. The suppression effect would soon affect the saint-level Sealed Artifacts that would have negative effects on the surroundings.

Waite Chirmont didn't say anything else. He immediately made up his mind and brought Derrick underground using the light as concealment.

Proof of Glory required at least two saints before it could be utilized. This was also the reason why Waite Chirmont didn't immediately head underground and came to find Derrick first. Of course, if he wanted to make use of it simply, there were tricks to do so, but he had to be prepared in advance to brand the corresponding mark on his body.

...

Bayam, Cathedral of Waves.

A bolt of lightning shot into Alger Wilson's room, turning into a hurried voice.

"Your Eminence, most of the underground seals have failed! Only certain items remain in a balanced state thanks to their effects!"

Alger's brows twitched as he combined it with the phenomena of opening doors and windows in Bayam City happening at the same time. He sensed that something was amiss.

He immediately said to the void, "All of you immediately form groups of three. Take out the Grade 2 and 3 Sealed Artifacts that won't cause immediate danger, or those with living characteristics from underground to prevent any chain reactions."

This way, the underground area would become uninhabited. The dangerous Sealed Artifacts wouldn't be able to cause casualties

within a short period of time.

With the passage of time, when the anomaly of the seals losing their effects passed, the Mandated Punishers would have the time to deal with the items.

However, the premise was that they hadn't lost control of the three Grade 1 Sealed Artifacts.

Once there was a problem with them, the negative effects would soon affect the entirety of Bayam.

However, with the seal no longer working, it was very difficult for the three items to remain without problems.

The first thought that flashed through Alger's mind was to bring along the one whose negative effects had the greatest range. Then, using his own powers to make temporary restrictions, he would fly to the sea and away from Bayam.

This wasn't too dangerous for him for a short period of time. After all, he was a demigod. The biggest problem was that the remaining two Grade 1 Sealed Artifacts would undoubtedly cause serious damage to Bayam.

At least I did my best... Alger felt that this method was safe and could handle the subsequent investigations from the Church of the Lord of Storms. It was pretty good.

His gaze subconsciously looked out of the window. It corresponded to the few schools and the workhouses near the cathedral.

Alger retracted his gaze and fell silent for two seconds before sighing. He continued, “Leave the rest to me.”

His words transformed into electric waves that transformed into silver lightning that flew underground.

Chapter 1351: Seizing The Opportunity

While transmitting information to the Mandated Punishers, Alger quickly came up with a plan in his mind:

He was to immediately pray to the Lord of Storms, hoping to obtain the Lord's blessings or help. Then, he would immediately rush underground and use his Beyonder powers to forcefully suppress the three Grade 1 Sealed Artifacts inside Azure Gate.

During this process, if the Lord of Storms responded to his prayers, or if the abnormality regarding the seal's ended in time, there was naturally no need for him to consider any other response. However, if neither of the two outcomes occurred, and he began to find it difficult to handle the situation, then he would seek Mr. Fool's help.

To Alger, once he had to do so, no matter what method he used or how he concealed it, it would be difficult for him to escape the fate of being suspected. After all, it was unbelievable for a single person to suppress three Grade 1 Sealed Artifacts single-handedly.

When the time came, his only option was to immediately abandon his post after the abnormality ended or the seal began working again. His departure would waste all his years of diligence and hard work, causing him to lose his post as cardinal which he had painstakingly obtained.

However, compared to his own life, this was a price he was willing to pay.

As for the consequences resulting in him almost not having any

chance of obtaining the Book of Calamity, Alger didn't care about it at the moment. He was still a great distance from considering such problems. Of course, as a demigod of the Church of Storms and a cardinal, he believed that he was definitely under the watch of the Lord of Storms. After abandoning his job and escaping, he needed the protection of other existences to survive. Otherwise, his outcome would be unimaginable.

And regarding this matter, he could only rely on Mr. Fool.

Taking a deep breath, Alger quickly chanted.

"The King ruling over the Skies, the Emperor who controls the Seas, the Great God of Storms, I pray for your watch and pray for your blessings."

After chanting, Alger reached out with his hand, bringing with him a hurricane as he flew underground.

About ten seconds later, outside the Cathedral of Waves, there was a tidal wave that surged into the air.

The blue sea water poured down, enveloping the cathedral in a thick barrier.

Inside the barrier, silver bolts of lightning flashed as they drilled underground.

...

Rumble!

The lightning struck down like torrential rain, illuminating all of Utopia, illuminating more than half of the Berserk Sea.

At that moment, a pitch-black cathedral with many embedded skulls appeared in midair.

It was situated above Zaratul, and drew all the surrounding lightning towards it, causing bolts of lightning to snake across the countless white skulls, causing the stained glass to reflect a bright light.

Rumble!

In the places Adam's corpse cathedral couldn't shelter, Zaratul's marionettes, Abomination Suah's historical projection, as well as Klein's marionettes, were instantly obliterated by the tempestuous lightning. Then, they either vanished or were reduced to tiny marks.

Even Roselle Gustav's historical projection that had turned into a flux of information wasn't spared. A strong electromagnetic hurricane wreaked havoc in this city, destroying all information structures.

Taking advantage of the moment the Visionary was fending off the Tyrant, Zaratul took a step forward and entered the void ahead.

And this void was connected to another island—one "He" had previously set in the Berserk Sea—using "His" Beyonder powers of an Attendant of Mysteries. The distance between the two was reduced to zero.

The black-robed, hooded Zaratul quickly vanished into the void illuminated by lightning. But in the next second, “He” didn’t appear on the distant island, but above the Irises Hotel in Utopia.

Just a moment ago, when Zaratul was stunned by the might of the storm, Klein, who was in Sefirah Castle, took the opportunity to use the “curtain” that was draped over his body and used the power of the sefirah to forcefully “Graft” the void in front of his target to the Irises Hotel. He had secretly changed Zaratul’s key arrangement.

This was the suppression effect of a King of Angels against a Sequence 1 angel of the same pathway.

Rumble!

The ceaseless lightning smote down, enveloping Zaratul, who had long and white whiskers on “His” face.

Zaratul’s pitch-black eyes didn’t show any change in expression. “His” body rapidly faded and disappeared in the bolts of lightning.

“He” had only come in the form of a Historical Void projection.

“His” true body was hiding in a particular fragment in the fog of history.

Sitting in The Fool’s chair, Klein immediately cast his gaze at the grayish-white fog below him, as well as the countless spots of light in the fog.

He was temporarily unable to find Zaratul because the latter definitely used a secret fragment of history that only “He” or a very small number of existences knew. However, being unable to find “Him” didn’t mean that Klein could only watch and patiently wait until Zaratul reached “His” limits and was unable to stay in the fog of history. As the owner of Sefirah Castle and an existence with the level of a King of Angels, Klein’s preliminary control of the sefirah was already enough to complete many things.

In the next second, Klein opened the box and summoned The Fool card, accommodating it inside his body.

In the blink of an eye, he transformed into The Fool who wore colorful clothes and a gorgeous headdress. He exuded a deep, terrifying aura, as well as a somewhat ridiculous feeling. The entire Sefirah Castle began to shake gently.

Tak!

The Fool Klein held the end of the Staff of the Stars in his right hand and struck the edge of the long mottled table.

In the real world, grayish-white fog appeared, one that had a faintly-visible ancient palace situated high above.

In the ancient and majestic palace, a strange light formed from countless spherical lights quickly outlined itself, emitting an invisible and terrifying suction force.

The fog of history instantly boiled as Zaratul’s figure quickly appeared in a spot where Klein hadn’t lit up. “He” was hoisted up without being able to stop it.

Law of Beyonder characteristics convergence!

With the help of Sefirah Castle, Klein projected the convergence power of Beyonder characteristics into the fog of history!

At this moment, Zaratul's black-robed and hooded figure collapsed and became a pale paper figurine.

"His" true body appeared on another island in the Berserk Sea. "He" quickly used the Attendant of Mysteries Beyonder powers to connect the convergence inclination effect to various paper figurines.

Seizing the opportunity given to "Him" by the paper figurines, Zaratul quickly made a wish:

"I wish for my Beyonder characteristic to temporarily calm down."

Just as "He" finished speaking and pressed "His" palms together, "He" had already caught sight of "His" fulfilled wish. This allowed "Him" to escape the suction force from Sefirah Castle, The Fool card, and the Attendant of Mysteries Beyonder characteristic collective.

At the same time, "He" took a step back and accurately stepped on a milky-white rock.

The stone had long been connected to somewhere else by "Him," and had been solidified in some form.

As Zaratul stepped down, "His" figure instantly vanished. It was

unknown where “He” had gone, but the stone seemed to experience extreme weathering as it disintegrated.

The Fool Klein cast his gaze down from an infinite height and scanned his surroundings, but he couldn’t find Zaratul.

This meant that the other party had left his line of sight.

Without any hesitation, Klein immediately placed his focus on something else.

He had already made all the gems on the Staff of the Stars light up as he simulated the Marauder pathway’s ability to deceive rules. He changed the location of his body’s revival to a marionette that wasn’t in Utopia.

Previously, a few residents of Utopia had gone to other cities for various reasons. By going there, they would further deepen their relationship with the real world. Klein had chosen a travel enthusiast. He was now in a particular mountain range.

As the second half of his “resurrection” was carried out, Klein took out The Fool card. He summoned the nine unique spirit world specialties he had prepared previously and placed them together with the “curtain.”

Right on the heels of that, he used the Staff of the Stars to activate the power of Sefirah Castle and once again simulated the powers of the Marauder pathway’s ability to deceive the rules, allowing the nine spirit world specialties and that “curtain” to “become” a part of his body.

In the next second, countless fragments of light appeared around

the marionette that was halfway up the mountain.

And inside the marionette's body, a Worm of Spirit flew out. It kept fracturing and fused with the fragments of light.

Soon, the fragments of light condensed into a ball of light as it solidified into Klein's figure.

Just as Klein's figure finished outlining, he turned into transparent maggots that scattered in all directions, allowing the "curtain" and the nine spirit world specialties to drop to the ground.

Then, the Worms of Spirit completed the reassembly process, and part of them turned into a half top hat, a shirt, a vest, a formal suit, and trousers.

Klein didn't waste any time. He immediately grabbed the "curtain" and the specialties of the spirit world and began to carefully concoct the potion.

To him, this was the best time to advance to Attendant of Mysteries.

On the one hand, the effects of the ritual had been completed with the help of the Genie. This wouldn't last long, and it would gradually disappear. On the other hand, Adam, who was most likely to destroy his ritual, was being suppressed by the Lord of Storms and had no time to interfere.

If he were to consume the potion and advance to Sequence 1 at any other time, Klein was really worried that Visionary Adam would make use of the sea of collective subconscious to inject a

negative emotion into him at a critical moment. That way, losing control was inevitable.

The reason why he had called Leodero wasn't to deal with Zaratul, but to hold back the true god, Adam!

During the Attendant of Mysteries ritual, there was no way to use the power of Sefirah Castle to produce a nascent form of a divine kingdom in advance, isolating Klein from the outside world. This would result in the ritual being unable to establish a connection with the corresponding region in the spirit world, resulting in failure.

In less than ten seconds, a potion that was as dark as the night sea appeared in Klein's palm. At the same time, the figure left in Sefirah Castle snapped his fingers, granting the small number of wishes accumulated in the prayer lights and the crimson stars, allowing him to digest the last bit of his Miracle Invoker potion.

The figure inside Sefirah Castle immediately faded away, allowing Klein's body to become complete so that he could consume the potion in his best condition.

As the lightning lit up the sea once again, Klein raised his right hand and brought the bottle that came from his marionette to his mouth. He gulped down the potion that was as light as air.

Chapter 1352: Attendant of Mysteries

As the Attendant of Mysteries potion entered his body, Klein immediately felt a burgeoning feeling.

In the blink of an eye, he lost his perception of his body and Worms of Spirit. He watched helplessly as they dissipated and fused into the spirit world that couldn't be described with ordinary words or common sense. It was as though he was about to disintegrate into abstract and random pieces of information.

At that moment, Klein only barely maintained his consciousness and had self-awareness.

Just like that, "he" floated in the spirit world filled with countless strange figures. After losing the ability to sense his body and Beyonder characteristics, he began to experience all kinds of thoughts, information, knowledge, symbols, and labels. He completely lost himself and was teetering on the border of fusing with the spirit world.

If this continued, Klein would definitely be completely lost, but at this moment, there was a connection between the spirit world and his consciousness.

That place corresponded to a town. The people inside lived ordinary lives. They had their own names, their stories, and their fates. They intertwined with each other, bringing about complete information in the spirit world, which was the concept of abstractness.

This town was eventually destroyed by a calamity and buried in

the dust of history.

Klein dispersed like a mist, almost fusing into the spirit world's body. Under the guidance of fate, he fused with the spirit world projection of the different Utopian marionettes, allowing him to become corporeal again.

...

Bayam, deep underground in the Cathedral of Waves, in a room that was no longer sealed.

Alger extended his hands and pressed down on the door in front of him.

The surface of the door was blue in color, with numerous mysterious and odd reliefs protruding out.

It was ajar, and there was no light behind the door. It was unknown which world it was connected to.

The darkness seemed to have a life of its own. At this moment, a stream of water silently surged out, eroding the surrounding area.

Bang!

Alger's feet exerted strength, causing the ground to crack and spew out scarlet—nearly white—lava.

This was a "calamity" he had created. His goal was to prevent the

darkness from advancing.

However, after the surging lava entered the darkness, it disappeared without a trace.

The darkness shrank back a little and paused for a second before continuing its corrosion.

Boom!

Alger continuously created hurricanes, torrential rain, and lightning calamities, blocking the darkness again and again.

He held the Azure Gate firmly with both hands, not letting it open further.

If he were to only face this Grade 1 Sealed Artifact, Alger would've been completely fine. He would even have the capacity to attempt sealing it, but at that moment, he still had two similarly dangerous items around him.

This forced him to sing loudly. He used the melody of death to influence his surroundings and disrupt the operations of the other Sealed Artifacts. Then, he built a wall formed from blue seawater beside him.

However, the wall was slowly being dyed grayish-white, as if it had been petrified.

Yet, the pandemonium didn't yield as it extended towards Alger's body.

I can last for at most thirty seconds. The Lord of Storms hasn't responded the entire time... Thoughts raced through Alger's mind as he suppressed his unwillingness and reluctance. He quickly made a decision.

Without any hesitation, he immediately accentuated a hexagonal crystalline snowflake on his palm.

This was the mark left behind after he participated in the Tarot Club for the first time. It could substitute the reciting of an honorific name, and allow Mr. Fool to cast "His" gaze over.

...

Blue Mountain Island, within the primitive forest.

At the Door of Flesh and Blood, spherical lights collapsed and converged in an attempt to undergo a qualitative change. They seemed to form a body consisting of a series of doors. The body wore the blood-colored tidal wave as its robe as its body constantly warped and changed, reflecting different regions and planets.

At this moment, a blinding ray of sunlight shone through the darkness. It descended from the astral world and melted everything it encountered along the way.

Other than this ray of sunlight, an inscrutable darkness of the night surged over, attempting to devour Mr. Door Bethel Abraham who was seeking to advance to Sequence 0.

The land where the altar was quaked violently, tearing open a huge hole in a bid to devour the Door of Flesh and Blood and

Bethel Abraham to fall deep into the core and face the Chaos Sea that contained all possible colors and possibilities.

Following that, a blurry light seeped out from the void and enveloped the forest, attempting to restore the basic structure of the trees, mud, and altar.

And at the only gap in the light, a pair of brass-colored eyes emerged.

They stared at the Door of Flesh and Blood and Bethel Abraham, hoping to reflect them into their eyes.

Mr. Door let out a low roar, causing his blood-colored robe to flare up.

The robe connected to the evil tide that surged behind the Door of Flesh and Blood, spreading out to the crimson moonlight.

The moment it touched the moonlight, the inscrutable night that could not be seen gathered on its own. It stretched out its limbs and head, turning into a shadowy female human.

It possessed its own life, and its consciousness was no longer controlled by its user.

Without any exception, the blinding sunlight transformed into a young man wearing fiery armor. The shaking ground grew eyes and closed its mouth. The screen that was transformed from a faint light revealed terrifying facial features. Around the brass-colored eyes, eyelashes emerged, transforming into wings.

These obstructions and interferences fell into chaos, giving Mr. Door a chance for a breather.

Seizing this opportunity, “He” entered the final step of becoming a god.

At that moment, the Door of Flesh and Blood suddenly collapsed and covered Mr. Door’s body, making “Him” seem to turn into another person.

…

Klein’s body seemed to dissociate into countless people. They had their own preferences, their personalities, their determination, and their fates. They lived in a town known as Utopia.

These people quickly lived their short lifespans, waking up under the heavy storm. They came to their senses and realized what their identity was in essence.

It was Zhou Mingrui, and also Klein Moretti. They were also Sherlock Moriarty, Gehrman Sparrow, Dwayne Dantès, and Merlin Hermes.

One thing could have many names, but its nature wouldn’t change.

The “people” raised their heads and looked up into infinity from the illusory city in the spirit world.

They saw the illusory and thin Spirit Body Threads, and they saw a symbol made up of the Pupil-less Eye and the partially

Contorted Lines.

With the symbol as the core, Klein's figure outlined itself, his eyes tightly shut.

Worms of Spirit, bits of Beyonder characteristics, and bits of his self-awareness flew out from the spirit world corresponding to the Utopia area and towards Klein's slightly illusory body, allowing it to slowly become corporeal.

At this point, there was no clear boundary between Klein's Spirit Body and his physical body. They were both one and separate, and also in a rather delicate state.

In other words, a Spirit Body could be equivalent to a body of flesh and blood. His physical body could also fuse with his Spirit Body. As long as Klein was willing, he could switch between two states. Of course, he could also separate his physical body from his Spirit Body. All of them had their individual traits, and they could be decided based on a mere thought.

Two seconds later, the reassembly process was completed. Klein, who was floating in the depths of the spirit world, opened his eyes. His pupils were dark, without any light.

He had already advanced to Sequence 1 and became an Attendant of Mysteries.

Without a sound, a grayish-white fog appeared behind him. Above the fog was an ancient palace. Inside the palace stood a door that was stained bluish-black, formed from countless spherical lights.

The door of light appeared rather clearly in the spirit world. It separated out a rather blurry phantom and cast it at Klein's body.

As the phantom turned into a complicated symbol, it imprinted itself between Klein's brows. The entire spirit world and the real world outside began to gently shake as though they had encountered an earthquake from afar.

At that moment, Klein's surroundings turned dark as illusory stars appeared one after another. They surrounded the strange door of light as though they wanted to lump together.

In these illusory stars, the largest two overlapped and corresponded to an area in the real world.

The third, fourth, fifth, and sixth stars were located somewhere else.

Through these illusory stars, Klein saw Mr. Door and Amon on a particular island. He saw Antigonus in the dilapidated palace inside the concealed world, and Zaratul who was hiding somewhere unknown. He saw Pallez Zoroast in Leonard's body and Dark Demonic Wolf Kotar...

With the help of the changes caused by further deepening his control over Sefirah Castle, Klein found the angels and Kings of Angels corresponding to the three pathways of Mysteries.

Of course, such a "vision" only lasted for a few seconds. Once Amon and Zaratul reacted and used the correct method to conceal themselves, Klein would no longer be able to lock onto "Their" true bodies.

Without any hesitation, Klein raised his right hand and snapped his fingers.

The Staff of the Stars that was originally placed in Sefirah Castle had appeared in his palm. He also split a portion of the Worms of Spirit to let them enter Sefirah Castle to prevent any abnormalities and respond to his believers.

After becoming an Attendant of Mysteries, Klein's control over Sefirah Castle deepened, allowing him to take out items from inside at any time.

In the next second, the various gems on the Staff of the Stars lit up as Klein's figure vanished from the spirit world. He instantly "Wandered" to a swamp and arrived in front of Zaratul.

Dressed in a hood and a black robe, the white-bearded Zaratul didn't panic. "He" used "His" Attendant of Mysteries Beyonder powers to make all kinds of connections as "He" extended "His" left hand and grabbed into the void ahead.

...

Gradually, Alger's body turned grayish-white, almost about to petrify.

Could it be that Mr. Fool doesn't favor me because of my failure to monitor Verdu? He frowned slightly, wanting to give up, but he stayed underground.

At that moment, a grayish-white fog appeared in front of him. All the Sealed Artifacts fell silent.

...

After Mr. Door Bethel Abraham was enveloped by the Door of Flesh and Blood, a familiar voice echoed in his ears:

“You wish to bring the disaster back to the real world?”

Bethel Abraham’s actions instantly slowed down.

“Give up. I have a way to deal with it. I’ll let you sleep and let you get the peace you want.” That familiar voice sounded again.

Chapter 1353: Sacrificial Victim

Mr. Door's figure that had shrunk from the ball of light came to a halt as though "He" had fallen into an intense internal struggle.

The layered doors in "His" body were just a little short of fully being reassembled.

Amidst the illusory whooshing sounds, the crimson tide that barely squeezed through the gap in the Door of Flesh and Blood became even more turbulent. The blood-colored robe landed heavily, about to envelop Bethel Abraham once again.

However, as it descended, the brass-colored eyes, the young man in the fiery armor, the hazy barrier of light that accentuated terrifying facial features, the ground with opened eyes and closed mouth, and the shadowy woman vanished silently from the world.

In that instant, a blazing sun appeared above the forest. Day replaced the night, causing all the shadows to rapidly disperse.

This caused the blood-colored robe to rise once again, scattering even more crimson moonlight, causing all the disturbances to return to their mother's embrace.

Seizing this opportunity, Mr. Door's illusory eyes closed as "He" lowered "His" head.

"Alright..." "He" painfully said the first word after "His" return to reality.

“His” figure completely froze as “He” raised “His” right hand and pressed it to “His” face.

The next second, Mr. Door lifted “His” head and wore a crystal monocle on “His” right eye.

A beam of light erupted from the monocle, illuminating the entire world.

At that moment, all the errors of the seals that had failed were fixed. Everything that seemed normal showed errors. All the clocks jumped several seconds forward.

The Marauder Sequence 0 Error’s ritual was:

To replace someone during “Their” apotheosis ritual!

And Mr. Door’s return seemed to directly trigger “His” apotheosis ritual.

The light converged immediately, and Mr. Door had turned into Amon with “His” pointed hat and classic black robe.

The Blasphemer held a simple and unadorned key that seemed to be forged from pure starlight in “His” hand.

Above “Him,” the blood-colored robe descended, wanting to embrace “Him” into its arms. Behind “Him,” the crimson tide angrily squeezed through the remnants of the Door of Flesh and Blood in a last bid to enter the world.

In that short moment, the blood-colored moon glowed even brighter, blocking the sun, night, earth, blurry light, and the strange white tower outside.

Faced with the corruption from an Outer Deity, Amon's lips curled up slightly. "He" extended "His" right hand and took out an abnormally ancient stone slab from an unknown location.

The first Blasphemy Slate!

Then, "He" used the stone slab formed from the Chaos Sea to block the remnant opening of the Door of Flesh and Blood. Then, "He" used it as a substitute to receive the falling blood-colored robe.

The first Blasphemy Slate turned illusory, as though it was connected to an infinite sea that contained all the possible colors.

The sea surged and swallowed the blood-colored robe, blocking the crimson tide from the cosmos.

The already collapsed Door of Flesh and Blood rapidly shrank before quickly disappearing. An angry and terrifying roar resounded in the air from within.

In the next second, the crimson moon appeared in the sky. The color quickly faded and turned pure. On it was a huge, distorted, crimson figure.

Wearing a pointed hat and a classic black robe, Amon adjusted the monocle on "His" right eye and waved "His" hand at the crimson figure and the bright moon that were staring at him.

“He” then smiled and bowed slightly in all directions.

...

In the corpse cathedral that had an erected gigantic cross where countless skulls were watching with their hollow “eyes.”

Adam, who was dressed in a simple white robe, took a look at the ceaseless lightning outside the stained glass. “He” slowly got up and walked to the pool of blood that Klein had left behind. “He” bent down and picked up the ancient and mysterious mirror.

Following that, “He” turned around and walked towards the second Blasphemy Slate.

...

The first figure that Zaratul summoned out of the fog of history was still Roselle Gustav, who wore a dark red coat embroidered with gold thread, and had chestnut-colored curly long hair.

To this Attendant of Mysteries, there were quite a number of angels that “He” got to know in “His” long life. There were only a few that were stronger than a Sequence 1 Knowledge Emperor. For example, the Antigonus ancestor before “He” became The Half-Fool, Angel of Fate Ouroboros, or the Red of War brass who could indirectly obtain the strength of the Red Angel.

But under such circumstances, Zaratul believed that summoning Roselle Gustav’s Historical Void projection first was safer.

Before the Antigonus family's ancestor became The Half-Fool, "He" too was a Sequence 1 Attendant of Mysteries. Therefore, "He" would be suppressed by the enemy who had deeper control of Sefirah Castle and a level that surpassed most Kings of Angels. After all, "His" enemy was the closest to a true god.

After Zaratul chose to cooperate with the Rose School of Thought and Adam, the success rate of summoning the Angel of Fate Ouroboros would undoubtedly drop. It wasn't suitable for him to attempt it at a critical moment.

The Red of War brass that could borrow the Red Angel's powers didn't possess the strength directly, so the actual effects produced weren't any stronger than that of Knowledge Emperor Roselle Gustav.

In comparison, Zaratul would definitely choose the historical projection that he was most familiar with and the easiest to successfully summon.

"His" plan was to seize the opportunity that Gehrman Sparrow had directly "Wandered" here without preparing any Historical Void projections in advance to use Knowledge Emperor Roselle Gustav, the Red of War army brass, and Abomination Suah to hold him back and leave "Him" enough time to create a miracle for "Himself."

As soon as Roselle's figure appeared, he immediately condensed into complicated and illusory symbols in his eyes in a bid to infuse large amounts of miscellaneous and useless knowledge into "His" target's mind, causing "His" brain to explode.

At the same time, Zaratul used the various connections he had set up in advance to move "Himself." This swamp was "His" home ground. As he made slippery and transparent tentacles penetrate the hooded black robe and stretch into the fog of

history, he summoned the Red of War brass.

At that moment, Roselle Gustav's historical projection suddenly turned his head and used a subtle connection to look towards Zaratul's true form.

Zaratul's mind was instantly filled with information and useless knowledge. "His" brain nearly exploded as "He" was unable to process "His" thoughts for a short period of time.

"He" froze on the spot, "His" gaze not even changing!

The historical projection, Knowledge Emperor Roselle Gustav, that "He" had summoned had betrayed "Him"!

Klein was both surprised and unsurprised by this outcome.

It wasn't surprising because this was his own doing. The Worms of Spirit in Sefirah Castle had already "Grafted" Roselle's present state to the concealed state that Klein had met!

The surprising thing was that Adam had never reminded Zaratul to be careful of Roselle Gustav.

Klein had previously sensed the coincidences in certain matters. His preparations included using The Fool symbol's connection to Roselle Gustav's seal. Through the corresponding prayer point of light, he could throw a Worm of Spirit that contained certain words or intent to his fellow Earthling who was in deep sleep, and awaken "Him." Then, using a "Miracle," "He" could temporarily suppress the corruptive powers of the Mother Goddess of Depravity.

Back then, the worst-case scenario that Klein took precautions against was if something happened to him that prevented him from contacting Sefirah Castle. As such, the Worms of Spirit in Sefirah Castle and the Worms of Spirit that were scattered in different places would end up losing control and be unable to save him.

Once the Worm of Spirit he gave Roselle mutated, Roselle would know that there was something wrong. “He” could then use the powers of a Black Emperor to distort order to maintain the Worm of Spirit’s lucidity for a certain period of time.

As for what plan the Worm of Spirit and Roselle would come up with to save himself, Klein didn’t know either.

This was the real reason why he could hide from Adam!

With his experience in the Hall of Truth, Klein knew that he wouldn’t have any secrets when facing the Visionary. Any rescue plans, be it figured out from the past or on the spot, would be seen and heard clearly by Adam.

At his level, the only way to avoid it was if even he himself didn’t know how to save himself.

Of course, Visionary Adam knew without a doubt that Klein had a Worm of Spirit in Roselle Gustav’s Black Emperor mausoleum. “He” knew that his backup plan definitely came from this, but “He” wasn’t able to pry into the secrets of it because it was contaminated by the Mother Goddess of Depravity. It was a place that had been corrupted by the cosmos, and the thought of prying into Roselle Gustav was like prying into an Outer Deity!

This was the difference in level.

It was precisely because of this that Klein could calmly ask all kinds of secrets and read the second Blasphemy Slate. On the one hand, knowledge was indeed tempting. And on the other hand, he was stalling for time, waiting for the other side to complete the task of rescuing him. At the same time, he didn't want to occupy his mind; otherwise, he couldn't help but think about how he could save himself.

As a result, Klein began to suspect that other than the unknown reasons as to why Adam had shared so many secrets with him, was because "He" was also trying to lure him into thinking of the solutions he would use to save himself, so as to find clues and stop him in advance.

Therefore, the question-and-answer session in the corpse cathedral was a clash of minds. Klein had to constantly control himself to prevent his thoughts from going astray.

And under this premise, Adam clearly knew that there might be problems with Roselle Gustav, but "He" didn't remind Zaratul!

Regardless of the reason, Klein had no intention of letting the opportunity slip. He immediately raised the Staff of the Stars in his hand and skillfully simulated Amon's Worm of Time's powers.

Gong!

An ancient mottled stone clock phantom appeared. Its face was separated into twelve different segments by grayish-white and bluish-black colors. Each segment represented a different symbol of time.

Gong!

One of the three needles in the middle of the stone clock jumped, and Zaratul's body froze on the spot.

Klein immediately transformed into a maggot vortex that extended countless slippery tentacles. In the middle of the vortex was a strange door of light.

The door of light didn't move as the vortex swirled around it. A terrifying suction force forcefully pulled out the Beyonder characteristics within Zaratul's body.

This was the method Pallez Zoroast had used to deal with Amon's avatar back then. He had relied on his position to forcibly gather characteristics!

Bit by bit, the Beyonder characteristics flew out at an accelerating rate. By the time Zaratul escaped "His" frozen state and the mental explosion, "He" was already unable to extricate himself. "He" could only watch helplessly as "He" was completely carried into the dark and gloomy maggot whirlpool!

A few seconds later, the vortex outlined its body again, and Klein landed his feet on the ground.

In the fog of history, Zaratul's figure appeared again and again, but it was impossible for "Him" to retrieve "His" Beyonder characteristics. In the end, it could only fade away silently, making it difficult for him to completely revive.

Klein used the ritual's remnant effects that hadn't completely dissipated and directly swallowed Zaratul's characteristic!

He wanted to use this to lower the influence of the Celestial

Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings!

...

As the corpse cathedral was still floating in the sea of lightning, Adam, who wore a simple white robe and had a faint blond beard, suddenly appeared at the edge of the waters near the ruins of the battle of gods.

The sea split apart, and a path appeared. It led straight to the spot which was stained with the ancient sun god's blood. It led straight to the Giant King's Court's projection—the Forsaken Land of the Gods.

In the depths of the Forsaken Land of the Gods, at the top of a mountain peak, there was a huge cross erected, and there was an indistinct figure hanging upside down on it.



End of Volume

Lord of Mysteries

Pathways Guide

~ The following pages contain Spoilers

[image]

God Almighty

~ Hanged Man Pathway ~



The Hanged Man Pathway have corruption and degeneration abilities. Beyonders of this pathway can use powerful flesh and blood magic, manipulate shadows, peel their corrupt thoughts and merge them with a shadow to form an uncontrollable creature, swallow others' Souls into their body to use their abilities, receive power from evil gods, and cast ritual magic.

God Almighty

- Visionary Pathway -



The Visionary Pathway
is adept at psychological
manipulation.
They can read minds,
discern emotions,
and hypnotize.
They are also good at act
knowing what kind of
emotional reaction to sho
in the appropriate situati
and knowing, in detail,
what kind of expression
and body language
to react.

God Almighty

~ White Tower Pathway ~



The White Tower Pathway represents the search for knowledge. In contrast to Hermit Pathway and Paragon Pathway, this pathway includes both scientific an mysticism knowledge. Beyonder of this pathway have a good memory and the ability to mimic other powers by analysis.

God Almighty

~ Tyrant Pathway ~



The Tyrant Pathway specializes in water and weather-related abilities. They can cast powerful water, wind, and electrici spells, gain strength in wa sing to disable their opponents, glide in the ai freely underwater for lon periods of time, and beco enraged to increase their power.

They are known to have a bad temper and are sensitive to the level of a high- ranking person.

God Almighty

- Sun Pathway -



The Sun Pathway has traditional priest abilities such as powerful light an holy magic, as well as buf abilities.

They can cast light and fire spells, buff other and themselves with mus create notaries which act buffing charms for peopl purify evil spirits, and create unbreakable contracts.

Lord of Mysteries

Image Gallery

~ The following pages contain Spoilers


梅林·赫尔墨斯
诡秘之主
Lord of Mysteries
Klein Moretti as Merlin Hermes

- Forsaken L

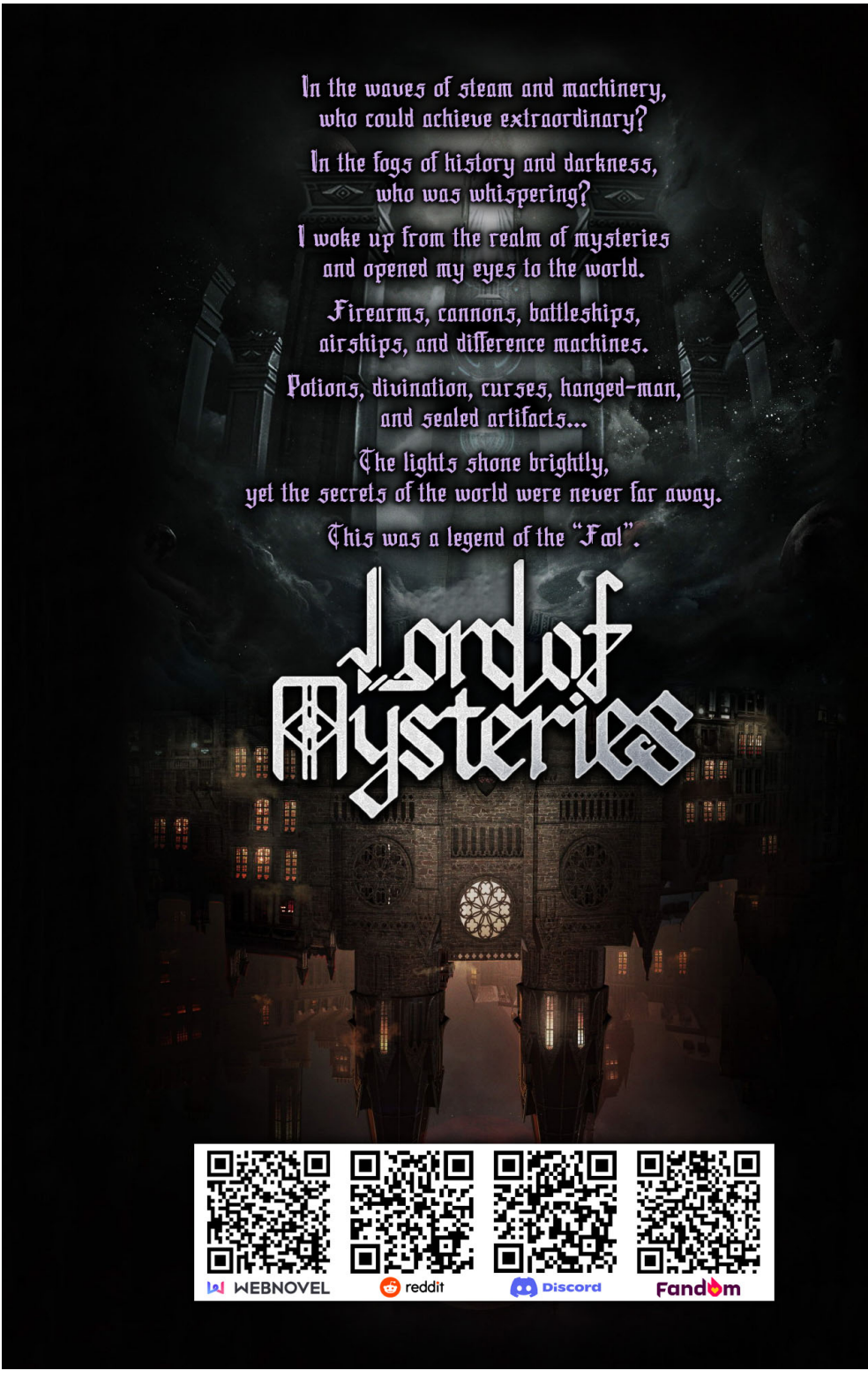


- Giant K

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To be continued in...




In the waves of steam and machinery,
who could achieve extraordinary?
In the fogs of history and darkness,
who was whispering?
I woke up from the realm of mysteries
and opened my eyes to the world.
Firearms, cannons, battleships,
airships, and difference machines.
Potions, divination, curses, hanged-man,
and sealed artifacts...
The lights shone brightly,
yet the secrets of the world were never far away.
This was a legend of the "Fool".
Lord of Mysteries
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